THE WORKS OF Mr. JOHN CLEVELAND,

Containing his

Poems, Orations, Epiſtles,

Collected into

One Volume.

With the

LIFE

Of the

AUTHOR.

LONDON,

Printed by *R. Holt*, for *Obadiah Blagrave*,
at the *Bear* and *Star*, over againſt the little
North Door in St. *Paul's* Church-
Yard. 1687.

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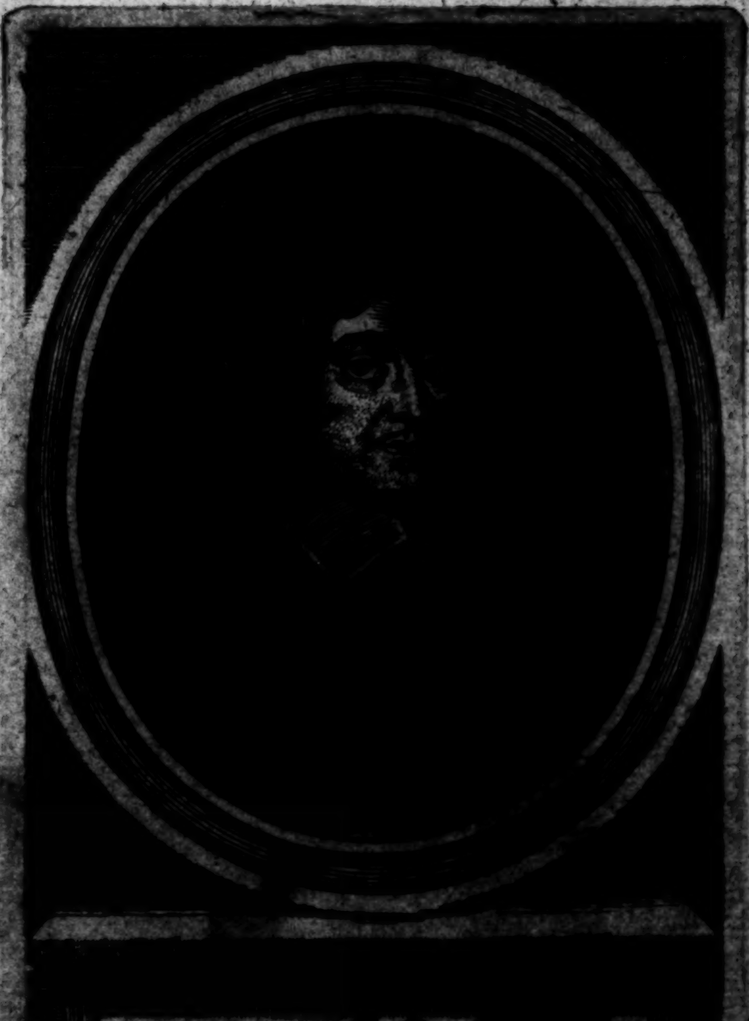

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TO THE Right Worſhipful And Reverend FRANCIS TURNER D. D.

Maſter of St. *John's* Colledge in *Cambridge*, and to the Worthy Fellows of the ſame Colledge.

Gentlemen,

THat we interrupt your more ſerious Studies with the offer of this Piece, is the injury that hath been and is done to the deceaſed Author, whom you only [illegible] *our Engliſh,* [illegible] *(in whoſe* [illegible]*)* [illegible]*, and within whoſe Walls this Standard of*

Wit was firſt ſet up) in the ſame Quarrel with us.

Whilſt Randolph *and* Cowley *lie embalmed in their own native Wax, how is the Name and Memory of* Cleveland *equall prophaned by thoſe that uſurp, and thoſe that blaſpheme it? By thoſe that are ambitious to lay their Cuckows Eggs in hi Neſt, and thoſe that think to raiſe up Phenixes of Wit by firing his ſpicy Bed about him?*

We know you have not without paſſionate Reſentments beheld the Proſtitution of his Name in ſome late Editions vended under it, wherein his Orations are murthered ove and over in barbarous Latine, and a mo barbarous Tranſlation: and wherein i ſcarce one or other Poem of his own to commute for all the reſt. At leaſt ever Curiaſier of his hath a fulſom Dragoone behind him, and Venus *is again unequal youked with a ſooty Anvilebeater. Cleveland thus revived, dieth another Death.*

You cannot but have beheld with like zealous Indignation, how enviouſly our late Muſhrom-wits look up at him, becauſe he overdroppeth them, and ſnarl at his Brightneſs as Dogs at the Moon.

Some of theſe grand Sophys will not allow him the Reputation of Wit at all: yet how many ſuch Authors muſt be creamed and ſpirited to make up his Fuſcara? *and how many of their ſlight Productions may be gigged out of one of his pregnant Words? There perhaps you may find ſome Leaf-gold, here maſſie Wedges; there ſome ſcattered Ray, here a Galaxy; there ſome looſe Fancy friſking in the Air, here Wits Zodiack.*

The Quarrel in all this is upbraiding Merit, and Eminence his Crime. His touring Fancy ſoareth ſo high a pitch, that they fly like Shades below him. The Torrent thereof (which riſeth far above their high Water-Mark) drowneth their Levels. Uſurping upon the State Poetick of the

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Brightneſs ſuch [illegible]
ſults of Wit and Language, and glut the [illegible]
ving [illegible] [illegible], they would ſeem [illegible]
ſtuff'd. That which in Wit would ſhew [illegible]
which they are continually furniſhing, and [illegible]
[illegible] their Scribblings is [illegible]

Thus they [illegible] in Wit, [illegible] Fancy
[illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] the plump Oyſter when they
could not reach it. And [illegible] [illegible]
thus ſtrenuous [illegible] Stile which [illegible]
eth within Number, we have only an [illegible]
[illegible] effeminate Froth uſhered, as if they
had taken the Vomiting [illegible] before they ſe
[illegible] to whiſper. You muſt hold your Breath
in the peruſal, leſt the Jeſt vaniſh by blowing
on.

Another Blemiſh in this Member of
Perfection is the Exuberance of his Fancy,
His Manna lies ſo thick upon the Ground
they loath it. When he ſhould only ſtir,
he with Hurricanes of Wit ſtorms the
Senſe, and doth not ſo much delight the Rea-
der, as oppreſs and overwhelm him.

To cure this *Exceſs*, their *frugal Wit* hath reduced the *VVorld* to a Leſſian *Diet*. If perhaps they entertain their *Reader* with one good *Thought* (as these new *Dictators* affect to ſpeak) he may ſit down and ſay *Grace* over it in the twelve *VVords*, and nothing elſe.

VVe will leave them therefore to the moſt proper Vengeance, to humour themſelves with the peruſal of their own Poems: And leave the Barber to rub their thick Skulls with Bran until they are fit for Musk. Only we will leave this friendly Advice with them; that they have an Eye upon John Tredeskant's *Executor, leſt among his other Minims of Art and Nature he expoſe their ſlight Conceits: And another upon the Royal Society, leſt they make their Poems the Counter-ballance when they intend to weigh Air.*

From theſe unequal Cenſures we appeal to ſuch competent Judges as your ſelves, in whoſe juſt value of him, Cleveland *ſhall live the*

VVonder of his own, and the pattern of ſucceeding Ages. And although we might (upon ſeveral Accompts) beſpeak your Affections, yet (abſtracting from theſe) w ſubmit him to your ſeverer Judgments, an doubt not but he will find that Patronage from you which is deſired and expected by

Your humble Servants.

J. L. S. D.

A ſhort Account of the Author's Life.

HE was born at *Hinckley*, a ſmall Market Town in the County of *Leiceſter*; if we may eſteem that ſmall, which glorieth in ſo great a Birth.

His Father was the Reverend and Learned Miniſter of the place; *Fortes creantur è fortibus.* Being thus well deſcended for a Vein of Learning, he even liſped Wit, like an Engliſh *Bard*, and was early ripe for the Univerſity, who was one.

To cheriſh ſo great hopes, the Lady *Margaret* drew forth both her Breaſts. *Chriſt*'s Colledge in *Cambridge* gave him Admiſſion, and St. *John*'s a Fellowſhip. There he lived about the ſpace of nine years, the Delight and Ornament of that Society. What Service, as well as Reputation he did it, let his Orations and Epiſtles ſpeak; to which the Library oweth much of its Learning, the Chappel much of its pious Decency, and the Colledge much of its Renown.

The Rays, which he thus ſhed upon others, reflected upon himſelf. But that which alone may ſuffice for his Honour is, that after the Oration which he addreſſed to that Incomparable Prince, of Bleſſed Memory, *Charles* the Firſt, the King called for him, and (with great Expreſſions of Kindneſs) gave him his Hand to kiſs, and commanded a Copy to be ſent after him to *Huntington*, whither he was haſtening that Night.

Thus he ſhined with equal Light and Influence until the general Eclipſe; of which no Man had more Sagacious Prognoſticks. When *Oliver* was in Election to be Burgeſs for the Town of *Cambridge*, as he engaged all his Friends and Intereſts to oppoſe it, ſo when it was paſſed, he ſaid with much Paſſionate Zeal, That ſingle Vote had ruined both Church and Kingdom. Such Havock the good Prophet beheld in *Hazael*'s Face. Such fatal Events did he preſage from his bloody Beak. And no ſooner did that Scritch-Owl appear in the Univerſity, but this Sun declined. Perceiving the Oſtraciſm that was intended, he became a Voluntier in his Academick Exile, and would no longer breath the common Air with ſuch Peſts of Mankind.

From thence he betook himſelf to the Camp of his Sovereign, and particularly to *Oxford* the Head-Quarter of it, as the moſt proper and proportionate Sphere for his Wit, Learning and Loyalty; and added not ſmall Luſtre to that with which that famous Univerſity ſhined before.

His next Stage was the Garriſon of *Newark*, where he was Judge Advocate, until the Surrender; And, by an excellent Temperature of both, was a juſt and prudent Judge for the King, and a faithful Advocate for the Country. There he drew up that Gallant Return to the Summons of the Beſiegers, which ſpake him, and the reſt that were embarked with him, reſolute to ſacrifice their Lives to their Loyalty; had not the King's eſpecial Command, when firſt he had ſurrendred himſelf into the hands of the *Scots*, made ſuch ſtubborn Loyalty a Crime. And here again he was *Vates* in the whole Import of the Word, both Poet and Prophet; for, beſides his paſſionate Reſentment of it in that excellent Poem, *The King's Diſguiſe*, upon ſome private Intelligence, three Days before the King reached them, he foreſaw the Pieces of Silver paying upon the Banks of *Tweed*, and that they were the price of his Sacred

Head.

reign's Blood, and predicted the Tragical Events.

Thenceforth he followed the Fates of diſtreſſed Loyalty, for which, when he had been long impriſoned at *Yarmouth*, he addreſſed his Petition to *Oliver*; wherein he courted his Freedom with ſuch Inſinuations, as might neither do Violence to his Conſcience, nor betray his Cauſe.

After many intermediate Stages (which contended as emulouſly for his Abode, as the ſeven Cities for *Homer's* Birth) *Grays-Inn* was his laſt: Which when he had ennobled with ſome ſhort Reſidence alſo, an intermitting Fever ſeized him, whereof he dyed. A Diſeaſe at that time epidemical: And if it had taken him only away (ſo publick was the Loſs) it deſerved to carry the Name of a Common Mortality.

He was buried upon the firſt Day of *May* (for which nothing but the 29. can attone) in the Pariſh Church of St. *Michael Royal* upon *Colledge Hill London*, *Anno* 1658. To which being attended by many Perſons of Learning and Loyalty, Mr. *Edward Thurman* performed the Office of Burial, and the Reverend and Learned Dr. *Pearſon* (now Lord Biſhop of *Cheſter*) Preached his Funeral Sermon, and made his Death Glorious.

And now there wanteth nothing but a Monument for him; and in this Book he hath erected one to himself, which Envy may repine at, but cannot reach.

Clevelandi,

CLEVELANDI Manibus Parentalia.

Umbra diu Elyſii lachrymabilis accola Pindi,
Pieriis hæſit quæ taciturna vadis.
Pegaſeo meritæ nudatáque remige primæ
Serpſit humi, gemino dignior illa jugo;
Tandem cùm curſum popularior aura negâſſet,
Trajecit Famæ vela datura ſuæ.
Luce novâ radians, jam fulgida cernitur umbra
Cui numen Phœbus *fœnorat, atque facem.*
Ridet Hyampeiq; *humilem de vertice vallem,*
Et volitat pennâ non niſi vecta ſuâ.
Jam reparat famæ damnoſa ſilentia, totâ
Qui caniturque Deæ, Pieridumque *tubâ.*
Cumque ſuâ, quæ jam durabunt carmina, cedro,
Eluſere minas temporis & tineæ.
Blatta ſuo vexit Clevelandum *Critica morſu,*
Vſque ſuas ungues rodat, & uſque virum;
Commiſtum ſalibus tamen ut guſtarit acetum,
Deciduæ ultricem mittit hirundo cutem.
Vſque Cothurnato conculcent carmina ſocco,
Queis, præter faſtum, nil ſua Roma *dedit;*
Vſque necet Vatem crudum de pegmate Drama,
Et levis excipiat tam grave viſus opus;
Attamen in meritos tranſibunt Sibila *plauſus,*
Clamoſumque premet murmur inane, Sophos.

Altior incedit vates pumilone Cothurno,
Grandius & ſuperat pegmata celſa decus,
Noſtra quidem proavos ætas male paſſa Poetas,
Vix canos gemino ſuſpicit ore dies:
Sed reſplendit adhuc æterni nominis umbra,
Atque poëtaſtris dat ſine nube diem.
Cui Tagus *eſt* Helicon, *& Mons auratus,* Olympus,
Qui totas numerat Carmine divitias.
Plurima cui nitido colluceat gemma libello,
Quamvis non pinxit Sardonychata manus.
Diſſimili ingenio qui plumbea ſæcla flagellat,
Quique alter Muſis præſit Apollo *ſuis.*
Cedit in exemplar *venturi temporis, ætas*
Seraque Clevelandum *conſulet Archetypum.*

J. L.

1.

Hail venerable Reliques! Unto whom
Old and new Idolatrous Rome
Might pay Devotion
Free from Superſtition.
Your ſacred Oracles found the Sybils *Fate,*
Equally Divine, alike unfortuuate,
Injurious time did both diſperſe,
Like Pompey's *Ruins, through an Univerſe.*
Whoſe Leaves (like theſe) ſcattered were,
The Burthen of the ſwelling Air,
Though faln, yet like their Laurels flouriſhing and fair.
Thoſe ſacrific'd to Tarquin's *Fame,*
Deriv'd their Splendor from their flame:
Theſe from Charles *his Name*
Illuſtrious became.

2.

Hail Mercury's *and* Apollo's *Son!*
If not by Nature, ſure by Adoption;
By whoſe joint Gift thou doſt inherit
Cicero's *Tongue, and* Virgil's *Spirit.*
Worthy

Worthy thou enſhrin'd to reſt
In a ſacred Vatican,
Or learned Tuſculan,
Worthy of Mecœnas *Breaſt*,
Juſtly the Muſes ſtyl'd, and Cæſars *Laureate*,
Since in the State
Thy Pen did the Sword's Buſineſs anticipate.
Thy Quill the Roman *Eagles did out-fly,*
And conquering taught the Rebel Scot *fidelity.*
The nobleſt Triumph, and the happieſt Victory.
The Caledonian *Satyr ſcarce thine withſtood;*
Unto thy Lawrel ſtoop'd the Glory of his Wood;
From thee Montroſs *had learn'd to write in*
(Wounds and Blood.

3.

Thou Cæſar *like, for Sword and Book renown'd,*
Both in the Muſes camp and Martial crown'd;
(As if thy ſacred Wreath was meant
Both Wits and Lightnings flaſhes to prevent,
Both for Security and Ornament.)
Thy no leſs flouriſhing praiſe,
Deſerves Minerva's *double Bays,*
Who ſang ſo ſweet in troubleſome, and Halcyon *days;*
Trent's *dying Swans we ſee o'recome with thy* Mantuan *lays.*

Both ready to reſign that Breath
With which you ſung your own, and Countrys
Death.
Of Newark's, *and your own ſad Story,*
The equal Grief and Glory.

4

Hail Celeſtial Urn!
Whoſe Aſhes like the Neighbouring Stars do ſhine
and burn,
And liberally diſpenſe
To the Poetick World Wit's Benevolence;
Whoſe greater Orb the leſs doth influence.
Hail Reverend Bard whoſe name in Britiſh Story
Shall raiſe new Monuments of Glory,
Whereon thou ſublim'd ſhall ſit
The Genius of Wit.
The winged Pegaſus *mounts ſo high,*
As if to the Wind the Gennet ow'd his Progeny.
The lofty Pindar *ſtops his flight,*
And only gazeth at, not emulates thy height.
Whom at that diſtance plac'd we ſee
There's no Parallel for thy Degree,
But thine own Climax, or Hyperbole,
Which out ſoars Dedalus *his Pitch, without his*
Deſtiny.

L. T.

In Tertiam (at verò primam) Editionem Poematum *Johannis Clevelandi.*

QUid video? Video, et lætor ſpectare cluentis
Quam bene vulgati Tertia ſcripti libri.
Annon prima valent? nec adhuc genuina ſecunda
Quis ſpurias chartas edidit haſce ſuas?
Quis fuit hos pupos, ſtrigoſos, & malè ſanos
Qui genuit? prolem & ſe genuiſſe blatit:
Hujus Tune parens? imò nec Compater, ipſum
Conſortem Tumuli ne patiare Tui:
Sed ſic ludit iners & credula fama popelli,
Unus delirat, plectitur innocuus.
Non nova peccanti res eſt ſimulare parentem,
Non nova mentiri nomen, & ora viri;
Filius aſt tandem Clevelandi *en Filius ipſe,*
Natus & ex Cerebro, ut nata Minerva Jovis.
Et cùm Cromvelicis *nova* Troja *erat obruta flammis*
Filius ut veteris ſuſtulit ille Patrem. (ipſum,
Non eſt quòd dubites (lector) patrem exprimit
Regius, omninò Regius, Acta ſonans;
Ingenio eloquioq; potens, ſed verba fatiſcunt,
Solus qui potis eſt dicere, Tolle Librum,

Gaſparus Juſtice.

In

In mortem Doctiſſimi, & Poetarum planè Principis Domini *Clevelandi* Epicedium.

Q*Ui metricis nollet pedibus cantare Poetam*
Pierides *faciant, ut pereat podagrâ.*
Quæ veſtros Clevelande *manus non pinxit honores,*
Scævola, *vel Tecum ſentiat eſſe rogum.*
Pullatus lacbrymor, quoties Lux iſta recurrit
Rubricam mortis quæ memorare jubet.
Hinc Epocham numeret Luctus, Eccleſia & inde
Proh dolor! Exitium Carolus *ipſe ſuum.*
In Scotos gladio *Tibi Muſa potentior olim:*
Verſibus & Victi ſuccubuere Tuis.
Vota utinam in Terris Regem renoventque Poetam
Hic Te Tuque illo Carole, *dignus erat.*

Sic cecinit ſummo
cum mœrore

Edvardus Thurman.

On

On Mr. *Cleveland* and his Poems.

CLeveland *again his ſacred Head doth raiſe,*
Ev'n in the Duſt crown'd with immortal Bays,
Again with Verſes arm'd, that once did fright
Lycambes's *Daughters from the hated Light,*
Sets his bold Foot on Reformations Neck,
And triumphs o'er the vanquiſhed Monſter Smeck.
That Hydra *whoſe proud Heads did ſo encreaſe*
That it deſerv'd no leſs an Hercules.
This, this is he who in Poëtick Rage
With Scorpions laſh'd the Madneſs of the Age;
Who durſt the Faſhions of the Times deſpiſe
And be a Wit when all Mankind grew Wiſe:
When formal Beards at twenty one were ſeen,
And Men grew Old almoſt as ſoon as Men;
Who in thoſe Days when Reaſon, Wit, and Senſe
Were by the Zealots grave Impertinence
Ycleped Folly, and in Ve-ri-ty
Did ſavour rankly of Carnality:
When each notch'd Prentice might a Poet prove,
For warbling through the Noſe a Hymn of Love:
When Sage George Withers *and Grave* William Pryn
Himſelf might for a Poets ſhare put in;

Yet then could write with ſo much Art and Skill,
That Rome *might envy his Satyrick Quill,*
And crabbed Perſius *his hard Lines give o'er,*
And in Diſdain beat his brown Desk no more.
How I admire thee, Cleveland*! When I weigh*
Thy cloſe wrought Senſe, and every Line ſurvey!
They are not like thoſe things which ſome compoſe
Who in a Maze of Words the wandring Senſe do loſe,
Who ſpin one Thought into ſo long a Thread,
And beat their Wit too thin to make it ſpread;
Till 'tis too fine for our weak Eyes to find,
And dwindles into nothing in the end.
No; they't above the Genius of this Age
Each Word of thine ſwells pregnant with a Page.
Then why do ſome Mens nicer Ears complain
Of the uneven Harſhneſs of thy Strain?
Preferring to the Vigour of thy Muſe,
Some ſmooth, weak Rhymer, that ſo gently flows,
That Ladies may his eaſie Strains admire
And melt like Wax before the ſoftning Fire.
Let ſuch to Women write, you write to Men;
We ſtudy Thee, when we but play with Them.

By A. B.

CLEVELAND'S
POEMS.
Digeſted in Order.

SECT. I.
Containing Love-Poems.

Fuſcara, or the Bee *Errant*.

NAture's Confectioner the Bee,
(Whoſe Suckets are moiſt Alchimy;
The Still of his refining Mold
Minting the Garden into Gold.)
Having rifled all the Fields
Of what Dainties *Flora* yields,
Ambitious now to take Exciſe
Of a more fragrant Paradiſe,
At my *Fuſcara's* ſleeve arriv'd
Where all delicious Sweets are hiv'd.
The Airy Free-booter diſtrains
Firſt on the Violet of her Veins,

Whoſe Tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kiſs had made it blewer.
Here did he ſit, and Eſſence quaff,
Till her coy Pulſe had beat him off;
That Pulſe, which he that feels may know
Whether the World's long liv'd, or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of tranſpiring Balm;
So ſoft, 'tis Air but once remov'd,
Tender, as 'twere a Jelly glov'd.
Here, while his canting Drone-pipe ſcan'd
The myſtick Figures of her hand,
He tipples Palmeſtry, and dines
On all her Fortune-telling Lines;
He bathes in Bliſs, and finds no odds
Betwixt this Nectar and the Gods.
He perches now upon her Wriſt
(A proper Hawk for ſuch a Fiſt)
Making that Fleſh his Bill of Fare,
Which hungry Cannibals would ſpare;
Where Lillies in a lovely brown
Inoculate Carnation.
Her Argent Skin with Or ſo ſtream'd,
As if the milky way were cream'd.
From hence he to the Woodbine bends
That quivers at her fingers ends,
That runs diviſion on the Tree
Like a thick-branching Pedigree.
So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
It is a pretty Maze of Flowers;
It is the Roſe that bleeds, when he
Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling
I'th' faſhion of a Wedding Ring,

And bids his Comrades of the Swarm
Crawl like a Bracelet 'bout her Arm.
Thus when the hovering Publican
Had ſuck'd the Toll of all her Span,
(Tuning his draughts with drowſie Hums,
As *Danes* Carouze by Kettle-drums)
It was decreed (that Poſie glean'd)
The ſmall Familiar ſhould be wean'd.
At this the Errants Courage quails;
Yet aided by his native Sails,
The bold *Columbus* ſtill deſigns
To find her undiſcover'd Mines.
To th' *Indies* of her Arm he flies,
Fraught both with Eaſt and Weſtern Prize,
Which when he had in vain eſſay'd,
(Arm'd like a Dapper Lancepreſade
With Spaniſh Pike) he broach'd a Pore,
And ſo both made and heal'd the Sore:
For as in Gummy Trees there's found
A Salve to iſſue at the Wound;
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a Balſom too.
But oh! What Waſp was't that could prove
R*avilliac* to my Queen of Love?
The King of Bees now jealous grown,
Leſt her Beams ſhould melt his Throne,
And finding that his Tribute ſlacks,
His Burgeſſes and State of Wax
Turn'd to an Hoſpital; the Combs
Built Rank and File, like Beadſmens Rooms,
And what they bleed but Tart and ſowre,
Match'd with my *Danae's* golden ſhowre,
Live Honey all, the envious Elf
Stung her, 'cauſe ſweeter than himſelf.

Sweetneſs and ſhe are ſo alli'd,
The Bee committed Parricide,

The Senſes Feſtival.

I Saw a Viſion yeſternight,
Enough to ſate a Seeker's ſight;
I wiſh'd my ſelf a Shaker there,
And her quick Pants my trembling Sphere.
It was a She ſo glittering bright,
You'd think her Soul an Adamite;
A Perſon of ſo rare a frame,
Her Body might be lin'd with th'ſame.
Beauty's chiefeſt Maid of Honour,
You may break Lent with looking on her.
  Not the fair Abbeſs of the Skies,
  With all her Nunnery of eyes,
  Can ſhew me ſuch a Glorious Prize.

And yet becauſe 'tis more Renown
To make a ſhadow ſhine, ſhe's brown;
A Brown for which Heaven would diſband
The Galaxie, and Stars be tann'd.
Brown by Reflection, as her Eye
Deals out the Summer's Livery.
Old dormant Windows muſt confeſs
Her Beams, their glimmering Spectacles,
Struck with the Splendor of her face,
Do th'office of a Burning-glaſs.
  Now where ſuch radiant Lights have ſhown,
  No wonder if her Cheeks be grown
  Sun-burnt, with Luſtre of her own.

My Sight took pay; but (thank my Charms)
I now impale her in mine Arms,
(Love's Compaſſes, confining you
Good Angels, to a Circle too.)
Is not the Univerſe ſtrait lac'd,
When I can claſp it in the Waſte?
My amorous Fold about thee hurl'd,
With *Drake* I girdle in the World;
I hoop the Firmament, and make
This my Embrace the Zodiack.
  How could thy Center take my Sence,
  When Admiration doth commence
  At the extreme Circumference?

Now to the melting Kiſs that ſips
The Jellyed Philtre of her Lips;
So Sweet there is no Tongue can prays'e,
Till tranſubſtantiate with a Taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
By th'Billing of my Heavenly Dove.
Love prints his Signets in her Smacks,
Thoſe ruddy drops of ſqueezing Wax,
Which whereſoever ſhe imparts,
They're Privy-Seals to take up Hearts.
  Our mouths encountring at the Sport,
  My ſlippery Soul had quit the Fort,
  But that ſhe ſtop'd the Sally-port.

Next to theſe Sweets, her Lips diſpenſe
(As Twin-conſerves of Eloquence)
The Sweet Perfume her Breath affords,
Incorporating with her Words.
No Roſary this Vot'reſs needs,
Her very Syllables are Beads.

No ſooner 'twixt thoſe Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight her Speech doth enter,
It is a Kiſs o'th' ſecond Venter.
And I diſſolve at what I hear,
As if another *Roſamond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my Ear.

Yet that's but a preludious Bliſs,
Two Souls Pickeering in a Kiſs.
Embraces do but draw the Line,
'Tis ſtorming that muſt take her in,
When Bodies joyn, and Vict'ry hovers
'Twixt the equal fluttering Lovers,
This is the Game; make ſtakes, my Dear!
Heark, how the ſprightly Chanticlere
(That Baron Tell-clock of the Night)
Sounds Boute-ſel to *Cupid's* Knight.
Then have at all, the Paſs is got,
For coming off, oh name it not!
Who would not dye upon the ſpot?

To Julia *to expedite her Promiſe.*

Since 'tis my Doom, Love's Underſhrieve,
Why this Reprieve?
Why doth my She Advowſon fly
Incumbency?

Panting Expectance makes us prove
The Anticks of benighted Love;
And wither'd Mates, when Wedlock joyns,
They'r *Hymen*'s Monkies, which he ties by th' Loins,
To play alas! but at rebated Foins.

To ſell thy ſelf doſt thou intend
By Candle's end,
And hold the Contract thus in doubt
Life's Taper out?
Think but how ſoon the Market fails,
Your Sex lives faſter than the Males;
As if to meaſure Ages ſpan,
The ſober *Julian* were th'Account of Man,
Whilſt you live by the fleet *Gregorian*.

Now ſince you bear a Date ſo ſhort,
Live double for't.
How can thy Fortreſs ever ſtand,
If't be not Man'd?
The Siege ſo gains upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy Face.
Pity thy ſelf then, if not me,
And hold not out, leſt like *Oſtend* thou be,
Nothing but Rubbiſh at Delivery.

The Candidates of *Peter*'s Chair
Muſt plead gray hair,
And uſe the Simony of a Cough
To help them off.
But when I woo thus old and ſpent,
I'll wed by Will and Teſtament.
No; let us Love while criſp'd and curl'd;
The greateſt Honours on the aged hurl'd,
Are but gay Funerals for another World.

To morrow what thou tendreſt me
Is Legacy.
Not one of all thoſe ravenous hours
But thee devours.

And though thou ſtill recruited be,
Like *Pelops*, with ſoft Ivory;
Though thou conſume but to renew,
Yet Love, as Lord, doth claim a Heriot due;
That's the beſt quick thing I can find of you.

I feel thou art conſenting ripe
By that ſoft gripe,
And thoſe regealing Cryſtal Spheres.
I hold thy Tears
Pledges of more diſtilling Sweets,
Than the Bath that uſhers in the Sheets.
Elſe pious *Julia*, Angel-wiſe,
Moves the *Betheſda* of her trickling Eyes,
To cure the Spittle-World of Maladies.

The Hecatomb to his Miſtreſs.

BE dumb you Beggars of the rhyming Trade,
Geld your looſe Wits, and let your Muſe be ſpade,
Charge not the Pariſh with your baſtard Phraſe
Of Balm, Elixir, both the *India*'s,
Of Shrine, Saint, Sacrifice, and ſuch as theſe,
Expreſſions common as your Miſtreſſes.
Hence you Phantaſtick Poſtillers in Song,
My Text defeats your Art, ties Nature's tongue,
Scorns all her Tinſoyl'd Metaphors of Pelf,
Illuſtrated by nothing but her ſelf.
As Spiders travel by their bowels ſpun
Into a Thread, and when the Race is run,
Wind up their Journey in a living Clew;
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own Eſſence muſt I firſt untwine,
Then twiſt again each Panegyrick Line.

Reach then a Soaring Quill that I may write,
As with a *Jacob's* Staff to take her height.
Suppoſe an Angel darting through the Air,
Should there Encounter a religious Prayer
Mounting to Heaven, that Intelligence
Would for a Sunday-Suit thy Breath condenſe
Into a Body. Let me crack a ſtring,
And venture higher. Were the Note I ſing
Above Heaven's *Ela*; ſhould I then decline,
And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammut* ſound the Line
From Pole to Pole, I could not reach her worth,
Nor find an Epithet to ſhadow't forth.
Metals may blazon common Beauties; ſhe
Makes Pearls and Planets humble Heraldry.
As then a purer Subſtance is defin'd
But by an heap of Negatives combin'd,
Ask what a Spirit is, you'l hear them cry,
It hath no Matter, no Mortality:
So can I not deſcribe how ſweet, how fair,
Only I ſay, ſhe's not as others are.
For what Perfection we to others grant,
It is her ſole Perfection to want.
All other Forms ſeem, in reſpect of thee,
The Almanack's miſhap'd Anatomy:
Where *Aries* head and face, Bull neck and throat,
The *Scorpion* gives the Secrets, Knees the Goat;
A Brief of Limbs foul as thoſe beaſts, or are
Their name-ſake Signs in their ſtrange Character.
As your Phyloſophers to every Senſe
Marry its Object, yet with ſome diſpenſe,
And grant them a Polygamy with all,
And theſe their common Senſibles they call:
So is't with her, who, ſtinted unto none,
Unites all Senſes in each action.

The ſame Beam heats and lights, to ſee her well
Is both to hear and ſee, and taſte and ſmell:
For can you want a Palate in your Eyes,
When each of hers contains the beauteous prize,
Venus's Apple? Can your Eyes want Noſe,
Seeing each Cheek buds forth a fragrant Roſe?
Or can your Sight be deaf to ſuch a quick
And well-tun'd Face, ſuch moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each Look a Flaſh of Lightning feel,
Which ſpares the Body's ſheath, yet melts the ſteel?
Thy Soul muſt needs confeſs, or grant thy Senſe
Corrupted with the Object's Excellence.
Sweet Magick, which can make five Senſes lie
Conjur'd within the Circle of an Eye!
In whom ſince all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his ſixt!
Thou Man of mouth, that canſt not name a She,
Unleſs all Nature pay a Subſidy;
Whoſe Language is a Tax, whoſe Muſk-cat Verſe
Voids nought but Flowers for thy Muſes Herſe,
Fitter than *Celia*'s Looks, who in a trice
Canſt ſtate the long diſputed Paradice;
And (what Divines hunt with ſo cold a ſcent)
Canſt in her Boſom find it reſident;
Now come aloft, come now, and breath a Vein,
And give ſome vent unto thy daring ſtrain.
Say the Aſtrologer who ſpells the Stars,
In that fair Alphabet reads Peace and Wars,
Miſtakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets Heaven's Phyſiognomy;
Call her the Metaphyſicks of her Sex,
And ſay ſhe tortures Wits, as Quartans vex
Phyſicians; call her the ſquar'd Circle; ſay
She is the very Rule of *Algebra*:

What e'er thou underſtand'ſt not ſay't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'ſt to raiſe
Thy Fancy ſo as to incloſe her praiſe,
Alas poor *Gotham*, with thy Cuckow-hedge!
Hyperboles are here but Sacriledge.
Then roll up Muſe, what thou haſt ravell'd out,
Some Comments clear not, but increaſe the doubt.
She that affords poor Mortals not a glance
Of Knowledge, but is known by Ignorance;
She that commits a Rape on every ſenſe,
Whoſe Breath can countermand a Peſtilence.
She that can ſtrike the beſt Invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down the head.
She, ſhe it is that doth contain all Bliſs,
And makes the World but her *Periphraſis*.

The Antiplatonick.

FOr ſhame thou everlaſting Wooer,
Still ſaying Grace, and ne'er fall to her!
Love that's in Contemplation plac'd;
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waſte.
Unleſs your Flame confeſs its Gender,
And your Parly cauſe Surrender,
Y'are *Salamanders* of a cold Deſire,
That live untouch'd amidſt the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a Dame of ſtone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion*;
An hard and unrelenting She,
As the new-cruſted *Niobe*;
Or (what doth more of ſtatue carry)
A Nun of the *Platonick* Quarry?

Love melts the rigor which the Rocks have bred;
A Flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For ſhame you pretty Female Elves,
Ceaſe thus to candy up your ſelves;
No more you Sectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining Flame.
Women commence by *Cupid's* Dart,
As a King hunting Dubs a Hart.
Love's Votaries enthral each other's Soul,
Till both of them live but upon Parole.

Virtue's no more in Womankind
But the Green-ſickneſs of the Mind.
Philoſophy (their new Delight)
A kind of Charcoal Appetite.
There is no Sophiſtry prevails,
Where all-convincing Love aſſails;
But the diſputing Petticoat will warp,
As Skilful Gameſters are to ſeek at ſharp.

The Souldier, that Man of Iron,
Whom Ribs of Horror all environ;
That's ſtrung with Wire inſtead of Veins,
In whoſe Embraces you're in Chains;
Let a Magnetick Girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupid's* Cuiraſſier.
Love ſtorms his Lips, and takes the Fortreſs in,
For all the briſtled Turn-pike of his Chin.

Since Love's Artillery then checks
The Breaſt-works of the firmeſt Sex:
Come let us in affections riot;
Th'are ſickly Pleaſures keep a diet.

Give me a Lover bold and free,
Not Eunuch'd with Formality ;
Like an Embaſſador that beds a Queen,
With the nice Caution of a Sword between.

Upon Phillis *walking in a Morning before Sun-riſing.*

THe ſluggiſh Morn as yet undreſt,
My *Phillis* brake from out her Eaſt ;
As if ſhe'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, uſher to the Sun.
The Trees, like Yeomen of the Guard,
(Serving her more for Pomp, than Ward)
Rank'd on each ſide, with Loyal Duty,
Weav'd Branches to incloſe her Beauty.
The Plants, whoſe Luxury was lopp'd,
Or Age with Crutches underpropp'd ;
(Whoſe wooden Carkaſes were grown
To be but Coffins of their own)
Revive, and at her general Dole
Each receives his Ancient Soul :
The winged Choriſters began
To chirp their *Mattins*, and the Fan
Of whiſtling Winds like Organs play'd,
Until their Voluntaries made
The weakened Earth in Odours riſe
To be her Morning Sacrifice.
The Flowers call'd out of their Beds,
Start and raiſe up their drowſie Heads ;
And he that for their colour ſeeks
May ſee it vaulting to her Cheeks :
Where Roſes mix ; no Civil War
Divides her *York* and *Lancaſter*.

The Marygold (whoſe Courtier's face
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his riſe, at his full ſtop
Packs and ſhuts up her gawdy Shop)
Miſtakes her Cue, and doth diſplay:
Thus *Phillis* antedates the day.
Theſe Miracles had cramp'd the Sun,
Who fearing that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with Light his frizled Locks,
To ſee what Saint his Luſtre mocks.
The trembling Leaves, through which he play'd,
Dappling the Walk with light and ſhade,
Like Lattice-windows give the Spye
Room but to peep with half an eye;
Leſt her full Orb his ſight ſhould dim,
And bid us all good night in him,
Till ſhe ſhould ſpend a gentle Ray,
To force us a new-faſhion'd Day.
But what religious Palſie's this,
Which make the Bows diveſt their bliſs;
And that they might her footſteps ſtraw,
Drop their Leaves with ſhivering awe?
Phillis perceiv'd, and (leſt her ſtay
Should wed *October* unto *May*,
And as her Beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
Withdrew her Beams, yet made no Night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

The

To Mrs. K. T. *who asked him why he was dumb, written* calente Calamo.

STay, ſhould I anſwer, Lady, then
In vain would be your Queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence, nor Speech, on either hand,
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your Will throws me upon
This wiſhed Contradiction,
I'll tell you how I did become
So ſtrangely, as you hear me, dumb.
Ask but the chap-fallen Puritan,
'Tis Zeal that Tongue-tyes that good man;
(For heat of Conſcience all men hold
Is th'only way to catch that Cold.)
How ſhould Love's Zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter?
Nay your Religion, which doth grant
A Worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that Devotion wrong,
That does it in the Vulgar Tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd Excellence,
As th'Engliſh Dialect would vary
The Goodneſs of an *Ave Mary.*
How can I ſpeak that twice am checkt
By this, and that Religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your Face I ſpy
Still Cauſe, and ſtill Divinity.
As ſoon as bleſt with your Salute,
My Manners taught me to be mute,

Leſt I ſhould cancel all the Bliſs
You ſign'd with ſo divine a Kiſs.
The Lips you ſeal muſt needs conſent
Unto the Tongue's Impriſonment.
My Tongue in hold, my Voice doth riſe
With a ſtrange *Ela* to my eyes,
Where it gets Bail, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new-found Eloquence.
  Oh liſten with attentive ſight
To what my prating Eyes indite!
Or, Lady, ſince 'tis in your choice
To give, or to ſuſpend my Voice,
With the ſame Key ſet ope the Door,
Wherewith you lock'd it faſt before;
Kiſs once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been Miraculous;
My Muſe ſhall write with Handmaid Duty
The Golden Legend of your Beauty.
  He whom his Dumbneſs now confines,
  Intends to ſpeak the reſt by ſigns.

A Fair Nymph ſcorning a Black Boy courting her.

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the Air,
  Why ſhould the ſmoke purſue the fair?
Boy. My Face is ſmoke, thence may be gueſt
  What Flames within have ſcorch'd my breaſt.
Nymph. Thy flaming Love I cannot view,
  For the dark Lanthorn of thy Hue.
Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Love's Taper
  Surer than your's that's of White Paper.
  What ever Midnight can be here,
  The Moon-ſhine of your Face will clear.

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipſe is 'fraid;
If thou ſhould'ſt interpoſe thy Shade.
Boy. Yet one thing, Sweet-heart, I will aſk,
Take me for a new faſhion'd Mask.
Nymph. Done: but my Bargain ſhall be this,
I'll throw my Mask off when I kiſs.
Boy Our curl'd Embraces ſhall delight
To checker Limbs with black and white.
Nymph. Thy Ink, my Paper, make me gueſs
Our Nuptial-bed will prove a Preſs;
And in our Sports, if any come,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.
Boy. Why ſhould my Black thy Love impair?
Let the dark Shop commend the Ware;
Or if thy Love from black forbears,
I'll ſtrive to waſh it off with Tears.
Nymph. Spare fruitleſs Tears, ſince thou muſt needs
Still wear about thy mourning Weeds.
Tears can no more affection win,
Than waſh thy *Æthiopian* Skin.

A Young Man to an Old Woman courting him.

PEace Beldam *Eve*, ſurceaſe thy Suit,
There's no Temptation in ſuch Fruit.
No rotten Medlars, whilſt there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity.
Thy Stock is too much out of Date
For tender Plants t'inoculate.
A Match with thee the Bridegroom fears
Would be thought Inceſt in his years;
Which when compar'd to thine become
Odd Money to thy Grandam Sum.

Can Wedlock know ſo great a Curſe,
As putting Husbands out to Nurſe?
How Pond and Rivers would miſtake,
And cry new Almanacks for our ſake?
Time ſure hath wheel'd about his Year,
December meeting *Janiveer*.
Th' *Ægyptian* Serpent figures Time,
And ſtrip'd, returns into his Prime.
If my Affection thou wouldſt win,
Firſt caſt thy Hieroglyphick Skin:
My Modern Lips know not, alack!
The old Religion of thy *Smack*.
I count that Primitive Embrace,
As out of Faſhion, as thy Face;
And yet ſo long 'tis ſince thy fall,
Thy Fornication's Claſſical.
Our Sports will differ, thou muſt play
Lero, and I *Alphonſo* way.
I'm no Tranſlator, have no vein
To turn a Woman young again;
Unleſs you'l grant the Taylor's due,
To ſee the Fore-bodies be new.
I love to wear Cloths that are fluſh,
Not prefacing old Rags with Pluſh,
Like Aldermens on Under-ſtrieves
With Canvas Backs, and Velvet Sleeves:
And juſt ſuch Diſcord there would be
Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.
Do ſtudy Salve and Triacle, ply
Your Tenant's Leg, or his ſore Eye.
Thus Matrons purchaſe Credit, thanks
Six penny-worth of Mountebanks;
Or chew thy Cud on ſome Delight,
That thou didſt taſte in Eighty eight.

Oh be but Bed-rid once, and then
Thoul't dream thy youthful Sins agen;
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouſe,
Firſt hearken and attend thy Vows.
When *Ætna*'s fires ſhall undergo
The Penance of the *Alpes* in Snow;
When *Sol* at one blaſt of his Horn
Poſts from the Crab to *Capricorn*;
When the Heavens ſhuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the Frozen Zone;
When all theſe Contradictions meet,
Then, *Sybil*, thou and I will greet:
For all theſe Similies do hold
In my young Heat, and thy dull Cold.
Then, if a Fever be ſo good
A Pimp as to inflame thy Blood,
Hymen ſhall twiſt thee and thy Page,
The diſtinct Tropicks of Man's Age,

Well, Madam Time, be ever bald,
I'll not thy Periwig be call'd;
I'll never be 'ſtead of a Lover,
An aged Chronicle's new Cover.

Upon an Hermaphrodite.

SIr, or Madam, chooſe you whether,
Nature twiſts you both together,
And makes thy Soul two Garbs confeſs,
Both Petticoat and Breeches Dreſs;
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of Wine
With Water that is Feminine,
Until the cooler Nymph abate
His Wrath, and ſo concorporate.

Adam, till his Rib was loſt,
Had the Sexes thus ingroſt.
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*:
Then did Man 'bout Wedlock treat,
To make his Body up compleat.
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but thee
In a Grave Solemnity:
For Man and Wife make but one right
Canonical Hermaphrodite.
Ravel thy Body, and I find
In every Limb a double kind.
Who would not think that Head a pair,
That breeds ſuch Faction in the Hair?
One half ſo churliſh in the Touch,
That rather than endure ſo much,
I would my tender Limbs apparel
With *Regulus* his nailed Barrel:
But the other half ſo ſmall,
And ſo amourous withal,
That *Cupid* thinks each Hair doth grow
A String for his inviſible Bow.
When I look Babies in thine Eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies;
And though thy Beauty be high Noon,
Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon.
How many melting Kiſſes skip,
'Twixt thy Male and Female Lip?
'Twixt thy upper bruſh of Hair,
And thy neather Beard's deſpair?
When thou ſpeak'ſt (I would not wrong
Thy Sweetneſs with a double Tongue,
But) in every ſingle Sound
A perfect Dialogue is found.

Thy Breaſts diſtinguiſh one another,
This the Siſter, that the Brother.
When thou joyn'ſt Hands my Ear ſtill fancies
The Nuptial Sound, I *John* take *Frances.*
Feel but the difference ſoft and rough,
This a Gantlet, that a Muff.
Had ſly *Ulyſſes* at the Sack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedler's Pack,
And Weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Lycomedes*, *Philis*.
His Plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The Needle, that the Warlike Steel.
When Muſick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right Leg takes the left to dance;
Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt Dance, though all alone.
Thus every Het'roclite part
Changes Gender, but thy Heart;
Nay thoſe which Modeſty can mean,
But dare not ſpeak, are Epicene.
That Gameſter needs muſt overcome,
That can play both with *Tib* and *Tom.*
Thus did Nature's Mintage vary,
Coyning thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Author to his Hermaphrodite, made after Mr. Randolph's *Death, yet inſerted into his Poems.*

PRoblem of Sexes! Muſt thou likewiſe be
As diſputable in thy Pedegree?
Thou Twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw leſs than Aums Ace upon two Dice.

Wer't thou ſerv'd up two in one Diſh, the rather
To ſplit thy Sire into a double Father?
True; the World's Scales are even, what the Main
In one place gets, another quits again.
Nature loſt one by thee, and therefore muſt
Slice one in two to keep her number juſt.
Plurality of Livings is thy State,
And therefore mine muſt be Impropriate:
For ſince the Child is mine, and yet the Claim
Is intercepted by another's Name;
Never did Steeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay, my Muſe, (and without more Diſpute)
Who 'tis that Fame doth ſuperinſtitute.
The *Theban* Wittal, when he once deſcrys
Jove is his Rival, falls to Sacrifice:
That Name hath tipp'd his Horns; ſee on his Knees
A Health to *Hans in Kelder Hercules.*
Nay Sublunary Cuckolds are content
To entertain their Fate with Complement;
And ſhall not he be proud whom *Randolph* daigns
To quarter with his Muſe, both Arms and Brains?
Gramercie Goſſip, I rejoyce to ſee
Th'haſt got a Leap of ſuch a Barbary.
Talk not of Horns, Horns are the Poet's Creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former Neſt
To found a Nunnery in *Randolph's* Quill,
Cuckold *Parnaſſus* is a Forked Hill.
But ſtay, I've wak'd his Duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the Worms for his Compurgators.
Can Ghoſts have natural Sons? Say Og, is't meet
Penance bear Date after the Winding-ſheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove, being there's two combin'd)

I would diſclaim my Right, and that it were
The Lawful Iſſue of his Aſhes ſwear.
But was he dead? Did not his Soul tranſlate
Her ſelf into a Shop of leſſer rate;
Or break up Houſe, like an expenſive Lord,
That gives his Purſe a Sob, and lives at Board?
Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp,
And ſtill there's hopes 't may prove his Baſtard Imp.
But I'm prophane; for grant the World had one
With whom he might contract an Union;
They two were one, yet like an Eagle ſpread,
I'th' Body joyn'd, but parted in the Head.
For you, my Brat, that poſe the Porph'ry Chair,
Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatſoe'er you are,
You are a Nephew, grieve not at your State;
For all the World is Illegitimate.
Man cannot get a Man, unleſs the Sun
Club to the Act of Generation.
The Sun and Man get Man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt Fathers of my Poetry.
For ſince, bleſt Shade, thy Verſe is Male, but mine
O'th' weaker Sex, a Phancy Feminine;
We'll part the Child, and yet commit no Slaughter,
So ſhall it be thy Son, and yet my Daughter.

SECT. II.

Containing POEMS which relate to STATE-AFFAIRS.

Upon The King's Return from Scotland.

REturn'd! I'l ne'er believ't; firſt prove him hence,
Kings travel by their Beams and Influence.
Who ſays the Soul gives out her Gueſts, or goes
A flitting Progreſs 'twixt the Head and Toes?
She rules by Omnipreſence, and ſhall we
Deny a Prince the ſame Ubiquity?
Or grant he went, and 'cauſe the knot was ſlack
Girt both the Nations with his Zodiack;
Yet as the Tree at once both upward ſhoots,
And juſt as much grows downward to the Roots;
So at the ſame time that he poſted thither,
By Counter-Stages he rebounded hither.
Hither, and hence at once; thus every Sphere
Doth by a double motion interfere;
And when his Native form inclines him Eaſt,
By the firſt Mover he is raviſh'd Weſt.
Have you not ſeen how the divided Dam
Runs to the Summons of her hungry Lamb;

But when the Twin crys halves, ſhe quits the firſt,
Nature's *Commendam* muſt be likewiſe nurſt?
So were his Journeys like the Spider ſpun
Out of his Bowels of Compaſſion.
Two Realms, like *Cacus*, ſo his ſteps tranſpoſe,
His feet ſtill contradict him as he goes.
England's return'd, that was a baniſh'd Soil;
The Bullet flying makes the Gun recoil.
Death's but a Separation, though indors'd
With Spade and Javelin, we were thus divorc'd,
Our Soul hath taken wing, while we expreſs
The Corps returning to their Principles.
But the Crab-Tropick muſt not now prevail,
Iſlands go back, but when you're under Sail;
So his Retreat hath rectified that wrong;
Backward is forward in the Hebrew Tongue.
Now the Church Militant in plenty reſts,
Nor fears, it like th' Amazon, to loſe her Breaſts;
Her means are ſafe, not ſqueez'd, until the Blood
Mix with the Milk, and choak the tender Brood.
She that hath been the floating Ark, is that
She, that's now ſeated on Mount *Ararat*.
Quits *Charles*; our Souls did guard him Northward
Now he the Counterpart comes South to us. (thus,

A Dialogue between two Zealots upon the &c. in the Oath.

SIr *Roger* from a zealous peice of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicaridge of the Children's Threes,
Whoſe yearly *Audit* may by ſtrict Account
To twenty Nobles, and his Vails amount;
Fed on the Common of the female Charity,
Until the *Scots* can bring about their Parity;

So ſhotten, that his Soul, like to himſelf,
Walks but in *Cuerpo*. This ſame Clergy-Elf
Encountring with a Brother of the Cloth,
Fell preſently to Cudgels with the Oath.
The Quarrel was a ſtrange miſhapen Monſter
Et cætera, (God bleſs us!) which may conſter
The Brand upon the Buttock of the Beaſt,
The Dragon's Tail tyed on a Knot, a Neſt
Of young *Apocryphas*, the faſhion
Of a new mental Reſervation.
Whilſt *Roger* thus divides the Text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, my pious Brother,
Hearken with Reverence, for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice:
And ſo by Revelation know it better,
Than all the learn'd Idolaters o'th Letter.
With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theme,
Like Great *Goliah*, with his Weaver's Beam.
I ſay to thee, *Et cætera*, thou ly'ſt,
Thou art the curled Lock of Antichriſt;
Rubbiſh of *Babel*; for who will not ſay
Tongues are confounded in *Et cætera*?
Who ſwears *Et cætera*, ſwears more Oaths at once
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce.
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
The old falſe Serpent in his numerous folds.
Accurſt *Et cætera*! Now, now I ſcent
What the prodigious bloody Oyſters meant.
O *Booker*! *Booker*! How came it thou to lack
This Fiend in thy Prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark Vault wherein th' Infernal Plot
Of Powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the Oath, and you ſhall ſoon deſcry it
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it;

'Gainſt whom the Church (whereof I am a Member)
Shall keep another Fifth day of *November*.
Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruſs
Et cætera, it's ſo abominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin'd;
Unrip *Et cætera*, and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſary, and (which his worſe)
Th'Apparitor upon his skew bald Horſe.
Then finally, my Babes of Grace, forbear,
Et cætera will be too far to ſwear:
For 'tis (to ſpeak in a familiar Stile)
A *York-ſhire* Wea-ble longer than a Mile.
  Here *Roger* was inſpir'd, and by God's diggers
He'll ſwear in words at length, but not in Figures.
No by this Drink which he takes off, as loath
To leave *Et cætera* in his liquid Oath.
His Brother pledg'd him, and that bloody Wine
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synod's *Caroline*.
So they drank on, not offering to part,
'Till they had ſworn out the eleventh Quart:
While all that ſaw, and heard them joyntly pray,
They and their Tribe were all *Et cætera*.

Smectymnuus, *or the Club-Divines.*

SMectymnuus! The Goblin makes me ſtart;
I'th' name of *Rabbi Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick*? or *Welſh*? What skil't?
Ape all the Bricklayers that *Babel* built?
Some Conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it;
Till then 'tis fit for a Weſt *Saxon* Poet.
But do the Brotherhood then play their Prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion, with Diſguiſes?

Out-brave us with a Name in Rank and File?
A name, which if 'twere train'd would ſpread a Mile.
The Saints Monopoly, the Zealous Cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a Muſter,
And ſhoots his Quills at Biſhops and their Sees,
A devout Litter of young *Maccabees.*
Thus *Jack* of all Trades hath diſtinctly ſhown
The twelve Apoſtles in a Cherry-ſtone.
Thus Factions *A-la-mode* in Treaſon's Faſhion,
Now we have Hereſie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixot's* Roſary of Slaves
Strung on a Chain, a Murnival of Knaves
Pack'd in a Trick; like Gipſies when they ride,
Or like the College which ſit all of a ſide:
So the vain Satyriſts ſtand all a row,
As hollow Teeth upon a Lute-ſtring ſhow.
Th'*Italian* Monſter pregnant with his Brother,
Nature's *Diæreſis*, half one another;
He with his little Sideſman *Lazarus*
Muſt both give way unto *Smectymnuus.*
Next *Sturbridge* Fair is *Smec's*; for lo his ſide
Into a five-fold *Lazar* multiply'd.
Under each Arm there's tuck'd a double Gizzard,
Five Faces lurk under one ſingle Vizard.
The Whore of *Babylon* left theſe Brats behind,
Heirs of Confuſion by Gavelkind.
I think *Pythagoras's* Soul is rambled hither,
With all her change of Raiment on together.
Smec is her general Wardrobe; ſhe'll not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare.
He ſtops the Goſſipping Dame; alone he is
The Purlew of a *Metempſycoſis*:
Like a Scotch Mark, where the more modeſt ſence,
Checks the loud Phraſe and ſhrinks to thirteen pence:

Like to an *Ignis Fatuus*, whoſe flame,
Though ſometimes tripartite, joyns in the ſame.
Like to nine Taylors, who (if rightly ſpell'd)
Into one Man are Monoſyllabl'd.
Short-handed Zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a ſingle Penny.
See, ſee how cloſe the Curs hunt under a ſheet,
As if they ſpent in Quire, and ſcan'd their feet.
One Cure, and five incumbents leap a Truſs,
The Title ſure muſt be Litigious.
The *Sadduces* would raiſe a Queſtion,
Who ſhall be *Smec* at th' Reſurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame;
Had they but wire-drawn and ſpun out the name,
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Againſt the Biſhops and their Superſtition.
Robſon and *French* (that count from five to five
As far as Nature fingers did contrive.
She ſaw they would be Seſſers, that's the cauſe
She cleft their Hoof into ſo many Claws)
May tire their Carret-Bunch; yet ne'er agree
To rate *Smectymnuus* for Polemoney.
Caligula (whoſe Pride was Mankind's Bail,
As who diſdain'd to murder by Retail,
Wiſhing the World had but one general Neck)
His glutton Blade might have found Game in *Smec*.
No Eccho can improve the Author more,
Whoſe Lungs pay uſe and uſe to half a ſcore.
No Felon is more letter'd, though the Brand
Both ſuperſcribes his Shoulder and his Hand.
Some Welſhman was his Godfather, for he
Wears in his Name his Genealogy.
The Banes are ask'd, would but the times give way,
Betwixt *Smectymnuus* and *Et cætera*;

The Gueſts, invited by a friendly Summons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons;
The Prieſt to tye the Foxes tails together,
Moſely, or *Sancta Clara*, chooſe you whether.
See what an Offſpring every one expects;
What ſtrange Plurality of Men and Sects?
One ſays he'll get a Veſtry, but another
Is for a Synod; Bets upon the Mother,
Faith cry St. *George!* Let them go to't and ſtickle,
Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.
Thus might Religious Catterwawl and ſpight
Which uſes to Divorce, might once unite:
But their croſs Fortunes interdict their Trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride is ſpade.
My Task is done, all my he-Goats are milk'd;
So many Cards i'th' Stock, and yet be bilk'd?
I could by Letters now untwiſt the Rabble;
Whip *Smec* from Conſtable to Conſtable.
But there I leave you to another's dreſſing;
Only kneel down and take your Father's Bleſſing;
May the Queen Mother juſtifie your fears,
And ſtretch her Patent to your Leather ears.

The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter.

WIth Hair in Characters, and Lugs in Text;
With a ſplay mouth, and a noſe circumflext;
With a ſet Ruff of Musket-bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers
Exhauſted of their Sulphurous Contents
In Pulpit Fire-works, which the Bombal vents;
The Negative and Covenanting Oath,
Like two Muſtachoes iſſuing from his Mouth;

The Buſh upon his Chin like a carv'd Story
In a Box-knot, cut by the Directory;
Madam's Confeſſion hanging at his ear,
Wire-drawn through all the Queſtions, How and Where;
Each Circumſtance ſo in the hearing fell,
That when his ears are cropp'd he'll count them gelt.
The Weeping Caſſock ſcor'd into a Jump,
A ſign the Presbyter's worn to the ſtump;
The Presbyter, though charm'd againſt Miſchance
With the Divine Right of an Ordinance;
If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,
Stop them they are the Tribe of *Adoniram*.
What zealous Phrenzy did the Senate ſeize,
That tare the Rotchet to ſuch rags as theſe?
Epiſcopacy minc'd; Reforming *Tweed*
Hath ſent us Runts, even of her Churches breed.
Lay interlining Clergy, a Device
That's Nickname to the Stuff call'd Lops and Lice.
The Beaſt at wrong end branded, you may trace
The Devil's footſteps in his cloven face.
A face of ſeveral Pariſhes and ſorts,
Like to Serjeant ſhav'd at Inns of Courts.
What mean the Elders elſe, thoſe Kirk Dragoons,
Made up of Ears and Ruffs like Ducatoons.
That Hierarchy of Handicrafts begun;
Thoſe New-Exchange-men of Religion.
Sure they'r the Antick heads which plac'd without
The Church, do gape and diſembogue a Spout:
Like them above the Common's Houſe t'have been
So long without, now both are gotten in.
Then what imperious in the Biſhop ſounds,
The ſame the Scotch Executor rebounds:
This ſtating Prelacy the Claſſick Rout
That ſpeak it often, e'er it ſpake it out.

So by an Abbey's Skeleton of late
I heard an Eccho ſupererogate
Through Imperfection, and the Voice reſtore,
As if ſhe had the Hiſcop o'er and o'er.
Since they our mixt Dioceſans combine,
Thus to ride double in their Diſcipline,
That *Paul's* ſhall to the Conſiſtory call
A Dean and Chapter out of Weaver's Hall,
Each at the Ordinance for to aſſiſt
With the five Thumbs of his groat-changing Fiſt.
Down *Dagon*-Synod with thy Motley Ware,
Whilſt we are Champions for the Common Prayer,
(That Dove-like Embaſſy that wings our Senſe
To Heavens Gate in ſhape of Innocence.)
Pray for the Mitred Authors, and defie
Thoſe Demicaſtors of Divinity.
For when Sir *John* with *Jack* of all Trades joyns,
His Finger's thicker than the Prelate's Loyns.

The Mixt Aſſembly.

FLea-bitten Synod, an Aſſembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
With the tame Wool-pack Clergy by their ſide.
Who ask'd the Banes 'twixt theſe diſcolour'd Mates?
A ſtrange *Groteſco* this; the Church and States,
Moſt Divine Tick-Tack in a Pye-bald Crew
To ſerve as Table-men of divers Hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* Heir
By Picture, when the Parents both were fair,
At ſight of you had born a dapled Son,
You chequering her Imagination.

Had *Jacob*'s Flock but ſeen you ſit, the Dams
Had brought forth ſpeckled and ring ſtreaked
Like an Impropriator's Motley kind, (Lambs:
Whoſe Scarlet Coat is with a Caſſock lin'd:
Like the Lay-Thief in a Canonick Weed,
Sure of his Clergy e'er he did the Deed.
Like *Royſton* Crows, who are (as I may ſay)
Fryars of both the Orders, Black and Gray.
So mixt they are one knows not whether's thicker,
A Layre of Burgeſs, of a Layre of Vicar.
Have they uſurp'd what Royal *Judah* had,
And now muſt *Levi* too part ſtakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Croſier are the Crutches,
Which if not truſted in their pious Clutches
Will fail the Cripple State. And wer't not pity
That both ſhould ſerve the Yardwand of the City?
That *Iſaac* might go ſtroke his Beard, and ſit
Judge of *ἐὶς ᾅδȣ* and *Elegerit*.
O that they were in Chalk and Charcoal drawn!
The Miſcellany-Satyr and the Fawn,
And all th'Adulteries of twiſted Nature
But faintly repreſent this ridling Feature,
Whoſe Members, being not Tallies, they'll not own
Their Fellows at the Reſurrection.
Strange Scarlet Doctors theſe; they'll paſs in Story
For Sinners half refin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobſters, where there joyntly rules
The fading Sables, and the coming Gules.
The Flea that *Falſtaff* damn'd thus lewdly ſhows
Tormented in the Flames of *Bardolph*'s Noſe;
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Clokes,
This Shoulder *John-a-Stiles*, that *John-a-Nokes*.
Like Jews and Chriſtians in a Ship together,
With an old Neck-Verſe to diſtinguiſh either.

Like their intended Diſcipline to boot,
Or whatſoe'er hath neither Head nor Foot:
Such may theſe ſtrip'd Stuff-hangings ſeem to be,
Sacrilege match'd with Codpiece Simony.
Be ſick and dream a little, you may then
Phancy theſe Linſey-Woolſey Veſtry-men.
Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such Company may chance to ſpoyl thy Swearing;
And thy Drum-Major Oaths (of bulk unruly)
May dwindle to a feeble, By my truly;
He that the Noble *Percie*'s Blood inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a Hot-Spur of the Spirits?
He'll fright the *Obadiah*'s out of tune
With his uncircumciſed *Algernoon*;
A Name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd Hand:
See they obey the Magick of my Words,
Preſto; they'r gone: and now the Houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd Face of an old Hag,
But with three Teeth like to a triple Gag.
A jig a jig, and in this Antick Dance,
Fielding and *Doxie Marſhal* firſt advance.
Twiſſe blows the Scotch pipes, and the loveing *Brac*
Puts on the Traces and treads *Cinque-a-pace*.
Then *Say* and *Seal* muſt his old ham-ſtrings ſupple,
And he and rumpled *Pulmer* make a Couple.
Pulmer's a fruitful Girl, if he'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her Shoulder.
Kimbolton, that Rebellious *Boanerges*
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*.
If *Burges* get a Clap, 'tis ne'er the worſe,
But the fifth time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy, good ſadneſs cannot dance,
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till Mumping *Lidie*
Like the full Moon hath made his Lordſhip giddy.
Pym and the Members muſt their Giblets levy
T'encounter Madam *Smec*, that ſingle *Bevy*:
If they two truck together, 'twill not be
A Child-birth, but a Goal-delivery.
Thus every Gibelline hath got his Guelf;
But *Selden* he's a Galliard by himſelf;
And well may be; there's more Divines in him,
Than in all this their *Jewiſh Sanhedrim*;
Whoſe Canons in the Forge ſhall then bare date,
When Mules their Coſin Germans generate.
Thus *Moſes* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Aſs go yoak'd in the ſame Plough.
Reſign thy Coach-box *Twiſſe*, *Brook*'s Preacher, he
Would ſort the Beaſts with more Conformity.
Water and Earth make but one Globe, a Roundhead
Is Clergy-Lay, Party-per-pale compounded,

Rebellis Scotus.

CUra Deo ſumus, iſta ſi cedant Scoto ?
Variata ſpleniis Domina Pſyche eſt ſuis,
Aut Stellionatûs rea. Ὕδωρ ἐν πυρετῷ
Campanula omnes ; totus Ucalegon fio ;
Coriacea cui millies mille hydria
Suburbicanis penſiles Puteacijs
Non ſint refrigerio. Poeticus furor
Cometa non minus, vel ore flammeo
Commune diſpuente fatum Stellulâ,
Dirum ominatur. Ecquis è Stoâ ſuam
Jam temperet bilem, patria quando lue
Tam Pymmianâ, id eſt pediculoſâ, perit,
Bombimachidiſque ſit bolus myrmeciis ?
Scotos nec auſim nominare, carminum
Niſi inter amuleta, nec meditarier
Niſi cerebello, quod capillitio rubens
(Quale autumno coluberrimum Furijs caput)
Quot inde verba, tot venena prompſerit.
Rhadamantheum fac, guttur eſſet nunc mihi,
Sulphurque, patibulumque copioſius
Ructans, Magus quam tænias Bombycinias
Poteram, ut Agyrta Circulator, pilulas
Vomicas loqui, aut ἀποκολυνθίζειν Styga ;
Aut ut Genevæ ſtentores Perilleis
Tartara & equuleos boare Pulpitis,
At machinanti par forem nunquam Scoto
Cunctis Sclopetis hiſce gutturalibus.
Ut digna Dii duint, vorem par eſt prius,
Præſtigator ut ſicas & acinaces.

Hu

The Rebel Scot.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh Crew!
Then Madam Nature wears black Patches too,
What ſhall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the Bells backward ; I am all on fire,
Not all the Buckets in a Country-Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet ſhould be fear'd
When angry, like a Comet's flaming Beard.
And where's the Stoick can his wrath appeaſe
To ſee his Country ſick of *Pym*'s diſeaſe ;
By Scotch Invaſion to be made a prey
To ſuch Pig-Widgin Myrmidons as they?
But that there's Charm in Verſe, I would not quote
The Name of *Scot* without an Antidote ;
Unleſs my head were red , that I might brew
Invention there that might be Poyſon too.
Were I a drowzy Judge, whoſe diſmal Note
Diſgorgeth Halters, as a Jugler's Throat
Doth Ribbands? Could I in Sir Empericks tone
Speak Pills in phraſe and quack deſtruction,
Or roar like *Marſhal* that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full:
Yet to expreſs a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all thoſe Mouth-Granados can ſuffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt like *Hocus*, ſwallow Daggers firſt.

Huc, huc, Iambe, greſſibus faxo tuis,
At huc, Iambe morſibus faxo magis,
Satyraque tortrices tot huc adducite
Flagella, quot præſens meretur ſeculum.
Scoti *Veneficis pares; audax ſtylum*
Horum cruore tinge, ſic nocent minus;
Ut Martyres olim induebant belluis
(Quaſi ſisterent Rogus Sacros hypocritas)
En hos eodem Schemate, aut retro, Scotos,
Extra Scotos, *intus Feras, & ſine tropo.*
Fallax Jerna *vipera nihil foves*
Scoto *Colono! Non ego* Britanniam
Lupis carentem dixerim, vivo Scoto.
Quin Thameſinus Pyrgopolinices Scotus
Poterat Leones, Tigrides, Urſos, Canes
Proprii Inquilinos pectoris ſpectaculo
Monſtraſſe, pro obolis omnibus quibus ſolet
Spectare Monſtra Gratis; & Fera ſimul
Pene ocreatum vulgus. Et patria Feras
Scotos, *eremum abdicat terræ plaga.*
Vel omnipræſentem negans Deum, niſi
Veniſſet inde Carolus; *cohors niſi*
Crafordiana, *miles &* Montroſſeus,
Feritatis eluens noſtræ paganicæ,
Hanc præſtitiſſet ſibi victimam Deo.
Nec Scoticus *eſt totus Leopardus, Leo,*
Habent & Aram, ſicut Arcam fœderis,
Velut Tabellæ bifidæ picta-plicis
Fert Angelos parte hac, & hac Cacodæmonas.
Cui ſomnianti Tartarum ſuaſit pavor,
Sic pœnitere, viderat regnum velim
Nigrius Scotorum *ſemel, & eſſet innocens.*
Regio malignâ quæ facit votum prece,
Relegetur ad Gyaros breves nunquam Incola!

Puniſſet

Come, keen Iambicks, with your Badgers feet,
And Badger-like bite till your Teeth do meet:
Help ye tart Satyriſts to imp my rage
With all the Scorpions that ſhould whip this Age.
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your Pen,
Scratch till the blood come, they'l not hurt you then.
Now as the Martyrs were enforc'd to take
The ſhapes of Beaſts, like Hypocrites at Stake
I'll bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes;
A *Scot*, within a Beaſt, is no Diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſs Nation
Foſters no Venom ſince that *Scot*'s Plantation:
Nor can our feign'd Antiquity obtain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The *Scot* that kept the Tower might have ſhown
Within the Grate of his own Breaſt alone,
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroſs'd
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt.
The honeſt High-ſhoes in their termly Fees,
Firſt to the Salvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelf doth Scotchmen Beaſts confeſs,
Making their Country ſuch a Wilderneſs;
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpence
God's Omnipreſence, but that *Charles* came thence;
But that *Montroſs* and *Crawford*'s Royal Band
Atton'd their Sin, and Chriſtned half their Land.
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe Spots,
There is a Church as well as Kirk of *Scots*.
As in a Picture where the ſquinting paint
Shews Fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide Saint.
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy Dream,
And in the Twy-light of his Phancie's Theme
Scar'd from his Sins, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland* had turn'd Proſelite.

Puniſſet ubi Cainum *nec exilio Deus,*
Sed, ut ille trechedipnum, magis domicœnio.
Ut Gens vagans recutita, vel Contagium,
Aut Beelzebub, ſi des Ubiquitarium.
Hinc erro ſic ſemper Scotus, *certos locos,*
Et hos, & illos quoſlibet citò nauſeans,
Ut fruſta diviſi Orbis & Topographica
Mendicitatis offulas, curtas nimis.
Ipſe Univerſitatis hæres integræ,
Et totus in toto, Natio Epidemica.
Nec gliſcet ergo jargonare Gallicè,
Exoticis aut indicis modis, neque
Iberio nutu negare, nec ſtudet
Callere quem de Belgicis Hoghen Moghen
Venter tumens, aut barba Canthari refert
(Quæ coriatis una mens Noſtratibus)
Pugna eſt in animo, atque in patinâ Scoto;
Huic Struthioni ſuggeret cybum Chalybs
Et denti-ductor appetitus baltheo,
Pro more pendulos molares inſerit.
At interim noſtras quid involant dapes?
Serpens Edenum, *non* Edenburgum *appetit,*
Aut Angliæ, *cui jam malum eſt Hemorrhois,*
Hæmatoporas hos poſteris meatibus
Natura medica ſuppoſuit hirudines,
Cruore ſatiendas licet noſtro prius,
Noſtro, ſed & cruore moribundas quoque.
Nec computo credant priori; nos item
Novum addituros, ſervitutem priſtina
Aliam, gemellam nupera, fraterculos
Palpare, quando ceperant (charos nimis)
Suffragiorum ſcilicet Poppyſmata,
Et cruſtulam impertire, velut offam Cerbero
Subblandiens decreverat Senatulus.

Nos

A Land where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer Baniſhment! (Doom,
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
Not forc'd him wander but confin'd him home;
Like *Jews* they ſpread, and as Infection fly,
As if the Devil had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers and defie
This, or that place, Rags of Geography.
They'r Citizens o'th'World, they'r all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.
And yet they ramble not to learn the Mode,
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the Spaniſh Shrug,
Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt in Belly, or in Beard,
(The Card by which the Mariners are ſteer'd)
No,the *Scots* Errant fight,and fight to eat, (Meat.
Their Oſtrich Stomachs make their Swords their
Nature with *Scots* as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to ſtring their Teeth upon their Belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choice,
The Serpent's fatal ſtill to Paradiſe.
Sure *England* hath the Hemorrhoids, and theſe
On the North-poſtern of the Patient ſeize,
Like Leeches; thus they Phyſically thirſt
After our Blood, but in the Cure ſhall burſt.

Let them not think to make us run o'th' ſcore
To purchaſe Villenage, as once before
When an Act paſt to ſtroak them on the Head:
Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.

Nos non loculis? aſt ima viſceribus prius
[illegible],) uſque & uſque, vel capulo tenus.
Sæpe videmus quo Scotum tractes modo,
Princeps Rebellis mitior tergo, quaſi
Sellas equino detrahens, aptat ſuo.
At jus rapinas has defendit vetus?
Egyptus iſta perdit, aufert Iſrael.
An Bibliorum neſcis hos Satellites
Pretorianis quaſi Cohortibus (novæ
Hieruſalem triariis) Spes militum
Sororcularum? Cardo, Cardo vertitur
Cupediarum, primitivæ Legis?
O bone Deus! quanti eſt carere linteis!
Orexis ut Borealis & fames movet!
Victuque, Veſtibuſque caſſi, hinc Knoxio
Sutore ſimul & Knoxio utuntur Coquo,
Pie quod algeant, quod eſuriant pie.
Larvas quin uſque detrahas, & nummulis
Titulisque, ut animabus, ſubeſt fallacia.
Libræ & Barones (detumeſcant interim
Vocabulorum tympana) quanti valent!
Hic Cantianum ponit, pene villicum,
Solidoſque totos illa, ſed gratis, duos.
Apage ſuperba fraudulentia ſimul
Proſapia pictos, fide & pictos, procul:
Opprobrium Poetico vel ſtigmati,
Etiam cruci Crux; non aliter, Hyperbolus
Hyperſceleſtus Oſtraciſmo fit pudor.
Americanus ille qui cælum abnuit,
Quod Hiſpanorum repat eo ſed pars quota!
Viderat in Orco ſi Scotos (heu tot Scotos!)
Roterodamus pependerat mediocriter.
Sat Muſa! ſemiſſa fercularia
Medullitus vorans, Diabolis invides

Not Gold, nor *Acts of Grace*, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*, a Prince that would reclaim
Rebels by yielding, doth like him, or worſe,
Who ſadled his own back to ſhame his Horſe.

Was it for this you left your leaner Soil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Egypt*'s Spoyl.
They are the Goſpel's Life-guard; but for them
(The Garriſon of New *Jeruſalem*)
What would the Brethren do? The Cauſe! The (Cauſe!
Sack-Poſſets, and the Fundamental Laws?

Lord! what a godly thing is want of Shirts!
How a Scotch Stomach and no Meat converts!
They wanted Food and Rayment; ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſs, and their Cook.
Unmask them well, their Honours and Eſtate,
As well as Conſcience, are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their Title and their Moneys poize,
A Laird and twenty pence pronounc'd with noiſe,
When conſtru'd but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober two pence, and well ſo.
Hence then you proud Impoſtors, get you gone,
You *Picts* in Gentry and Devotion.
You Scandal to the Stock of Verſe, a Race
Able to bring the Gibbet in diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſm, and ſham'd it out of uſe.
The *Indian* that Heaven did forſwear,
Becauſe he heard ſome *Spaniards* were there;
Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been,
He would *Eraſmus*-like have hung between.
My Muſe hath done. A Voyder for the nonce,
I wrong the Devil ſhould I pick their Bones;

That

Propriam ſibi ſuam Scoti, *paropſidem*
Ut Berniclis enim Scoti; *ſic Luci, et*
Saturatur ipſis Berniclarioribus.
Nam lapſus a furcâ Scotus, *mox & ſtyge*
Tinctus, ſuum novatur in Plant-Anſerem.

That diſh is his; for when the *Scots* deceaſe
Hell like their Nation, feeds on Bernacles.
A *Scot* when from the Gallow-tree got looſe
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a *Soland* Gooſe.

The

The King's Diſguiſe.

AND why ſo coffin'd in this vile Diſguiſe,
That who but ſees blaſphemes thee with his eyes?
My Twins of Light within their Penthouſe ſhrink,
And hold it their Allegiance to wink.
O for a State-Diſtinction to Arraign
Charles of High-Treaſon 'gainſt my Soveraign?
What an Uſurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelf hath don't.
His muffled Feature ſpeaks him a Recluſe,
His Ruins prove him a Religious Houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his Beams from off his Lamp,
And Majeſty defac'd the Royal Stamp.
Is't not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,
But thou'lt tranſcribe it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy Blacks were of too faint a die
Without the Tincture of Tautology.
Flay an *Egyptian* for his Caſſock-skin
Spun of his Countrie's darkneſs, lin't within
With *Presbyterian* badge, that drowzy Trance
The Synod's ſable, foggy Ignorance.
Nor bodily, nor ghoſtly *Negro* could
Rough-caſt thy Figure in a ſadder mold.
~~This Privy-Chamber of thy Garb would be~~
But the Cloſe-Mourner to thy Royalty.
Then break the Circle of thy Taylor's Spell.
A Pearl within a rugged Oyſter's Shell.
Heaven, which the Miniſter of thy Perſon owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations.
Like to a martyr'd Abbey's courſer doom,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pigeon-room;

Or like a College by the Changeling Rabble,
Mancheſter's Elves, transform'd into a Stable.
Or if there be a Prophanation higher,
Such is the Sacrilege of thine Attire,
By which th'art half depos'd, thou look'ſt like one
Whoſe Looks are under Sequeſtration;
Whoſe Renegado-form at the firſt glance,
Shews like the Self-denying Ordinance.
Angel of Light and Darkneſs too (I doubt)
Inſpir'd within, and yet poſſeſs'd without.
Majeſtick Twy-light in the ſtate of Grace,
Yet with an excommunicated Face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different Mint,
A Pſalm of Mercy in a miſcreant Print.
The Sun wears Midnight; Day is beetle-brow'd,
And Lightning is in Kelder of a Cloud.
O the accurſt Stenography of State!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunk into a Bat.
What Charm? what Magick Vapour can it be
That checks his Rays to this Apoſtaſie?
It is no ſubtil film of Tiffany-air,
No Cobweb-Vizard (ſuch as Ladies wear,
When they are vail'd on purpoſe to be ſeen,
Doubling their Luſtre by their vanquiſh'd ſkreen.)
No, the falſe Scabbard of a Prince is tough,
And three pil'd darkneſs, like the ſmoaky ſlough
Of an impriſon'd flame; 'tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark Lanthorn to our bright Meridian:
Hell belch'd the Damp, the *Warwick* Caſtle Vote
Rang *Brittain*'s Curfew, ſo our Light went out.
A black Offender ſhould he wear his Sin
For Penance, could not have a darker Skin.
His Viſage is not legible; the Letters
Like a Lord's Name writ in Phantaſtick Fetters.

Clothes where a *Switzer* might be buried quick ;
Sure they would fit the Body Politick.
Falſe Beard enough to thatch a Poet's Plot,
(For that's the Ambuſh of their Wit, God wot;)
Nay all his Properties ſo plain appear,
Y'are not i'th' Preſence, though the King be there.
A Libel is his dreſs, a Garb uncouth,
Such as the Hue and Cry once purg'd at Mouth.
Scribling Aſſaſſinate! Thy Lines atteſt
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant Beaſt:
Whoſe Breath before 'tis ſyllabled for worſe
Is Blaſphemy unfledg'd, a callow Curſe:
The *Laplanders* when they would ſell a wind
Wafting to Hell, bag up thy Phraſe and bind
It to the Bark, which at the Voyage end
Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the Fiend.
But i'll not dub thee with a glorious Scar,
Nor ſink thy Sculler with a Man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, and this ſlandering ſuit
Both do alike in Picture execute.
But ſince w'are all call'd Papiſts ; why not date
Devotion to the Rags thus Conſecrate?
As Temples uſe to have their Porches wrought
With *Sphynxes*, Creatures of an Antick draught,
And purling Portraitures, to ſhew that there ;
Riddles inhabited ; the like is here.
But pardon Sir, ſince I preſume to be
Clerk of this Cloſet to your Majeſty ;
Methinks in this your dark myſterious Dreſs
I ſee the Goſpel couch'd in Parables.
The ſecond view my purblind Fancy wipes,
And ſhews Religion in its dusky Types ;
Such a Text Royal, ſo obſcure a ſhade,
Was *Solomon* in *Proverbs* all array'd.

Come all the Brats of this expounding Age,
To whom the Spirit is in Pupilage:
You that damn more than ever *Samſon* ſlew,
And with his Engine the ſame Jaw-bone too.
How is't he ſcapes your Inquiſition free,
Since bound up in the Bible's Livery?
Hence Cabinet-Intruders, Pick-Locks hence,
You that dim Jewels with your *Briſtol*-fence;
And Characters, like Witches, ſo torment,
Till they confeſs a Guilt, though Innocent.
Keys for this Cypher you can never get,
None but Saint *Peter*'s ope' this Cabinet;
This Cabinet, whoſe Aſpect would benight
Critick Spectators with redundant light.
A Prince moſt ſeen is leaſt. What Scriptures call
The Revelation, is moſt myſtical.
Mount then thou Shadow Royal, and with haſte
Advance thy *Morning-Star*, *Charles* overcaſt.
May thy ſtrange Journey contradictions twiſt,
And force fair Weather from a Scottiſh Miſt.
Heavens Confeſſors are pos'd; thoſe Star-ey'd Sages
T'interpret an Eclipſe thus riding Stages.
Thus *Iſrael*-like he travels with a Cloud,
Both as a Conduct to him and a Shroud.
But O! He goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
A League with mouldy bread and clouted ſhoes!

Rupertiſimus.

O That I could but vote my ſelf a Poet,
Or had the Legiſlative knack to do it!
Or like the Doctors Militant could get
Dubb'd at adventure Verſer Banneret.

Or had I *Cacus* trick to make my Rhimes
Their own *Antipodes*, and track the times?
Faces about ſays the Remonſtrant Spirit,
Allegiance is Malignant, Treaſon Merit.
Huttington-Colt that poſ'd the Sage Recorder
Might be a Sturgeon now and paſs by Order.
Had I but *Elſing*'s Gift (that ſplay-mouth'd Brother)
That declares one way, and yet means another.
Could I thus write a-ſquint, then Sir long ſince
You had been ſung a Great and Glorious Prince.
I had obſerv'd the Language of theſe days,
Blaſphem'd you, and then periwig'd the Phraſe
With humble Service, and ſuch other Fuſtian,
Bells which ring backward in this great Combuſtion,
I had revil'd you, and without offence
The Literal and th' equitable Senſe,
Would make it good. When all fails this will do't,
Sure that Diſtinction cleft the Devil's foot.
This were my Dialect, would your Highneſs pleaſe
To read me but with Hebrew Spectacles;
Interpret counter what is croſs rehearſ'd;
Libels are Commendations when reverſ'd.
Juſt as an Optick Glaſs contracts the Sight
At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't,
But you're inchant'd, Sir you're doubly free
From the great Guns and Squibbing Poetry;
Whom neither *Bilbo*, nor Invention pierces,
Proof, even 'gainſt th' Artillery of Verſes.
Strange! That the Muſes cannot wound your Mail,
If not their Art, yet let their Sex prevail.
At that known Leaguer where the Bonny *Beſſes*
Supply'd the Bow-ſtrings with their twiſted Treſſes,
Your Spels could ne'er have fenc'd you, ev'ry Arrow
Had lanc'd your noble Breaſt and drunk the Marrow.

For Beauty, like white Powder, makes no noiſe,
And yet the ſilent Hypocrite deſtroys.
Then uſe the Nuns of *Helmet* with pity,
Leſt *Wharton* tell his Goſſips of the City,
That you kill Women too, nay Maids, and ſuch
Their General wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Eſſex*! Is it not a ſhame
Our Commonwealth like to a Turkiſh Dame,
Should have an Eunuch-Guardian? May ſhe be
Raviſh'd by *Charles*, rather than ſav'd by thee.
But why, my Muſe, like a Green-ſickneſs Girl,
Feed'ſt thou on Coals and Dirt? A Gelding Earl
Gives no more reliſh to thy Female palate,
Than to the Aſs did once the Thiſtle Salat.
Then quit his barren Theme, and all at once
Thou and thy Siſters like bright Amazons
Give *Rupert* an *Alarum*. *Rupert*! one
Whoſe name is Wit's Superfœtation;
Makes Fancy, like Eternity's round womb,
nite all Valour paſt, preſent, to come.
e, who the old Philoſophy controuls,
That voted down Plurality of Souls,
e breaths a Grand Committee; all that were
he Wonders of their Age conſtellate here.
nd as the Elder Siſters Growth and Senſe
Souls paramount themſelves) in Man commence
ut faculties of Reaſon Queen, no more
re they to him, who was complete before,
gredients of his Virtues. Thread the Beads
f *Cæſar*'s Acts, Great *Pompey*'s and the *Swedes*,
nd 'tis a Bracelet fit for *Rupert*'s hand,
y which that vaſt Triumvirat is ſpan'd.
ere, here is Palmeſtry; here you may read (bleed.
ow long the World ſhall live, and when't ſhall

What every Man winds up that *Rupert* hath;
For Nature rais'd him on the Publick Faith.
Pandora's Brother, to make up whoſe ſtore
The Gods were fain to run upon the ſcore.
Such was the Painter's Brief for *Venus* Face,
Item an Eye from *Jane*, a Lip from *Grace*,
Let *Iſaac* and his Cits flay off the Plate,
That tips their Antlets, for their Calf of State.
Let the Zeal-twanging Noſe that wants a Ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his ſilver Bridg;
Yes, and the Goſſip's Spoon augment the Sum,
Although poor *Caleb* loſe his Chriſtendom.
Rupert outweighs that in his Sterling ſelf,
Which their Self-want pays in Committee-pelf.
Pardon, Great Sir; for that ignoble Crew
'Gains when made Bankrupt in the Scales with yo
As he who in his Character of Light
Styl'd it God's ſhadow, made it far more bright
By an Eclipſe ſo glorious (Light is dim,
And a black Nothing when compar'd with him:)
So 'tis Illuſtrious to be *Rupert's* foil,
And a juſt Trophey to be made his ſpoil.
I'll pin my Faith on the Diurnal's ſleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
The Conqueſts which the Common-Council hea
With their wide liſtning Mouth from the Gre
That run away in Triumph; ſuch a Foe (Pe
Can make Men Victors in their Overthrow.
Where Providence and Valour meet in one,
Courage ſo pois'd with Circumſpection,
That he revives the Quarrel once again
Of the Soul's Throne; whether in Heart, or Bra
And leaves it a drawn Match; whoſe fervor ca
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a Ma

H

His Trumpet, like the Angels at the laſt,
Makes the Soul riſe by a miraculous blaſt.
Was that Mount *Athos* carv'd in ſhape of Man,
As was deſign'd by th' *Macedonian*,
Whoſe right hand ſhould a populous Land contain,
The left ſhould be a Channel to the Main;
His Spirit would inform th' *Amphibious* Figure,
And ſtrait-laced ſweat for a Dominion bigger.
The terror of whoſe Name can out of ſeven,
Like *Falſtaff's* Buckram-men, make fly eleven.
Thus ſome grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
y being ſlain are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confeſs no loſs of men;
or *Rupert* knocks 'em till they gig again.
They fear the Giblets of his Train, they fear,
ven his Dog, that four-leg'd Cavalier.
He that devours the Scraps that *Lunsford* makes,
Whoſe Picture feeds upon a Child in Stakes;
Who name but *Charles* he comes aloft for him;
ut holds up his Malignant Leg at *Pym*:
Gainſt whom they have theſe Articles in Souſe,
irſt, that he barks againſt the Senſe o'th' Houſe;
eſolv'd Delinquent to the Tower ſtraight;
ither to th' Lyons, or the Biſhop's Grate.
Next for his ceremonious Wag o'th' Tail;
ut there the Siſterhood will be his Bail;
t leaſt the Counteſs with Luſt's *Amſterdam*,
That lets in all Religions of the Game.
Thirdly; he ſmells Intelligence; that's better
nd cheaper too, than *Pym's* from his own Letter,
Who's doubly paid (Fortune or we the blinder!)
or making Plots, and then for *Fox* the finder.
aſtly; he is a Devil without doubt;
or when he would lie down he wheels about;

Makes

Makes Circles and is couchant in a Ring;
And therefore ſcore up one for conjuring. (quarter!
What canſt thou ſay, thou Wretch? O quarter
I'm but an Inſtrument, a meer Sir *Arthur*.
If I muſt hang, O let not our Fates vary,
Whoſe Office 'tis alike to fetch and carry!
No hopes of a Reprieve; the mutinous ſtir,
That ſtrung the Jeſuit will diſpatch the Cur.
Were I a Devil, as the Rabble fears,
I ſee the Houſe would try me by my Peers.
There, *Jowler*, there! ah *Jowler*! ſt, 'tis nought,
What e'er the Accuſers carry, they're at default,
And *Glyn* and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Than when the glorious *Strafford* ſtood at bay.
Thus Libels but amount to him we ſee
T'enjoy a Copy-hold of Victory.
Saint *Peter*'s ſhadow heal'd; *Rupert*'s is ſuch
'Twould find Saint *Peter* work, and wound as much
He gags their Guns, defeats their dire intent.
The Cannons do but liſp and compliment.
Sure *Jove* deſcended in a leaden ſhower
To get this *Perſeus*; hence the fatal power
Of ſhot is ſtrangled; Bullets thus allied
Fear to commit an Act of Paricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the World confeſ
Thou art the greater World, and that the leſs.
Scatter th'accumulative King; untruſs
That five-fold Fiend the State's *Smectymnuus*,
Who place Religion in their Vellum-ears,
As in their *Phylacters* the *Jews* did theirs.
England's a Paradice, and a modeſt word,
Since guarded by a Cherub's flaming Sword.
Your Name can ſcare an Atheiſt to his Prayers,
And cure the Chin-cough better than the Bears.

Old *Sybils* charm Tooth-ach with you, the Nurſe
Makes you ſtill Children, and the pond'rous Curſe
The Clown ſalutes with is deriv'd from you,
Now *Rupert* take thee Rogue, how doſt thou do?
In fine the Name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Upon Sir *Thomas Martin* who ſubſcribed a Warrant thus,

We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee, when there was no Knight but himſelf.

Hang out a Flag and gather pence a piece:
Which *Africk* never bred, nor ſwelling *Greece*
With Stories Tympany; a Beaſt ſo rare,
No Lecturer's wrought Cap, or *Barthol'mew* Fair
Can match him; Nature's Whimſey that outvies
Tredeſcant and his Ark of Novelties;
The *Gog* and *Magog* of Prodigious Sights:
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas* Knights.
But is this Bigamy of Titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſſachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of Panniers.
Thou that look'ſt wrap'd up in thy warlike-Leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orſon* bound together.
Spur's Repreſentative, thou that art able
To be a Voyder to King *Arthur*'s Table;
Who in this Sacrilegious Maſs of all,
It ſeems, has ſwallow'd *Windſor*'s Hoſpital.

Pair Royal, headed *Cerberus* his Couſin;
Hercules Labors were a Baker's dozen,
Had he but trump'd on thee, whoſe forked neck
Might well have anſwered at the Font for *Smec*.
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood ly?
Metal on Metal is falſe Heraldry.
And yet the known *Godfry* of *Bouloign*'s Coat
Shines in Exception to the Herald's Vote.
Great Spirits move not by Pedantick Laws,
Their Actions, though Eccentrick, ſtate the Cauſe.
And *Priſcian* bleeds with honour. *Caſar* thns
Subſcrib'd two Conſuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, ſcarce Yeoman high
Is *Tom* twice dip'd; Knight of a double die?
Fond man, whoſe fate is in his Name betray'd;
It is the ſetting Sun doubles his ſhade:
But it's no matter; for amphibious he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

The General Eclipſe.

LAdies that gild the glittering Noon,
And by Reflection mend his Ray,
Whoſe Beauty makes the ſprightly Sun
To dance, as upon Eaſter-day;
What are you, now the Queen's away?

Courageous Eagles, who have whet
Your Eyes upon Majeſtick Light,
And thence deriv'd ſuch Martial heat,
That ſtill your Looks maintain the Fight;
What are you, ſince the King's Good-night?

Cavalier-buds, whom Nature teems,
As a Reſerve for *England*'s Throne,
Spirits whoſe double edge redeems
The laſt Age, and adorns your own;
  What are you, now the Prince is gone?

As an obſtructed Fountain's head
Cuts the Intail off from the Streams,
And Brooks are diſinherited;
Honour and Beauty are mere Dreams,
  Since *Charles* and *Mary* loſt their Beams.

Criminal Valors! who commit
Your Gallantry, whoſe *Pæan* brings
A Pſalm of Mercy after it;
In this ſad Solſtice of the King's,
  Your Victory hath mew'd her wings.

See how your Souldier wears his Cage
Of Iron, like the Captive Turk,
And as the Guerdon of his Rage!
See how your glimmering Peers do lurk,
  Or at the beſt work Journey-work!

Thus 'tis a General Eclipſe,
And the whole World is al-a-mort;
Only the Houſe of Commons trips
The Stage in a Triumphant ſort,
  Now e'en *John Lilburn* take 'em for't.

SECT. III.

SECT. III.

Containing MISCELLANIES.

Upon Princeſs Elizabeth *born the Night before New-Year's Day.*

ASTrologers ſay, *Venus*, the ſelf ſame Star
Is both our *Heſperus* and *Lucifer*;
The Antitype, this *Venus* makes it true,
She ſhuts the old Year, and begins the new.
Her Brother with a Star at Noon was born,
She like a Star both of the Eve and Morn.
Count o'er the Stars, fair Queen, in Babes, and vie
With every Year a new Epiphany.

Upon a Miſer who made a great Feaſt, and the next day dyed for Grief.

NOr ſcapes he ſo; our Dinner was ſo good
My liquoriſh Muſe cannot but chew the Cud,
And what delight ſhe took in th' Invitation
Strives to taſte o'er again in this Relation.
After a tedious Grace in *Hopkin*'s Rhyme,
Not for Devotion, but to take up time,
March'd the Train'd-Band of Diſhes, uſher'd there
To ſhew their Poſtures, and then as they were:

For he invites no Teeth, perchance the Eye
He will afford, the Lover's Gluttony.
Thus is our Feaſt a Muſter, not a Fight,
Our Weapon's not for Service, but for Sight.
But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this Meat
Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat?
Th'Aſtrologers keep ſuch Houſes when they ſup
On Joynts of *Taurus*, or the Heavenly Tup.
What ever Feaſts he made are ſumm'd up here.
His Table vies not ſtanding with his Cheer;
His Churchings, Chriſtnings, in this Meal are all,
And not tranſcrib'd, but in th'Original.
Chriſtmaſs is no Feaſt moveable; for lo,
The ſelf ſame Dinner was ten years ago!
'Twill be immortal, if it longer ſtay,
The Gods will call it for *Ambroſia.*
But ſtay a while; unleſs my Whinyard fail
Or is inchanted, I'll cut off the Intail.
Saint *George for England* then! have at the Mutton;
Where the firſt cut calls me bloud-thirſty Glutton.
Some *Ajax* with his anger-codled Brain
Killing a Sheep thought *Agamemnon* ſlain;
The Fiction's now prov'd true, wounding the Roſt,
I lamentably Butcher up mine Hoſt.
Such Sympathy is with his Meat, my Weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
Cut a Gooſe Leg, and the poor Fool for mone
Turns Cripple too, and after ſtands on one.
Have you not heard th'abominable ſport
A *Lancaſter* Grand-Jury will report;
The Souldier with his *Morglay* watch'd the Mill,
The Cats they came to feaſt, when luſty *Will*
Whips off great Puſſes Leg, which (by ſome Charm)
Proves the next day ſuch an old Woman's Arm.

It's ſo with him, whoſe carcaſe never ſcapes,
But ſtill we ſlaſh him in a thouſand ſhapes.
Our Serving-men (like Spaniels) range to ſpring
The Fowl which he had cluck'd under his wing:
Should he on Woodcock, or on Widgeon feed
It were *Thyeſtes* like, on his own Breed.
To Pork he pleads a Superſtition due,
But we ſubſcribe neither to *Scot*, nor *Jew*.
No Liquor ſtirs; call for a Cup of Wine,
'Tis Blood we drink, we pledge thee *Catiline*.
Sawces we ſhould have none, had he his wiſh;
The Oranges i'th' Margin of his Diſh
He with ſuch Huckſter's care tells o'er and o'er,
Th' *Heſperian* Dragon never watch'd them more.
But being eaten now into deſpair,
(Having nought elſe to do) he falls to prayer.
Thou that didſt once put on the form of Bull,
And turn'd thine *Io* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my Rump, great *Jove*, allay my grief,
O ſpare me this, this Monumental Beef!
But no *Amen* was ſaid; ſee ſee it comes; (Drums,
Draw Boys, let Trumpets ſound, and ſtrike up
See how his Blood doth with the Gravy ſwim,
And every Trencher hath a Limb of him. (deeper,
The Ven'ſon's now in view, our Hounds ſpend
Strange Deer which in the Paſty hath a Keeper,
Stricter than in the Park, making his Gueſt,
As he had ſtol't alive, to ſteal it dreſt!
The ſcent was hot, and we purſuing faſter
Than *Ovid*'s Pack of Dogs e'er chac'd their Maſter;
A double prey at once we ſeize upon,
Acteon, and his Caſe of Veniſon.
Thus was he torn alive, to vex him worſe,
Death ſerves him up now as a ſecond Courſe.

Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd only to fatten his Meat.
Laſtly, we did devour that Corps of His
Throughout all *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*.

On the Memory of Mr. Edward King *drown'd in the* Iriſh *Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial Grief, who ſcans his eyes.
Mine weep down pious Beads; but why ſhould I
Confine them to the Muſes Roſary?
I am no Poet here; my Pen's the Spout;
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes run out
In pity of that Name, whoſe Fate we ſee
Thus copyed out in Grief's Hydrography.
The Muſes are not Mer-maids, though upon
His Death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*.
The Sea's too rough for Verſe; who rhymes upon't
With *Xerxes* ſtrives to fetter th' *Helleſpont*.
My Tears will keep no Channel, know no Laws
To guide their ſtreams, but like the waves, their cauſe
Run with diſturbance, till they ſwallow me
As a Deſcription of his Miſery.
But can his ſpatious Virtue find a Grave
Within th' Impoſtum'd bubble of a Wave?
Whoſe Learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſs
The Sea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſs.
Could not the Winds to countermand thy death,
With their whole Card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep,
To heave thy Reſurrection from the Deep;
That ſo the World might ſee thy ſafety wrought,
With no leſs wonder than thy ſelf was thought?

The famous Stagirite (who in his life
Had Nature as familiar as his Wife)
Bequeath'd his Widow to ſurvive with thee
Queen Dowager of all Philoſophy.
An ominous Legacy, that did portend
Thy Fate, and Predeceſſor's ſecond end.
Some have affirm'd that what on Earth we find,
The Sea can parallel for ſhape and kind.
Books, Arts and Tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an Univerſity.
We'll dive no more for Pearls; the hope to ſee
Thy ſacred Reliques of Mortality
Shall welcome Storms, and make the Seaman prize
His Shipwrack now more than his Merchandize.
He ſhall embrace the Waves, and to thy Tomb,
As to a Royaller Exchange ſhall come.
What can we now expect? Water and Fire,
Both Elements our ruin do conſpire;
And that diſſolves us which doth us compound,
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries muſt toſs
To underſtand the greatneſs of our Loſs;
Be Pupils to our Grief, and ſo much grow
In Learning, as our Sorrows overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our Eyes,
We'll iſſue't forth, and vent ſuch Elegies,
As that our Tears ſhall ſeem the *Iriſh* Seas,
We floating Iſlands, living *Hebrides.*

An

An Elegy upon the Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

I Need no Muſe to give my Paſſion vent,
He brews his Tears that ſtudies to lament.
Verſe chymically weeps, that pious rain
Diſtill'd by Art is but the ſweat o'th' Brain.
Who ever ſob'd in Numbers! Can a Groan
Be quaver'd out in ſoft Diviſion?
'Tis true, for common formal Elegies
Not *Buſhel*'s Wells can match a Poet's Eyes
In wanton Water-Works, he'll tune his Tears
From a *Geneva*-Jig up to the Spheres.
But then he mourns at diſtance, weeps aloof.
Now that the Conduit Head is our own Roof,
Now that the Fate is Publick, (we may call
It *Brittain*'s Veſpers, *England*'s Funeral.)
Who hath a Pencil to expreſs the Saint,
But he hath Eyes too waſhing off the Paint?
There is no Learning but what Tears ſurround,
Like to *Seth*'s Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
So much of late that ſhe's encreaſt to none.
Like an Hydropick Body full of Rheumes,
Firſt ſwells into a Bubble, then conſumes.
The Law is dead, or caſt into a Trance,
And by a Law dough-bak'd an Ordinance.
The Liturgy, whoſe doom was voted next,
Dy'd as a Comment upon him the Text.
There's nothing lives, Life is, ſince he is gone,
But a Nocturnal Lucubration.
Thus you have ſeen Death's Inventory read,
In the Summ total, *Canterbury*'s dead.

A

A ſight would make a *Pagan* to baptize
Himſelf a Convert in his bleeding Eyes.
Would thaw the Rabble, this fierce Beaſt of ours,
That which *Hyena*-like weeps and devours
Tears that flow brackiſh from their Souls within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their Sin.
Mean time no ſqualid Grief his Look defiles,
He guilds his ſadder Fate with nobler Smiles.
Thus the World's Eye with reconciled Streams
Shines in his ſhowers, as if he wept his beams.
How could Succeſs ſuch Villanies applaud?
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*,
The Twins of publick rage, adjudg'd to dye
For Treaſons they ſhould act by Prophecy,
The Facts were done before the Laws were made,
The Trump turn'd up after the Game was play'd.
Be dull great Spirits, and forbear to climb;
For Worth is ſin, and Eminence a Crime.
No Church-man can be Innocent and High,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* Steeple ſtand awry.

Epitaphium

A

Epitaphium *Thomæ Spell Coll. Divi Johannis Præſidis.*

H*Ic jacet Quantillum Quanti,*
Ille, quatenus planè mortalis,
Thomas Spellus:
Fuit nomen, erit Epitheton.
Poſthumus ſibi perennabit, idem
Olim & olim.
Ille qui ſibi fuit unus Poſteri,
Ut eſſe poterat Majores ſui,
Honeſtis quicquid debuit Natalibus
Mactus in ſeſe, diſputandus utrùm
Sui magis, an ex Patrum traduce;
Quem vitæ Drama Miſſionem dedit;
Qui verba protulit, ut Alcedo pullos
Omine pacis;
Quocum ſepulta jacet Urbanitas,
Et Malaci mores tanquam Sodalitii
Commoriuntur.
Pauperum Scipio, *& amor omnium,*
Collegii Coagulum, Honorum Climax,
Scholaris, Socius, Senior, Præſes,
Et Paſtor gregis in cruce providus,
Oculos à flendo non moror amplius.
Vixit.

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Veſpers,
And the wild Forreſter couch'd on the ground;
Venus invited me in th' Evening Whiſpers
Unto a fragrant Field with Roſes crown'd;

Where ſhe before had ſent
My Wiſhed Complement,
Unto my Heart's content
Play'd with me on the Green:
Never *Mark Anthony*
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Ægyptian* Queen.

Firſt on her cherry Cheeks I mine Eyes feaſted,
Thence fear of Surfeiting made me retire;
Next on her warmer Lips, which when I taſted
My duller Spirits made me active as fire;
Then we began to dart,
Each at anothers Heart,
Arrows that knew no ſmart;
Sweet Lips and Smiles between.
Never *Mark*, *&c.*
Wanting a Glaſs to plate her Amber Treſſes,
Which like a Bracelet rich decked mine Arm,
Gawdier than *Juno* wears, when as ſhe Graces
Jove with Embraces more ſtately, than warm;
Then did ſhe peep in mine
Eyes, humour Chryſtalline
I in her Eyes was ſeen,
As if we one had been.
Never *Mark*, *&c.*

Myſtical Grammar of Amourous Glances;
Feeling of Pulſes, the Phyſick of Love,
Rhetorical Courtings and Muſical Dances,
Numbring of Kiſſes Arithmetick prove
Eyes like Aſtronomy,
Straight-limb'd Geometry
In her Art's ingeny,

Our Wits were ſharp and keen.
Never *Mark Anthony*
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Ægyptian* Queen.

The Author's Mock-Song to Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale ſang *Pluto's Mattins*,
And *Cerberus* cry'd three *Amens* at a Howl,
When Night wandring Witches put on their Pattins,
Midnight as dark as their Faces are foul:
Then did the Furies doom
That the Night-Mare was come;
Such a miſhapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy *Sus*,
At this foul Gypſie Quean.

Firſt on her Gooſberry Cheeks I mine eyes Blaſted,
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
Unto her Blewer Lips, which when I taſted
My Spirits were duller than Dun in the Mire;
But when her Breath took place,
Which went an Uſher's pace,
And made way for her Face,
You may gueſs what I mean.
Never did, *&c.*

Like Snakes engendring were platted her Treſſes,
Or like to ſlimy ſtreaks of roapy Ale;
Uglier than Envy wears, when ſhe confeſſes
Her Head is periwig'd with Adder's Tail.

But as ſoon as ſhe ſpake,
I heard a harſh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my Miſtake,
Her Head is Epicene.
Never did, *&c.*

Myſtical Magick of Conjuring Wrinkles;
Feeling of Pulſes, the Palmi'ſtry of Hags,
Scolding out Belches for Rhetorick Twinkles,
With three Teeth in her Head like to three Gags;
Rainbows about her eyes,
And her Noſe Weather-wiſe,
From them the Almanack lies,
Froſt, Pond and Rivers clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy *Sus*,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

How the Commencement grows new.

TIs no *Curranto*-News I undertake,
New Teacher of the Town I mean not to make
No *New-England* Voyage my Muſe does intend,
No new Fleet, no bald Fleet, nor bonny Fleet ſend
But if you'l be pleaſ'd to hear out this Ditty,
I'll tell you ſome News as True and as Witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Simony-Doctors abound,
All crowding to throw away Forty pound: (pe
They'l now in their Wives Stammel-Petticoats vi-
Without any need of an Argument-Draper;
Beholding to none, he neither beſeeches
This Friend for Ven'ſon, nor t'other for Speeche
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day the Teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Eaſter-book to chaffer:
Nay ſome take Degrees, who never had Steeple,
Whoſe Means like Degrees, come from Placers of
They come to the Fair, and at the firſt pluck, (people.
The Toll-man *Bernaby* ſtrikes 'um good luck,
And ſo, *&c.*

The Country Parſons they do not come up
On Tueſday Night in their own Colledge to ſup,
Their Bellies and Table-Books equally full,
The next Lecture-Dinner their Notes forth to pull:
How bravely the *Marg'ret* Profeſſor Diſputed,
he Homilies urg'd, and the School-men Confuted?
And ſo, *&c.*

The Inceptor brings not his Father, the Clown,
To look with his Mouth at his *Grogorum* Gown;
Vith like Admiration to eat Roaſted Beef,
Vhich Invention pos'd his Beyond-*Trent* Belief;
Vho ſhould he but hear our Organs once ſound,
ould ſcarce keep his Hoof from *Sellenger's* Round,
And ſo, *&c.*

he Gentleman comes not to ſhew us his Satin, (tin;
o look with ſome Judgment at him that ſpeaks La-
o be angry with him that makes not his Cloaths
o anſwer, O Lord Sir, and talk Play-book Oaths.
nd at the next Bear-baiting (full of his Sack)
o tell his Comrades our Diſcipline's ſlack;
And ſo, *&c.*

e have no Prevaricator's Wit;
, marry Sir, when have you had any yet?

Beſides no ſerious *Oxford* man comes
To cry down the uſe of Jeſting and Hums.
Our Ballad (believe't) is no ſtranger than true;
Mum Salter is ſober, and *Jack Martin* too,
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

Square-cap.

COme hither *Apollo*'s Bouncing Girl,
And in a whole Hippocrene of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our Brains do whirl,
Tuning our Pipes to make our ſelves merry;
A *Cambridge* Laſs, *Venus*-like, born of the Froth
Of an old half-fill'd Jug of Barly-Broth,
She, ſhe is my Miſtreſs, her Suitors are many,
But ſhe'll have a Square-Cap, if e'er ſhe have any.

And firſt, for the Bluſh-ſake, the *Monmouth* Ca
Shaking his Head, like an empty Bottle,
With his new-fangled Oath by *Jupiter*'s Thumbs,
Then to her Health he'll begin a pottle:
He tells her, that after the Death of her Granam
She ſhall have God knows what *per Annum*;
But ſtill ſhe replied, Good Sir *La-bee*,
If ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

Then *Calot Leather*-Cap ſtrongly pleads,
And fain would derive his Pedigree of faſhion,
The *Antipodes* wear their Shoes on their Heads,
And why may not we in their Imitation?
Oh! how the Foot-ball noddle would pleaſe,
If it were but well toſs'd on Sir *Thomas* his Lees;
But ſtill ſhe replyed, Good Sir *La-lie*,
If ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a wrought-Cap,
With a long-waſted Conſcience towards a Siſter,
And making a Chappel of Eaſe of her Lap;
Firſt he ſaid Grace: and then he kiſs'd her;
Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text;
Then falls he to Uſe and Application next,
But then ſhe replied, your Text Sir I'll be;
For then I'm ſure you'll ne'er handle me.

But ſee where Sattin-Cap ſcouts about,
And fain would this Wench in his Fellowſhip,
He told her how ſuch a Man was not put out,
Becauſe his Wedding he cloſely did carry.
He'll purchaſe Induction by Simony,
And offers her Money her Incumbent to be,
But ſtill ſhe replied, Good Sir *La-bee*,
If ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophiſter by his Round-Cap,
Nor in their Fallacies are they divided,
The one Milks the Pocket, the other the Tap,
And yet this Wench he fain would have Bribed:
Come leave theſe thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
And give me Livery and Seiſin of thee.
But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Oration,
For I never will be your Impropriation:
I pray you therefore, Good Sir *La-bee*,
For if ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

The Character of a Country-Committee-man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequeſtrator.

A Committee-man by his Name ſhould be one that is poſſeſſed; there is number enough in it to make an Epithet for *Legion*. He is *Perſona in concreto.* (to borrow the Soleciſm of a Modern Stateſman.) You may tranſlate it by the *Red-Bull* Phraſe, and ſpeak as properly, Enter ſeven Devils *ſolus*. It is a well-truſs'd Title that contains both the Number and the Beaſt; for a Committee-man is a Noun of Multitude, he muſt be ſpell'd with Figures, like Antichriſt wrapp'd in a Pair-Royal of Sixes. Thus the Name is as monſtrous as the Man, a complex Notion, of the ſame Lineage with Accumulative Treaſon. For his Office, it is the Heptarchy, or *England*'s Fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is greater; for it is here, as in the Miracle of Loaves, the Voyder exceeds the Bill of Fare. The Pope and he rings the Changes; here is the Plurality of Crowns to one Head, joyn them together and there is a Harmony in Diſcord. The Triple-headed Turn-key of Heaven, with the Triple-headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the Reliques of Regal Government, but, like Holy Reliques, he out-bulks the Subſtance whereof he is a Remnant. There is a ſtore of Kings in a Committee,

mittee, as in the Reliques of the Croſs there is the number of Twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that wields the Scepter; the Tyrannical Bead-Roll, by which the Kingdom prays backward, and at every Curſe drops a Committee-man. Let *Charles* be wav'd, whoſe condeſcending Clemency aggravates the Defection; and make *Nero* the Queſtion, better a *Nero* than a Committee. There is leſs Execution by a ſingle Bullet, than by Caſe-ſhot.

Now a Committee-man is a party-colour'd Officer. He muſt be drawn like *Janus* with Croſs and Pile in his Countenance; as he relates to the Souldiers, or faces about to his fleecing the Country. Look upon him martially, and he is a Juſtice of War, one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the beſt Commanders. He is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he ſhares in the Government, though a *Non*-conformiſt to his bleeding Rubrick. He is the like Sectary in Arms, as the Platonick is in Love; keeps a fluttering in Diſcourſe, but proves a Haggard in the Action. He is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his Flock. It is an Emblem of the Golden Age (and ſuch indeed he makes it to him) when ſo tame a Pigeon may converſe with Vultures. Methinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandileers dangling about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagram Reſemblance. There is no Syntax between a Cap of Maintenance and a Helmet. Who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left-handed Garriſon where their Authority perches; but the more prepoſterous, the more in faſhion; the right hand fights, while the left rules the Reins. The truth is, the Souldier and the Gentleman are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancha Pancha*, one fights at all Adventures to purchaſe the other the Government of the Iſland. A Committee-man properly ſhould be the Governour's Mattreſs to fit his Truckle, and to new ſtring him with ſinews of War; for his chief uſe is to raiſe Aſſeſſments in the Neighbouring Wapentake.

The Country people being like an *Iriſh* Cow that will not give down her Milk, unleſs ſhe ſee her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garriſon's Dry-Nurſe; he chews their Contribution before he feeds them; ſo the poor Souldiers live like *Tumblers*, by picking the Teeth of this ſacred Crocodile.

So much for his Warlike or Ammunition-Face, which is ſo preternatural, that it is rather a Vizard than a Face; *Mars* in him hath but a blinking Aſpect; his Face of Arms is like his Coat, *Partie-per-pale*, Souldier and Gentleman much of a Scantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglubing Face, a ſqueezing Look, like that of *Veſpaſianus*, as if he were bleeding over a Cloſe-ſtool.

Take him thus, and he is in the Inquiſition of the Purſe an Authentick Gypſie, that nips your Bung with a Canting Ordinance; not a murthered Fortune in all the Country, but bleeds at the Touch of this Malefactor. He is the Spleen of the Body Politick, that ſwells it ſelf to the Conſumption of the Whole. At firſt indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but ſince he hath got off his Cope he ſets up for himſelf. He lives upon the Sins of the

People, and that is a good ſtanding Diſh too: He verifies the Axiom, *Iiſdem nutrimur ex quibus componimur*; his Diet is ſuitable to his Conſtitution. I have wondred often why the plundred Country-men ſhould repair to him for ſuccour; certainly it is under the ſame Notion, as one whoſe Pockets are pick'd goes to *Mal Cut-purſe*, as the Predominant in that Faculty.

He out-dives a Dutch man, gets a Noble of him that was never worth ſix pence; for the pooreſt do not eſcape, but Dutch-like he will be drayning even in the drieſt Ground. He aliens a Delinquent's Eſtate with as little Remorſe, as his other Holineſs gives away an Heretick's Kingdom; and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little ſhare of Infallibility. *Lye* is the Grand Salad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-chamber and the High Commiſſion; for thoſe Courts are not extinct, they ſurvive in him, like Dollars changed into ſingle Money. To ſpeak the truth, He is the Univerſal Tribunal; For ſince theſe Times all Cauſes fall to his Cognizance; as in a great Infection all Diſeaſes turn off to the Plague. It concerns our Maſters the Parliament to look about them; if he proceedeth at this rate, the Jack may come to ſwallow the Pike, as the Intereſt often eats out the Principal. As his Commands are great, ſo he looks for a Reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your Hat, and to ſay Right is his due, but by the ſame Title as the upper Garment is the Vails of the Executioner. There was a time, when ſuch Cattle would hardly have been taken upon ſuſpicion for Men in office, unleſs the old Proverb were renewed, That the Beggars make a Free Company, and thoſe their Wardens. You may ſee what it is to hang together. Look upon them ſeverally, and you cannot but fumble for ſome Threds of Charity. But oh, they are *Termagants* in Conjunction! like Fidlers, who are Rogues when they go ſingle, and join'd in Conſort, Gentlemen Muſicianers. I care not much if I untwiſt my Committee-man, and ſo give him the Receipt of this Grand *Catholicon*.

Take a State-martyr, one that for his good Behaviour hath paid the Exciſe of his Ears, ſo ſuffered Captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money; next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King becauſe he is a Gentleman, tranſgreſſing the *Magna Charta* of Delving *Adam*. Add to theſe a Mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his falſe Weights with ſome Scruples of Conſcience, and with his peremptory Scales can doom his Prince with a *Mene Tekel*. Theſe with a new blew-ſtocking'd Juſtice, lately made of a good Basket-hilted Yeoman, with a ſhort-handed Clerk, tack'd to the Rear of him to carry the Knap-ſack of his Underſtanding; together with two or three Equivocal Sirs, whoſe Religion, like their Gentility, is the Extract of their Acres; being therefore Spiritual, becauſe they are Earthly; not forgetting the Man of the Law, whoſe Corruption gives the Hogan to the ſincere Juncto. Theſe are the Simples of this Precious Compound, a kind of Dutch Hotch-Potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

The Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a Setter, right a Sequeſtrator, of whom you may ſay, as of the Great *Sultan*'s Horſe, where he treads the Graſs grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fiſhes for the publick, but feeds himſelf; the miſery is, he fiſhes without the Cormorant's Property, a Rope to ſtrengthen the Gullet, and to make him diſgorge. A Sequeſtrator! He is the Devil's Nut-hook, the Sign with him is always in the Clutches. There are more Monſters retain to him, than to all the Limbs in Anatomy. It is ſtrange Phyſicians do not apply him to the Soles of the Feet in a deſperate Fever, he draws far beyond Pigeons. I hope ſome Mountebank will ſlice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed; here is the difference, one applauds the Grinder, the other the Griſt. Never till now could I verifie the Poet's Deſcription, that the ravenous Harpie had a Humane Viſage. Death himſelf cannot quit ſcores with him; like the Demoniack in the Goſpel, he lives among Tombs; nor is all the Holy Water ſhed by Widows and Orphans, a ſufficient Exorciſm to diſpoſſeſs him. Thus the Cat ſucks your breath, and the Fiend your blood; nor can the Brotherhood of Witch-finders, ſo ſagely inſtituted with all their Terror, wean the Familiars.

But once more to ſingle out my emboſs'd Committee-man; his Fate (for I know you would fain ſee an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the Withers by a Committee of Examinations, and ſo the Spunge weeps out the Moiſture which he had ſoaked before; or elſe he meets his Paſſing-peal in the clamorous Mutiny of a Gut-foundred Garriſon: for the Hedge-ſparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he miſtake his Commons and bites off her head. What-ever it is, it is within his deſert. For what is obſerved of ſome Creatures, that at the ſame time they trade in Productions three Stories high; Suckling the firſt, Big with the ſecond, and Clucketing for the third: A Committee-man is the Counterpoint, his Miſchief is Superfœtation, a certain Scale of Deſtruction; for he ruins the Father, beggars the Son, and ſtrangles the hopes of all Poſterity.

The Character of a Diurnal-maker.

A Diurnal-maker is the Sub-almoner of Hiſtory, Queen *Mabs* Regiſter; one whom, by the ſame Figure that a North-country Pedlar is a Merchant-man, you may ſtile an Author. It is like over-reach of Language, when every thin, Tinder-cloak'd Quack muſt be called a Doctor; when a clumſie Cobler uſurps the Attribute of our Engliſh Peers, and is vamp'd a Tranſlator. Liſt him a Writer, and you ſmother *Geoffry* in Swabber-ſlops; the very name of Dabler overſets him; he is ſwallowed up in the Phraſe, like Sir *S. L.* in a great Saddle, nothing to be ſeen, but the Giddy Feather in his Crown. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the Epithet, like the little Negro mounted upon an Elephant, juſt ſuch another Blot Rampant. He has not Stuffings ſufficient for the Reproach of a Scribler; but it hangs about him like an old Wives Skin, when the Fleſh hath forſaken her, lank and looſe. He defames a good Title, as well as moſt of our Modern Noble-

Men; thoſe Wens of Greatneſs, the Body Politick's moſt peccant Humours, Bliſtred into Lords. He hath ſo Raw-bon'd a Being, that however you render him, he rubs it out and makes Rags of the Expreſſion. The ſilly Country-man, who ſeeing an Ape in a Scarlet-coat, bleſs'd his young Worſhip, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his Houſe, did not ſlander his Complement with worſe Application, than he that names this Shred an Hiſtorian. To call him an Hiſtorian is to knight a Mandrake: 'Tis to view him through a Perſpective, and by that groſs *Hyperbole* to give the Reputation of an Engineer to a Maker of Mouſe-traps. Such an Hiſtorian would hardly paſs muſter with a Scotch Stationer, in a Sieve full of Ballads and Godly Books. He would not ſerve for the Breaſt-plate, of a begging Grecian. The moſt cramp'd *Compendium* that the Age hath ſeen, ſince all Learning hath been almoſt torn into Ends, outſtrips him by the Head. I have heard of Puppets that could prattle in a Play, but never ſaw of their Writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* Women, that together with their Children, they are delivered of a *Sooterkin*, not unlike to a Rat, which ſome imagine to be the Offſpring of the Stoves. I know not what *Ignis fatuus* adulterates the Preſs, but it ſeems much after that faſhion, elſe how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a Legitimate Writer; when thoſe weekly Fragments ſhall paſs for Hiſtory, let the poor man's Box be intituled the Exchequer, and the Alms-basket a Magazine. Not a Worm that gnaws on the dull Scalp of Voluminous *Hollinſhed*, but at every Meal devour'd more Chronicle, than

his Tribe amounts to. A Marginal Note of *W.*
would ſerve for a Winding-ſheet, for that ma
Works, like thick-skin'd Fruits, are all Rin
fit for nothing but the Authors Fate to be pared
a Pillory.

The Cook, who ſerv'd up the Dwarf in a P
(to continue the Frollick) might have lapp'd w
ſuch an Hiſtorian as this in the Bill of Fare. H
is the firſt Tincture and Rudiment of a Writer,
dipp'd as yet in the preparative Blew, like an Al-
manack Well-willer. He is the Cadet of a Pam-
phleteer, the Pedee of a Romancer; he is the E
bryo of a Hiſtory ſlink'd before Maturity. Ho
ſhould he Record the Iſſue's of time, who is hi
ſelf an Abortive? I will not ſay but that he ma
paſs for an Hiſtorian in *Garbier*'s Academy; he
much of the ſize of thoſe Knot-graſs Profeſſor
What a pittiful Seminary was there projected
Yet ſutable enough to the preſent Univerſitie
thoſe dry Nurſes, which the Providence of th
Age has ſo fully reform'd, that they are turn'd
Reformado's: But that's no matter, the meane
the better. It is a Maxim obſervable in theſe days
That the only way to win the Game is to pla
Petty *Johns*. Of this number is the Eſquire of th
Quill; for he hath the Grudging of Hiſtory, an
ſome Yawnings accordingly. Writing is a Diſea
in him, and holds like a Quotidian; ſo 'tis his I
firmity that makes him an Author, as *Mahom*
was beholding to the Falling-ſickneſs to vouch him
a Prophet. That nice Artificer, who filed a Chai
ſo thin and light, that a Flea could trail it (as if
he had work'd Short-hand, and taught his Tools
to Cypher) did but contrive an Emblem for thi

Skip-Jack and his ſlight productions.

Methinks the Turk ſhould licenſe Diurnals, becauſe he prohibits Learning and Books. A Library of Diurnals is a Wardrobe of Frippery; 'tis a juſt *Idea* of a *Limbo* of the Infants. I ſaw one once that could write with his Toes, by the ſame token I could have wiſhed he had worn his Copies for Socks; 'tis he without doubt from whom the Diurnals derive their Pedigree, and they have a Birth-right accordingly, being ſhuffled out at the bed's feet of Hiſtory. To what infinite numbers an Hiſtorian would multiply, ſhould he crumble into Elves of this Profeſſion? To ſupply this ſmalneſs they are fain to joyn Forces, ſo they are not ſingly, but as the Cuſtom is, in a Croaking Committee. They tug at the Pen, like ſlaves at the Oar, a whole Bank together; they write in the Poſture that the *Swedes* gave fire in, over one another's heads. It is ſaid there is more of them go to a Suit of Cloaths than to a *Britannicus*. In this Polygamy the Cloaths breed, and cannot determine whoſe Iſſue is Lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amiſs to take a particular how he is accoutred, and ſo do by him as he in his *Siquis* for the Wall-ey'd Mare, or the Crop-Flea-bitten, give you the Marks of the Beaſt. I begin with his Head, which is ever in Clouts, as if the Night-cap ſhould make *Affidavit*, that the Brain was pregnant. To what purpoſe doth the *Pia Mater* lie in ſo dully in her white Formalities: Sure ſhe hath had hard Labour; for the Brows have ſqueezed for it, as you may perceive by his Butter'd Bon-grace, that Film of a Demicaſtor; 'tis ſo thin and unctuous that the Sun-beams miſtake it for a Vapour, and are like to Cap him ſo it as right Heliotrope, it creaks in the Shine, and flaps in the Shade: whatever it be, I wiſh it were able to call in his Ears. There's no proportion between that Head and Appurtenances; thoſe of all Lungs are no more fit for that ſmall Noddle of the Circumſcription, than Braſs Boſſes for a *Geneva*-Bible. In what a puzzling Neutrality is the poor Soul, that moves betwixt two ſuch ponderous Biaſſes! His Collar is edg'd with a peice of peeping Linnen, by which he means a Band; 'tis the Forlorn of his Shirt crawling out of his Neck: Indeed i were time that his Shirt were jogging; for it ha ſerv'd an Apprenticeſhip and (as Apprentices uſe) it hath learned its Trade too, to which effect 'ti marching to the Paper-mill, and the next wee ſets up for it ſelf in the ſhape of a Pamphlet. Hi Gloves are the ſhavings of his Hands, for he caſ his Skin like a cancell'd Parchment. The Itch represents the broken Seals. His Boots are the Legacies of two black Jacks, and till he pawn'd th Silver that the Jacks were tipp'd with, it was pretty Mode of Boot-hoſe-tops. For the reſt of his Habit he is a perfect Sea-man, a kind of Tarpawlin, he being hang'd about with his courſe Compoſition, thoſe Pole-davie Papers.

But I muſt draw to an end; for every Character is an Anatomy-lecture, and it fares with me in this of the Diurnal-maker, as with him that reads on a begg'd Malefactor, my Subject ſmells before I have gone through with him; for a parting Blow then. The Word Hiſtorian imports a ſage and ſolemn Author, one that curles his Brow with a ſullen Gravity, like a Bull-neck'd

Presbyter, ſince the Army hath got him off his Juriſdiction, who Presbyter-like ſweeps his Breaſt with a Reverend Beard, full of Native Moſs-Troopers: not ſuch a ſquirting Scribe as this, that's troubled with the Rickets, and makes penny-worths of Hiſtory. The Colledge-Treaſury that never had in Bank above a *Harry*-groat, ſhut up there in a melancholick ſolitude, like one that is kept to keep poſſeſſion, had as good Evidence to ſhew for his Title, as he for an Hiſtorian: ſo, if he will needs be an Hiſtorian, he is not cited in the Sterling acceptation, but after the rate of Blew-caps Reckoning, an Hiſtorian Scot. Now a Scotchman's Tongue runs high *Fullams*. There is a Cheat in his Idiom; for the ſence Ebbs from the bold Expreſſion, like the Citizen's Gallon, which the Drawer interprets but half a Pint. In ſumm, a Diurnal-maker is the Antimask of an Hiſtorian; he differs from him as a Dril from a Man, or (if you had rather have it in the Saints Gibbriſh) as a Hinter doth from a Holder-forth.

The Character of a London-*Diurnal*.

A Diurnal is a puny Chronicle, ſcarce Pin-feather'd with the Wings of Time. It is a Hiſtory in Sippets: The Engliſh Iliads in a Nutſhel: The Apocryphal Parliament's Book of *Maccabees* in ſingle ſheets. It would tire a Welſhman to reckon up how many *Aps* 'tis removed from an Annal: for it is of that Extract, only of the younger Houſe, like a Shrimp to a Lobſter. The Original Sinner in this kind was Dutch, *Gallobelgicus* the

Protoplaſt, and the modern *Mercuries* but *Hans-en-kelders*. The Counteſs of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an Almanack, as many Children as days in the year. It may be the Legiſlative Lady is of that Linage, ſo ſhe ſpawns the Diurnals, and they at *Weſtminſter* take them in Adoption by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontiſpeice of the old Beldam Diurnal, like the Contents of the Chapter, ſitteth the Houſe of Commons judging the twelve Tribes of *Iſrael*. You may call them the Kingdoms Anatomy before the weekly Kalendar; for ſuch is a Diurnal, the day of the Month with what Weather in the Commonwealth. It is taken for the Pulſe of the Body Politick, and the Emperick-Divines of the Aſſembly, thoſe Spiritual Dragooners, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopſis*; and thoſe Grave *Rabbins* (though in the point of Divinity) trade in no larger Authors. The Country-carrier, when he buys it for the Vicar, miſcals it the Urinal; yet properly enough, for it caſts the Water of the State ever ſince it ſtaled Blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devil and his Exorciſt, or as a black Witch doth from a white one, whoſe office is to unravel her Enchantments.

It begins uſually with an Ordinance, which is a Law ſtill-born, dropt before quickned by the Royal Aſſent. 'Tis one of the Parliament's By-blows, Acts only being Legitimate, and hath no more Sire than a Spaniſh Gennet that is begotten by the Wind.

Thus their *Militia*, like its Patron *Mars*, is the Iſſue only of the Mother, without the Concourſe of Royal *Jupiter*: Yet Law it is, if they vote it, in defiance to their Fundamentals; like the old Sexton, who ſwore his Clock went true, whatever the Sun ſaid to the contrary.

The next Ingredient of a Diurnal is Plots, horrible Plots, which with wonderful Sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their Cauſes before *Materia prima* can put on her Smock. How many ſuch fits of the Mother have troubled the Kingdom; and for all Sir *W. E.* looks like a Man-Midwife, not yet delivered of ſo much as a Cuſhion? But Actors muſt have Properties; and ſince the Stages were voted down, the only Play-houſe is at *Weſtminſter*.

Suitable to their Plots are their Informers, Skippers and Taylors, Spaniels both for the Land and Water. Good conſcionable Intelligence! For however *Pym*'s Bill may inflame the reckoning, the honeſt Vermine have not ſo much for Lying as the Publick Faith.

Thus a zealous Botcher in *Moorfields*, while he was contriving ſome Quirpo-cut of Church-Government, by the help of his outlying Ears and the *Otacouſticon* of the Spirit, diſcovered ſuch a Plot, that *Selden* intends to combat Antiquity, and maintain it was a Taylor's Gooſe that preſerv'd the Capitol.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traytor'd, for dealing with the Lyons to ſettle the Commiſſion of Array in the Tower. It would do well to cramp the Articles dormant, beſides the opportunity of reforming theſe Beaſts of the Prerogative, and changing their profaner names of *Henry* and *Charles* into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazar*.

Suppoſe a Corn-cutter, being to give little *Iſaa* a caſt of his Office, ſhould fall to paring his Brow (miſtaking the one end for the other, becauſe h branches at both) this would be a Plot, and th next Diurnal would furniſh you with this Scale o Votes.

Reſolv'd upon the Queſtion, That this Act of th Corn-cutter was an abſolute Invaſion of the Cities Char-ter in the repreſentative forehead of Iſaac.

Reſolv'd, That the evil Counſellours about the Corn-cutter are Popiſhly-affected, and Enemies to the State.

Reſolv'd, That there be a publick Thanksgiving for th great deliverance of Iſaac'*s Brow-antlers; and a ſolem Covenant drawn up to defie the Corn-cutter and all hi Works.*

Thus the *Quixots* of this Age fight with th Windmills of their own heads, quell Monſters o their own Creation, make Plots, and then diſcove them; as who fitter to unkennel the Fox, than th Terrier, that is part of him?

In the third place march their Adventures; th Roundheads Legend, The Rebels Romance; Stories of a larger ſize, than the Ears of their Sect, a ble to ſtrangle the Belief of a Solifidian.

I'll preſent them in their order. And firſt as a Whiſler before the ſhow enter *Stamford*, one th trod the Stage with the firſt, travers'd his groun made a Leg and *Exit*. The Country people took him for one, that by Order of the Houſes was to dance a Morrice through the Weſt of *England*. Well, he's a nimble Gentleman; ſet him upo *Banks* his Horſe in a Saddle rampant; and it is a great queſtion which part of the Centaure ſhew better Tricks.

There was a Vote paſſing to tranſlate him with all his Equipage into Monumental Gingerbread; but it was croſſed by the female Committee, alledging that the Valour of his Image, would bite their Children by the Tongues.

This Cubit and half of Commander, by the help of a Diurnal routed his Enemies fifty miles off. It's ſtrange you'll ſay, and yet 'tis generally believ'd, he would as ſoon do it at that diſtance as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword for which the Weapon-ſalve was invented; that ſo wounding and healing (like loving Correlates) might both work at the ſame removes. But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope: Room for the Prodigy of Valour. Madam *Atropos* in Breeches, *Waller's* Knight-errantry; and becauſe every Mountebank muſt have his *Zany*, throw him in *Hazlerig* to ſet off his Story. Theſe two, like *Bel* and the *Dragon*, are always worſhipped in the ſame Chapter; they hunt in couples, what one doth at the head, the other ſcores up at the heels.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Pſalms with another of the ſame; one chimes all in, and then the other ſtrikes up as the Saints-Bell.

I wonder for how many Lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Leaſe of his Body.

Firſt *Stamford* ſlew him, then *Waller* out-kill'd that half a Barr; and yet it is thought the ſullen Corps would ſcarce bleed, were both theſe Man-ſlayers never ſo near it.

The ſame goes of a Dutch Headſman, that he would do his office with ſo much eaſe and dexterity, that the Head after Execution ſhould ſtand upon the Shoulders. Pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place; for as if he had the ſa knack too, moſt of thoſe whom the Diurnal ha ſlain for him, to us poor Mortals ſeem untoucht.

Thus theſe Artificers of death, can kill the M without wounding the Body, like Lightning, tha melts the Sword, and never ſingdes the Scabbard.

This is the *William* whoſe Lady is the Conqueror; This is the City's Champion and the Diurnals delight; he that Cuckolds the General in hi Commiſſion; for he ſtalks with *Eſſex*, and ſhoot under his Belly, becauſe his Excellency himſelf i not charged there; yet in all this triumph there i a Whip and a Bell; tranſlate but the Scene t *Roundway down*, there *Hazelrig*'s Lobſters turn Crabs, and crawled backwards; there poor Si *William* ran to his Lady for an uſe of Conſolation.

But the Diurnal is weary of the arm of fleſh, and now begins an *Hoſanna* to *Cromwel*; one tha hath beat up his Drums clean through the Ol Teſtament; you may learn the Genealogy of ou Saviour by the names in his Regiment: the Muſter-maſter uſes no other Liſt but the firſt Chapter o *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King th bringing in of Foreigners, when themſelves entertain ſuch an Army of *Hebrews*? This *Cromwel* i never ſo valourous, as when he is making Speeche for the Aſſociation; which nevertheleſs he dot ſomewhat ominouſly with his Neck awry, holding up his ear as if he expected *Mahomet*'s Pigeon t come and prompt him. He ſhould be a Bird o Prey too by his bloody Beak: His Noſe is able t try a young Eagle, whether ſhe be lawfully begoeen. But all is not Gold that gliſters. What we wonder at in the reſt of them is natural to him, to kill without Bloodſhed; for the moſt of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glaſs would ſhew him more Superſtition. He is ſo perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own Countenance. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old Monument, then down goes Duſt and Aſhes, and the ſtouteſt Cavalier is no better. O brave Oliver! Time's Voyder, Subſizer to the Worms, in whom Death, who formerly devoured our Anceſtors, now chews the cud. He ſaid Grace once as if he would have fallen aboard with the Marqueſs of *Newcaſtle*; nay and the Diurnal gave you his Bill of fare; but it proved a running Banquet, as appears by the Story. Believe him as he whiſtles to his *Cambridge*-Teem of Committee-men, and he doth Wonders. But holy Men, like the holy Language, muſt be read backwards. They rifle Colleges to promote Learning, and pull down Churches for Edification. But Sacrilege is entail'd upon him. There muſt be a *Cromwel* for Cathedrals as well as Abbeys; a ſecure ſin, whoſe offence carries its pardon in its mouth: for how ſhall he be hang'd for Church-robbery, that gives himſelf the benefit of the Clergy!

But for all *Cromwel*'s Noſe wears the Dominical Letter, compar'd to *Mancheſter*, he is but like the Vigils to an Holy-day. This, this is the Man of God, ſo ſanctified a Thunderbolt, that *Burroughs* (in a proportionable Blaſphemy to his Lord of Hoſts) would ſtyle him the Archangel giving battel to the Devil.

Indeed as the Angels each of them makes a ſe
ral Species; ſo every one of his Souldiers make
diſtinct Church. Had theſe Beaſts been to c
into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to h
ſorted them into pairs. If ever there were a R
of Sand, it was ſo many Sects twiſted into an A
ciation.

They agree in nothing, but that they are all Ad
mites in underſtanding. It is a ſign of a Cow
to wink and fight, yet all their Valour proce
from their Ignorence.

But I wonder whence their General's Purit
proceeds; it is not by Traduction: If he was b
gotten a Saint, it was by equivocal Generatio
for the Devil in the Father is turn'd Monk in th
Son, ſo his Godlineſs is of the ſame Parentage w
good Laws, both extracted out of bad Manner
and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath a
tempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, a
ſay to Corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he that put out one of the Kingdom
Eyes by clouding our Mother-Univerſity; a
(if this Scotch Miſt farther prevail) he will e
tinguiſh the other. He hath the like quarrel t
both, becauſe both are ſtrung with the ſame Opti
Nerve, Knowing Loyalty.

Barbarous Rebel! Who will be reveng'd upo
all Learning, becauſe his Treaſon is beyond th
Mercy of the Book.

The Diurnal as yet hath not talk'd much of hi
Victories, but there is the more behind; for th
Knight muſt always beat the Giant, that's r
ſolv'd.

If any thing fall out amiſs which cannot be ſmother'd, the Diurnal hath a help at maw. It is but putting to Sea and taking a Daniſh Fleet, or brewng it with ſome ſucceſs out of *Ireland*, and then it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a Diurnal, as *Brereton* and ~~*Gell*, two of~~ [illegible] his Petty-toes, ſuch ſniveling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them ſo. Was *Brereton* to fight with his Teeth (as in all other things he reſembles the Beaſt) he would have odds of any man at the weapon. O he's a terrible Slaughter-man at a Thankſgiving-Dinner! Had he been Cannibal to have eaten thoſe that he vanquiſh'd, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greateſt wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace; certainly it is not in his perſonal, but (as the State-Sophies diſtinguiſh) in his Politick Capacity; regenerate *ab extra* by the Zeal of the Houſe he ſate in, as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo* by the Adoption of an Oven.

There is the Woodmonger too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cauſe; a new Branch of the old Oak of Reformation.

And now I ſpeak of Reformation, *Vous avez Fox* the Tinker, the livelieſt Emblem of it that may be: for what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wiſe, in mending one hole they made Three?

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ringworms of the State.

I will cloſe up all thus. The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magical Combat of *Apuleius*, who thinking he had ſlain three of his Enemies,

found them at laſt but a Triumvirate of Bladder
Such, and ſo empty are the Triumphs of a Diurnal, but ſo many Impoſtumated Phancies, ſo many Bladders of their own blowing.

A Letter ſent from a Parliament-Officer a Grantham *to Mr.* Cleveland *in* Newark.

SIR,

THough I have no reaſon to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garriſon; yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Fryday laſt, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition tha my Servant, entred your Ark, and with him o my Monies 133 *l.* 8 *d.* This preciſe Sum I was willing you ſhould know, ſuppoſing your Wiſdom might own the moneys, though your Honeſty could hardly allow the Act: which if ſo, and that hereafter we ſhall find it no Sin to violate your Sanctuary, and upon the Audit find the Receipt, we may happily count it a Loan, and not a Loſs, it being in hands reſponſible for greater matters. And now, Sir, let me ſpeak to you as a Judge, not as an Advocate. Give the Fellow his juſt reward; prefer him, or ſend him hither and we ſhall: if you dare not truſt him, let him be Truſſed; if you dare, I ſhall wiſh you more ſuch Servants; and for that only reaſon excuſe me for the preſent, that I dare not ſay I am yours

W. E.

Mr.

Mr. Cleveland's *Reply.*

Sixthly, Beloved,

IS it ſo then, that our Brother and Fellow-labourer in the Goſpel is ſtarted aſide? Then this may ſerve for an uſe of Inſtruction, not to truſt in Man, nor in the Son of Man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Oneſimus* run from his Maſter *Philemon*? Beſides, this ſhould teach us to employ our Talent, and not to lay it up in a Napkin. Had it been done among the Cavaliers, it had been juſt; then the Iſraelite had ſpoiled the Egyptian; but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, That! That! You ſee, Sir, what Uſe I make of the Doctrine you ſent me; and indeed ſince you change Style ſo far as to nibble at Wit, you muſt pardon me, if to quit ſcores, I pretend a little to the Gift of Preaching. Sir, I expected to hear from you in the Language of the loſt Groat, and the Prodigal Son, and not in ſuch a Tantivy of Language; but I perceive your Communication is not always Yea, Yea; now and then a little Harlotry-Rhetorick. You ſay that your Man is entred our Ark: I am ſorry you were ſo ignorant in Scripture, as to let him come ſingle. The Text had been better ſatisfied, if you had pleaſed to bear him company; for then the Beaſts had entred by Couples: But though he came alone, yet well lin'd it ſeems, with 133 *l.* 8 *d.* Sure your Hue and Cry hath good Lungs, it would have been out of breath elſe, before it had reached the Eight pence. This is the Summ; but why you call it the Preciſe Summ, ſince it is thus fallen away, underſtand not. But how come you to reckon ſo punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant? What year of the Perſecution of th Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it b the Shekels, that is the more ſanctified Coyn. Yo miſtake in the Sanctuary you ſpeak of; for th which your Man hath taken in *Welbeck*, one of ou Chappels of Eaſe, not the Mother-Church, ou Garriſon of *Newark*; but the beſt is, they are bot without the reach of your Sacrilege. Wherea you account your Loſs but a Loan, we ſhall gran it a Debt, but bearing the ſame Date of Paymen with that which you borrowed on the Publick Faith. I ſuſpect your hand was troubled with th Palſie, when you wrote of a Judge; your Ma however ſhall find me an Advocate; for what ſi you to an occaſional Meditation? Reflect but up on your ſelf, how you have uſed your Commo Maſter, and I doubt not but you will pardon you Man. He hath but tranſcribed Rebellion, and co- pied out that Diſloyalty in Short-hand, which you have committed in Text. Sir, I bemoan you Loſſes, and am ſorry I cannot as eaſily repay that o your Money, as your Man, being reſolv'd to ſup- ply that place my ſelf; and to make it appear by wearing the Livery of this Title, Sir,

Your Servant

J. C.

The

The Officer's Rejoynder.

SIR,

HAd not Indulgent Mercy provided for troubled Spirits Sacred Oracles, how troubled had ou been to contrive ſomething worthy of Laugh-er! How eaſie had the expence of your Wit been rulled up in an Egg-ſhell. I dare not trace in ho-y Ground, it is not ſafe nibbling there. You ſee what Doctrine I make of your Uſe; but yet ſo far s yours is Profane, give me leave to nibble at Wit. Though I dare not undertake like a migh-y Coloſs (whoſe very motion doth Cleave Land, like *errain ſunders*) to devour indigeſted lumps of Wit, s the *Cyclops* Men at a Morſel, and then retail it out, as a Juggler doth Inkle, by the Yard; yet al-ow me to nibble, and I'll allow you the Gift in Preaching. Pity it is, the proviſion of ſo many ſavoury Leſſons, wholeſome Inſtructions, even ſo many pious Collections, as might worthily have entitled you to the comfortable Subſiſtence of a well-gleb'd *Vicarage*. Beſides the Advantage of a Wit, which would require another Wit to tell how great, ſuch a Divine Knowledge, as might enable you to profane every Leaf of Holy Writ; Unknown Sanctity, and a Conſcience ſo tender I dare not touch. Pity it is, ſuch accompliſh'd Gifts and prodigious Parts, ſhould be miſemploy'd in Secular affairs. Such an Holy Father might have begot as many Babes for the Mother-Church of *New-rk*, as our Party of late hath done Garriſons, and

converted as many Souls as *Chaucer's* Friar with t
Shoulder-bone of the loſt Sheep. But you ſay yo
expected (I thought you had had more than yo
expected) but however you expected Penitent
Language and Humble Style, (the Groat I wi
not meddle with, 'tis Holy Coyn) an Addre
full of Complaints; Sir, we, like your ſelves, c
ſpeak big of our Loſſes, and yet with more I
nuity confeſs them; though I for modeſty will n
ask you who ſtole from you of late a Fort-town
Or who run away with the King? but of that ——
For that preciſe Summ, I ſee you are willing t
quarrel at Preciſeneſs; it was to tell you, Reven
would have transferr'd it upon your very ——
How you quarrel at your good! Had you miſta
him for a Tax-gatherer, and eaſed him of his P
tage before he arriv'd at your Chappel of E
I would not you ſhould have abated him a fou
part for his Forwardneſs, and put it upon the
of Contribution for his Majeſtie's good Garri
of *Newark*, I ſhould have liked the Security w
and when your Works had fail'd to ſave you, e
pected a return upon the Publick Faith; the Me
tation whereof putteth me upon this Advice
Think not Prophaneneſs can compact with M
to caſt up a Trench of Security. Attempt
(though a Giant) to reach at Stars; to throw t
Proverb at you,

Be wiſe on this ſide Heav

M

Mr. Cleveland's *Anſwer.*

SIR,

THE Philoſopher that never laughed but once, when he ſaw an Aſs mumbling of Thiſtles, would have broke his Spleen at this Rejoynder of yours; for who would not take that to be an Emblem of this, obſerving how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my letter, leſt it ſhould prick your Chops? But ſomething muſt needs be replied. Repetitions are uſual with the Saints at *Grantham*. I look upon your Letter as a *Spittle-Sermon*; *Sallinger*'s Round, the ſame again. I perceive your Ambition, how you would prove your ſelf to be a clean Beaſt, becauſe you know how to chew the Cud; for the firſt Sentence where you ſpeak of troubled Spirits and Sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* Extaſie. Certainly your ſpirit is troubled, elſe your Expreſſion had not run ſo muddy; for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if poſſible to be reconciled to Sence. The Wit which you ſay may be truſs'd up in an Egg-ſhell, I fear your Oval Crown hath ſcarce Capacity enough to contain. You diſclaim being a Coloſs: Content; I have as diminitive thoughts of you as you pleaſe. I take you for a Jack-a-Lent, and my Pen ſhall make uſe of you accordingly, three Throws for a penny: But you cannot Cleave Land like *Terram ſindere*. What a chargeable Commodity is Wit at *Grantham*, where the poor Writer plays the Pimp, and jumbles two

Language together in unlawful Sheets for the Production of a Quibble: But I applaud your Cunning, for the more unknown Tongue you jeſt in, your Wit will be the better. And why cannot yo Cleave the Land? Tread but hard, and your cloven Foot will leave its Impreſſion. You talk of *Cyclops* and Juglers (indeed hard words are he Jugler's Dialect!) But take heed, the time ma come, when unleſs you can play *Preſto* be gon your Run-away King may cauſe you Jugler-wiſe t diſgorge your Fate, and vomit a Rope inſtead o Inkle. But to eccho your Compariſon, and to return you an Inventory of your good Parts. Is i not pity, that the pure Extract of ſanctified *Emanuel*, parboil'd there in the Pipkin of Predeſtina on, and ſince well read in the Sick-man's Salve an the Crums of Comfort, and liberally fed with a the Minced Meat in Divinity? Is it not pity, ſuch Goggle of the Eye, ſuch a melodious Twang of th Voice, a pliable Mouth drawn awry, as if it we edifying the Ear in private, beſides Cheverel-Lung that will ſtretch as far as ſeventeenthly? Is it no pity, that theſe gallant Ingredients of Modern Devotion, which might juſtly have qualified you fo a Tub-Lecturer, and in time made your Dioc as large as that of *Heidelberg*; that theſe ineffa Parts which paſs all underſtanding, ſhould thus b ſequeſtred from their Primitive Uſe, and of a go ly Lanceprefado in the Church Militant, be convert to a Brother of the Blade. Such a walking Directory, ſuch a zealous *Roger* as this, might have ſaved more Souls than *Sampſon* ſlew; and with th ſame Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Aſs. Your Pa is toy, and you wave the Holy Ground and Hol

Coy

Coyn with a ſqueamiſh Preterition. I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is Holy ground; for then I hope *Hatcham*-Barn is not as good a Congregation as St. *Paul*'s. For the Holy Coyn, you muſt pardon me, if I ſuſpect the Chaſtity of your Fingers. I am ſure thoſe of your Party have been troubled with Felons, witneſs the Church-Revenues, and the ſeveral Sacrileges which cannot be par'd off with your Nails: But there is another Reaſon why you abſtain from the Idiom of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your Money, and Verily, Verily, Ret never ſprings the Partridge. You would have your Man taken for a Tax-gatherer. Lord how the Clime alters the Man! When he was with you, he was one of the Scribes and Phariſees, and here he muſt paſs for a Publican and Sinner. Sir, We caſt up no Trench of Security, though we might have Dirt enough in your Language to do it, and yet we hope to be ſaved by our Works, for all the ſtrength of your Faith, whereby you hold your ſelves able to remove Mountains. For your Advice not to throw Stars at your head, I embrace it, for what need , ſo long as there is Gooſe-ſhot to be had for Money. My Wit ſhall be on what ſide Heaven you pleaſe, provided it ever be Antarctick to yours. For the appellation of Giant, I accept it, only I am ſorry I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might ſo often ſubſcribe my ſelf,

S I R,

Your Servant

J. C.

An

An Anſwer to a Pamphlet written againſt th *Lord* Digby's *Speech, concerning the Deat* *of the Earl of* Strafford.

'TIS the wittieſt Puniſhment that the Poets fan
cied to be in Hell, that one ſhould contin
nually twiſt a Rope, and an Aſs ſtand by and bit
it off. I know not how this Noble Gentlema
ſhould ever deſerve it, but ſuch is his Fate; fo
while the Pamphleteer ſtrives to tear his Speech
to ravel this Twiſt of Eloquence and Judgemen
what doth he but make my Lord and himſelf th
Moral of the Fable? The firſt word in his Penny
libel is ominous for a Duel. The Sand was alwa
the Scene of Quarrelling, and ſo he calls the Spee
If this be Sand, I ſhall eaſily incline to *Democri*
his Opinion, who thought the World to be co
poſ'd of Attoms, and ſhall be able to render a rea
hereafter, why *Jupiter*, when he was moſt Ora
lous, was called *Jupiter Ammon*, *Jupiter of th*
Sand: but as *Thomas Maſon* ſays, am I bound to fi
you Wit and Hiſtory? Why the Sand? The San
that is, the Incoherent. You ſhall never take
Pamphleteer, one of theſe Haberdaſhers of ſm
Wares, without his *Videlicets*, or his *Utpotes*. B
ingenious Metaphor needs no ſpokeſ-man to the Ap
prehenſion, but is entertain'd without a pimpi
Videlicet. A *Videlicet* is an *Hic Canis*, it argue
Bungling Writer, as that a Painter. But wher
Incoherent? Becauſe it ſhews, wherein the ſa
Man may both condemn and acquit the ſame Ma
Why, is that ſuch a Riddle? May not I comm

you for a Single ſoul'd Rhymer, one that can Chime All-in to an Execution, and yet uſe the Scotch Proverb, and turn your Noſe where your Arſe was in point of State-policy. Though you have a pretty Faculty in Country-*Tom* and *Cambery-beſs*; yet faces about in State affairs. A diverſe *Quatenus* commends and vilifies, condemns and acquits. But a Pox of all Engliſh Logick. He hath found *Idem qua idem* ſomewhere Tranſlated, and that's it which raiſes all this Duſt, diſturbs the Sand. Well, grant it be Sand; what becomes on't? Why, Captain Puff will blow it away. My Adverſary, I perceive, has eaten Garlick, and wholly relies upon the Valour of his Breath; and indeed I queſtion not the ſtrength of that, I find it ſufficiently in the Rankneſs of his Language. Certainly he hath a great mind to be painted like *Boreas* in the great Ship, with that ingenious Impreſs, *Sic Flo.* But, hark you Gaffer; you that will tear the Speech and blow away the Sand; before you and I part, I ſhall ſo prick the Tympany of your Cheeks, and ſo mince your Pamplet, that the leaſt Sand ſhall be a Grave ſufficient for the biggeſt peice of it. But, ſee the Proweſs of our *Domitian*; he'l kill this Fly himſelf, and not with an Axe, or a Bill of Attainder. He ſcorns to try Clubs; he'l not oppugn it with the Votes of the Houſes, with the Judges Opinions; nor are we ſo mad to enter the Liſts of ſuch a Compariſon. But this is but one of his ordinary Soleciſms. The Speech muſt be conſider'd as when firſt made; then the Houſes had not voted; then the Judges had not determined, and (what's as Material as any thing) the Rabble had not yell'd for Juſtice and

Execution then; and therefore to commit the with this Speech, what were it but to fancy a *Prolepſis*? to antedate Combatants, that were no yet in being? ſo that if any thing add to the ſtrength of the Speech, beſide its own Nerves, it is the weakneſs of the Confuter, not of the Reader. I make no queſtion, but your Reader is quit with you for that abuſe. You ſay, My Lord ſteals his Affection; I dare purge you of that Felony: Marry, if you will needs cry Guilty, it cannot amount to above Petty Larceny; ſo much as may ask the Banns betwixt your Shoulders and a peice of Packthread; for whereas you damn my Lord's Arguments to the Hoſpital; I am ſure yours ſtand in need of *Bedlam*, and the wholeſome Phlebotomy of a Whip, to fetch the Dog-days out of your Scull; and ſo, though you ſtand like Death over the Belfrey, with a great Scythe comparing the Speech to Graſs, the Event will diſarm you of your Utenſi and in ſtead of a Scythe for Mowing, give you a Whetſtone for Lying. Hitherto he hath been T ning the ſtrings, now he ſtrikes up. Pray you mark the Leſſon. *Will you ſee an Argument of* *Paper, and indeed a Paper-Argument?* Did you ever hear the Changes better rung upon two Bells? I am perſwaded the Author would dance well upon the Ropes, he keeps himſelf ſo equally poiz'd. Heads and Points; *the Argument of the Paper, the Paper-Argument.* Well, ſcore up one in the Column of Quibbles. The Argument that he runs diviſion upon is this; *It doth not appear to him by two Teſtimonie that the Iriſh Army was to be brought over to reduce th Kingdom; Therefore the Earl of* Strafford *is not gu ty of High Treaſon:* Now he breaks the Neck o this *Ergo* thus : *If three or four other Treaſons be ob-jected and prov'd, though they be at a loſs in one, this doth not ſtraight evince his Innocence.* To this Belief he will draw you (as he ſays) by a Compariſon. Let him put himſelf in his Geers. Let him play his Tricks of Faſt and Looſe. In the *Interim* thus I gird up his tedious *Quemadmodum. If one be tyed with three or four Cords, be it not at liberty, though one of them be looſ'd, as being ſtill bound with the reſt. E-ven as, Even ſo. Philip* writing to the *Spartans,* prefac'd every Sentence with *If, If, If* ; they ſtu-dying their Laconical Brevity , and denying the Contents of the Letter , returned nothing but the ſame Monaſyllable. The Objection runs in *Phi-lip*'s faſhion. *If,* is the Poſtilion of every Line ; and I know not but the Anſwer may be as oppoſite. If three or four Treaſons be prov'd ; if he be tyed with three or four Cords ; but if thoſe Treaſons prove but Miſdemeanor , if thoſe Cables be but Threads ; if *Sampſon* that was bound with them have twitch'd them in peices ; then I muſt ſay your Cords come in very unſeaſonably, unleſs it be to put you in mind of your Mortality. But he dou-bles his Files. Faults in this Paper (he ſaith) go not alone ; that's the Reaſon he bears the Author company to the end of his Speech ; that if there be any Faults , his Anſwer may match them with Twin-brothers. *Though this reducing the Kingdom by an Iriſh Army be not proved by Retail, yet 'tis Trea-ſon in the Lump. Rip but up the bowels of a former Teſtimony, and there you ſhall find it. His Majeſty is abſolv'd from all Rules of Government, and may do what Power will admit.* So ho ! Whither now ? My Task is to juſtifie the Speech in what it treats, not to

declame

declame the Queſtion at large. This is not to confute his Speech, but his Conſcience that would not be convicted. I am not tyed to follow you in your Wildgooſe-chaſe; yet I am ſo confident (whether of the ſtrength of the Cauſe, or your Weakneſs, I ſay not) that I wiſh you and I might plead it on a Pillory, and he that loſt the day pay Ear-rent for us both. But there is danger in following an *Ignis Fatuus* whither it will lead you, eſpecially when he makes up at the Throat of Majeſty. He fears that Power will admit the uſe of an Iriſh Army, or any other which that Power can purchaſe. A Suſpicion which deſerves to be anſwer'd with a Thunderbolt; but 'tis out of faſhion; and I am afraid I ſhall be laughed at, if I ſpeak any thing in defence of the King: yet (thanks be to God) there's no great need on't. His Majeſty's Vertues are his ſtrongeſt Guard. A King, like a Porcupine, is a living Quiver of Darts; every Beam of Majeſty is a *Fulmen Terebrans* to his Blaſpheming Enemies. My Fellow-traveller ſtept aſide a little to give his Brain a Stool, and now is return'd into the Road. *His Lordſhip*, he ſays, *multiplies and is fruitful in Abſurdities*. 'Tis true by an equivocal Generation; for ſo he begat your Pamphlet, meeting with the putrid Matter of your Invention, as the Sun produceth Inſect Animals. The Abſurdity is, *he hath no Notion of Subverting the Law Treaſonable, but by Force*; and here we muſt ſcore up the ſecond Quibble, for then (he ſays) *This Argument will never ſubvert the Law, as having no Force*. Truly I am of a mind, that if my Antagoniſt were both to Diſpute and Anſwer himſelf, he would have the beſt on't, and that's the Courſe he takes here. He frames an Argument where none is intended. His Lordſhip ſays he knows no other, nay and there is no other; but he doth not infer the latter from the former, therefore there is no other becauſe he knows no other; ſo that this is a Brat of your own Brain, not drawn from his Lordſhip's Ignorance (as your ſcandalous Quill foam'd at the mouth) but from your own Impudence; and if it halt (as you ſay) it confeſſes its Father, it halts before a Creeple. You do well therefore to let Nature work to help your lame Dog over a Stile, to caſt it, as you conceive, in a right Frame. *There is no way of Subverting the Law but what I know; but I know no way of Subverting the Law but by force.* You would be loath a man ſhould ſay this is no Syllogiſm; and yet 'tis true. There's no Figure will give it a Tenement to hide its head in. I could give you a Remove now and ſet you upright; but I had rather you ſhould take it aſunder, and my Lord and you part Stakes; part Propoſitions; he the *Major*, you the *Minor*, becauſe in the firſt you ſay there is ſo much Knowledge, in the latter ſo much Ignorance. You ſee you are in a Bog; but I will throw my Cloak about you, and dance you out; for lo, a moſt Eloquent *Si quis* in queſt of the Author of our Tenent. *Who ſays this? Is it ſome ancient Judge?* No; I thank you as the Caſe goes; *Or is it one that looks more into the Court than the Inns of Court?* I perceive I muſt count Quibbles as they do Fiſh; thou art three; there he bounceth out with his εὕρηκα [*A Young Gentleman knows not the Law.*] I do not wonder you writ it in other Characters; for 'tis a moſt acute Apothegm, (though I ſay it; that ſhould not ſay it) and ſuch an one as may well beſeem the Rump-end of

Licoſthenes

Lycoſthenes at the next Impreſſion. But he mak a Tranſition from Common Law to Common R ſon, and he hopes to be ſcored up for that Qu ter-Quibble, but I cannot afford it. *If nothin but Force can ſubvert Law, then Judges when th pronounce falſe Judgments, ſtop lawful Defences,* l *looſe the Prerogative,* and all that Rout of Inſtance which he hath rallied up, *do not ſubvert the La* Well, to do you a Courteſie, they do not. 'T one thing to ſtop a Pipe, to cut an Aqueduct an divert a Conveyance, and another to ſpoil a Springhead. The Law in this Caſe ſuffers a *Deliquium*, but ſhe is not dead. The Subverſion of Laws i Root and Branch. A Caſtle may be diſmantled, made unſerviceable, and yet 'tis not ſaid then to be quite overthrown. When you uſurp'd the Chair of Logick and made a falſe Syllogiſm, were the Laws of Logick then ſubverted? No, but tranſgreſs'd; ſo that if our Author ſuffer by Injuſtice (as I hope you are more Hiſtorian than Prophet) he will not involve the Laws in his Ruin. Your *Apoſtrophe* to *Treſſilian* is a true *Apoſtrophe*, for 'ti from the Cauſe; for will ye introduce a Parity in Offences too? Scan the Caſes and you ſhall fin them diverſe. But give me leave by the way, to admire your Phraſe of the *Iron Laws*. 'Tis a good Argument to me that there is no Alchymy, otherwiſe the Corruption of ſo many Judges, by this time had turn'd them into Gold: But my Lord muſt diſpute again. Do you carry the Knapſack of his Arguments? My Lord hath a fine time on't, that you ſhould feed him thus with a Spoon? 'T thus; *The Earl of* Strafford's *Practices have been as high as any. The Practices of* Treſſilian *have been as* *high as High Treaſon*; I wonder where you got all this Logick; at *Furnival*'s Inn? But I know the Reaſon of it, becauſe *Plutarch* attributes Logick to a Fox, and King *James* maintains Diſcourſe in a Hound, that's it which puts you upon Syllogiſms. You would be loath to come ſhort of any of your Fellows. For the words of the *Major* (which are only my Lord's, and which indeed I had as lieve he ſhould juſtifie as I) you muſt know they are a Compariſon: Now Compariſons are betwixt things of the ſame kind: *As high as any*, that is, in the rank of Miſdemeanours. The Painter, when his Picture would not ſell for a God, made a ſpecial Devil of it, and ſo he vented it. Though my Lord cannot yield, that the Earl of *Strafford*'s Practices ſhould be ſublimated into Treaſon; yet place them in the front of any lower Offences, and it ſeems he will paſs it. This Similitude of mine doth not run of all four, no more muſt you think of that, *As high as any*. But to make few words, ſuppoſe I ſhould grant you your Concluſion, that the Earl of *Strafford*'s Practices were as high as Treaſon, yet if they be not ſpecified by Statute for Treaſon, my Lord doth juſtly abſtain his hand from his Diſpatch. You ask how theſe words ſhould ſound in the Mouth of a Judge? Truly I have not the meaſure of your Ears, they are of too large a ſize for me. I being a Judge hold your Guilt to be as high as Treaſon; yet having no Law to give me Commiſſion, I'll have no hand in your Sentence: ſo that ſuppoſing all Caſes to be like this, I grant you the Aſſizes would be in vain; the Judges Circuit would be like the wheeling of a Mill, move continually, but never nearer their

Journey's end: but when the Law hath provided ſufficiently, unleſs in a Caſe as this extraordinary, the Vanity and Mockery, which you ſpeak of, recoils upon him that firſt diſcharged them. For your laſt, where you would have Sir *Henry Vane's* Oath to be prefer'd before my Lords Suſpicion, I would willingly anſwer as he did with Meditation; at the firſt time nothing, as much at the ſecond, and at the third *Vouz avez* Sir *Henry Vane*. You ſay his Oath gets an addition of Belief from the Speeches before, and from the Memorials that day; ſo that you imply what I dare not ſay, that it is not full of it ſelf, but wants a Supplement of Credit to gain our Faith. As for the words, Recorded whenceſoever they had their Venom, it ſeems they were poyſoned; (for to that, and not to their Pregnancy do I attribute it) that they ſwell'd into ſuch a bigneſs, that one Teſtimony appear'd double: But that you ſhould entitle Mr. *Pym* to this miſtake, that he ſhould look through a Multiplying Glaſs in a caſe ſo weighty as that of Treaſon; the Gentleman's known Integrity ſaves me the labour of his Defence. So that the Teſtimonies being but ſuch, though the Charges be many; be the Earl of *Strafford* as high in his Practices, as it pleaſes my Lord to make him, yet my Lord's Dipthong, may eaſily be juſtified, and the Earl both at once Condemn'd and Sav'd. Thus I have entreated Patience of my ſelf to Counterpuff your Pamphlet, when by the help of a Penny-worth of Pears I could (more ſutably to your Defects) have confuted you backward. But I did it in hopes that you would muzzle your ſelf hereafter; for though your Teeth be hollow and cannot bite, yet wanting Cloves they may Infect.

To

To the Protector after long and vile Durance in Priſon.

May it pleaſe Your Highneſs;

RUlers within the Circle of their Government have a Claim to that which is ſaid of the Deity; they have their Center every where, and their Circumference no where. It is in this Confidence that I addreſs to your Highneſs, knowing that no place in the Nation is ſo remote, as not to ſhare in the Ubiquity of your Care; no Priſon ſo cloſe as to ſhut me up from partaking of your Influence. My Lord, it is my Misfortune, that after ten years Retirement from being engaged in the Differences of the State, having wound up my ſelf in private Receſs, and my Comportment to the Publick ſo inoffenſive, that in all this time, neither Fears nor Jealouſies have ſcrupled at my Actions. Being about three Months ſince at *Norwich*, I was fetch'd by a Guard before the Commiſſioners, and ſent Priſoner to *Yarmouth*, and if it be not a new offence to make an enquiry wherein I offended (for hitherto my Fault was kept as cloſe as my Perſon) I am induced to believe, that next to my Adherence to the Royal Party, the Cauſe of my Confinement is the Narrowneſs of my Eſtate; for none ſtand committed whoſe Eſtate can bail them. I only am the Priſoner who have no Acres to be my Hoſtage. Now if my Poverty be Criminal (with Reverence be it ſpoken) I implead your Highneſs, whoſe Victorious Arms have reduced me to it; as

Acceſſory to my Guilt. Let it ſuffice, my Lord, that the Calamity of the War hath made us poor, do not puniſh us for it. Who ever did Penance for being Raviſhed; Is it not enough that we are ſtripp'd ſo bare, but muſt it be made in order to a ſeverer Laſh? Muſt our Sores be engraven with ou Wounds? Muſt we firſt be made Creeples, an then beaten with our own Crutches? Poverty, i it be a Fault, 'tis its own Puniſhment, who pays more for it, pays uſe upon uſe. I beſeech your Highneſs put ſome Bounds to the Overthrow, and do not purſue the chaſe to the other World. Ca your Thunder be levell'd ſo low, as our Groveling Condition? Can your Towring Spirit, whic hath quarried upon Kingdom's, make a ſtoop t us, who are the Rubbiſh of theſe Ruins. Methinks I hear your former Archievements interceding wi you, not to ſully your Glories with trampling upon the proſtrate, nor clog the Wheel of your Chariot with ſo degenerous a Triumph. The mo renowned *Hero's* have ever with ſuch Tenderne cheriſhed their Captives, that their Swords di but cut out work for their Courteſies. Thoſe tha fell by their Prowefs ſprung by their Favour, as i they had ſtruck them down, only to make them rebound the higher. I hope your Highneſs, as yo are the Rival of their Fame, will be no leſs of thei Virtues. The Nobleſt Trophy that you can erec to your Honour, is to raiſe the Afflicted; and ſinc you have ſubdued all Oppoſition, it now remains that you attack your ſelf, and with Acts of Mildneſs vanquiſh your Victory. It is not long ſince, my Lord, that you knock'd off the Shackles from moſt of our Party, and by a grand Releaſe did ſpread your Clemency as far as your Territories. Let not new Proſcriptions interrupt your Jubilee. Let not that your Lenity be ſlandered as the Ambuſh of your farther Rigour. For the Service of his Majeſty (if it be objected) I am ſo far from excuſing it, that I am ready to alledge it in my Vindication. I cannot conceit that my Fidelity to my Prince ſhould taint me in your Opinion, I ſhould rather expect it ſhould recommend me to your Favour. Had we not been Faithful to our King, we could not have given our ſelves to be ſo to your Highneſs; you had then truſted us *gratis*, whereas now we have our former Loyalty to vouch us. You ſee, my Lord, how much I preſume upon the Greatneſs of your Spirit, that dare prevent my Indictment with ſo frank a Confeſſion, eſpecially in this which I may ſo ſafely deny, that it is almoſt Arrogancy in me to own it: For the Truth is, I was not qualified enough to ſerve Him: All I could do was to bear a part in his Sufferings, and to give my ſelf to be Cruſhed with his Fall. Thus my Charge is doubled; my Obedience to my Soveraign, and what is the Reſult of that, my want of Fortune. Now whatever reflection I have upon the former, I am a true Penitent for the latter. My Lord, you ſee my Crimes; as to my Defence you bear it about you. I ſhall plead nothing in my Juſtification, but your Highneſs's Clemency, which as it is the conſtant Inmate of a valiant Breaſt, if you graciouſly be pleaſed to extend it to your Suppliant, in taking me out of this withering Durance, your Highneſs will find, that Mercy will eſtabliſh you more than Power, though all the days of your Life, were as pregnant with

Victories as your twice auſpicious third of *Se*
tember.

Your Highneſs's

Humble and Submiſſive

Petitioner

J. C

To the Earl of Newcaſtle.

THough to Command and Obey be th
fitteſt Dialogue betwixt you and us; ye
ſince your Lordſhip pleaſes to deſcend fro
your Right and only to Requeſt, pardon us
if, by your Example, we intrench upon yo
and preſume upon an Anſwer. Sir, we ar
ſorry our Duty is not phras'd in Action, no
can we determine, whether it was more gratef
to us, that you requir'd our Service, or grievou
that at this time we could not expreſs it; for n
ſooner were we inform'd of your pleaſure, but ſo
obligatory is your Will, that poyſing your Le
ters with our Laws, we thought our Statutes we
at Civil Wars. The Colledge, like an Indulge
Mother, entails her Preferments on her own Pro
geny. Your Lordſhip prefers a ſtranger, who
to adopt were not only to Baſtard her preſent Iſſu
but diſinherit all ſucceeding hopes. If it ſeem a De
linquency to be thus tender of her own, ſhe will en
title her offence to your Lordſhip, who when yo
honour'd

honour'd her with your Admiſſion, taught her to ſet a greater price upon her Children. Thus hoping you will abſtract our Will from our Power, we honour your Lordſhip, deſiring that occaſion may preſent us with ſome Service, whoſe difficulty may add a deeper Dye to the Obſervance of

The Maſter

and Fellows of

S. J.

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o the Earl of Holland, *then Chancellor of the Univerſity of* Cambridge.

Right honourable,

YOU have rais'd us to that height by writing unto us, that we dare attempt an Anſwer; in hich Preſumption, if we have diſhonoured your ordſhip, you muſt blame your own Gentleneſs, ke the Sun, who if he be mask'd with Clouds, ay thank himſelf who drew up the Exhalations. ir, they that aſſign Tutelar Angels, betroth hem not only to Kingdoms and Cities, but to each ompany. Your Goodneſs hovers not aloft in a eneral care of the Univerſity, but ſtoops by a peuliar Influence to every private College. That mnipreſence which Philoſophy allots to the Soul, o be every where at once through the whole Man, your Noble Diligence exemplifies in us. There is not the leaſt Joynt of our Body, but in its Lif and Spirits confeſſes the Chancellor. Nor have w in ſpecial the leaſt ſhare of your Favours, as appears by many pregnant Demonſtrations of you Love; among which this is not the meaneſt, tha you would deign to require our Service. To offend againſt ſo gracious a Patron, would add Tincture to our Diſobedience; yet ſuch is the Iniquity of our Condition, that we are forced to defer our Gratitude. We have many in the College, whoſe Fortunes were at the laſt Gaſp; an if not now reliev'd, their hopes extinct: Whereas he whom your Lordſhip commends, gives u farther day of Payment by his green years. He is yet but young, but the Beams of your Favou will ripen him the ſooner for the like Preferment which if it pleaſe your Lordſhip to antedate, by preſent Acceptance of our future Obedience, We ſhall gladly perſevere in our old Title of,

To the Earl of Weſtmoreland.

My Lord,

IT were high Preſumption in me, not to be prou of this Occaſion; and I ſhould be no leſs than Rebel to Eloquence, if your Lines you ſent me ha not rais'd me above my ordinary Level; ſo that t expreſs my Gratitude, I muſt renounce my Humility, and purchaſe one Virtue at the price of another. And well may my Modeſty ſuffer in the Service, when my Reaſon it ſelf is overwhelmed with the Favour. To ſee a Perſon of your Lordſhip's Eminency, poſſeſs'd of Nobility by a double Tenure, both of Birth and Brain, ſo to bend his Greatneſs as to ſtoop to me, who live in the Vale both of Parts and Fortune; is ſo high an Honour, that who juſtly conſiders it, if he be not ſtupidly ſenſleſs, will be ſtupid with Extaſie. I, for my part, am loſt in Amazement, and it is mine Intereſt to be ſo; for not knowing otherwiſe how to give your Preſent a fit Reception, it is the beſt of my play, to be beſide my ſelf in the Action. You ſee, my Lord, how I empty my ſelf of my Native Faculty, to be ready for thoſe of your Inſpirings, as the Prophets of old in a Sacred Fury, ran out of their Wits to make room for the Deity. I ſhall not need hereafter to digeſt my Love-paſſions, I ſhall ſpeak by Inſtinct: For when your Honour deign'd to viſit me with your lofty Numbers, what was it elſe but to make me the Prieſt of your Lordſhip's Oracle; Such is the Strength and Spirit of your Fancy, that methought your Poems (like the Richeſt Wine) ſent forth a Steam at the opening. What flowed from your Brain fum'd into mine. It was almoſt impoſſible to read your Lines and be ſober. You, You, my Lord, are the Favourite of the Muſes. Your Strain is ſo happy, and hath the Reputation for ſo Matchleſs, as if you had a double Key to the Temple of Honour, to let in your Lordſhip's ſelf, and exclude Competitors. It's you, my Lord, have cut the Clouds and reached Perfection, who having mounted the Cliff, lends an hand to me, who am labouring in the Craggy Aſcent. So tow'ring are the Praiſes you pleaſe to be-

ſtow on me, and my Deſert ſo groveling, that
ſhew you my Head is not worthy your Height,
is not able to bear them; it grows giddy with
Precipice. It pains me to be on the Laſte of an
perbole; you do but crucifie my tender Merits,
diſtend them thus at length and breadth. Con
der, I pray you, that the Leaneſt Endowme
would be plump and full, thus blown up wit
Quill; and that there are ſome ſo Dwarfiſh, who
the Rack will not ſtretch to a proper man. It
an excellent Breathing for a puiſſant Wit, to ov
bear the World in the Defence of a Paradox;
a good Advocate will weather out the Cauſe, wh
there is neither Truth nor Invention. I perſwa
my ſelf you had never undertaken to write
Panegyrick, but that you ſaw it was to com
with the Tide, and to put your Abilities to the
moſt Teſt in ſo unlikely a Subject. Little do y
think what ſtore of Oppoſers your Opinion w
breed you; for though you be ſo powerful in t
Art of Perſwaſion, that ſhould you turn Apoſt
there would need no more but to toll the Bell f
Religion; yet this is an Hereſie where you ſta
alone, and like *Scæva* in the Breach, with your ſi
gle Valour duel an Army. Now, my Lord, I
be not miſtaken, I have found the Motive that i
duced you to oblige me; you are tyed by your O
der to give Protection to the weak and Succourle
So I muſt change my Addreſſes, and thank yo
Reb Ribband for my Commendations. Such, a
ſo many are the Flowers of Rhetorick you h
heap'd upon me, that I run the hazard of the
lympick Victor, who was ſtifled with Poſies c
upon him in approbation of his Worth; which F

gr

grant Fate, if I ſhould ſuſtain, what is there more to make me enamour'd of Death, but that the ſame Flowers ſhould ſtrew my Corps in a Funeral Oration? Could you think (my Lord) that your ſuppreſſing your Name was able to conceal you, when t is eaſie to wind you by your Phraſe! The Sweetneſs of the Language diſcover'd the Author, like hat Roman Senator, who hiding himſelf in time f Proſcription, his Perfumes betray'd him. But ſhall not arreſt your Lordſhip too far with a farher Interruption. My Lord, you have Enobled ne with your Teſtimony, and I ſhall keep your Paper as the *Diploma* of my Honour. Yet give me eave to tell you, that among all the Epithets you ile ſo Artificially to raiſe my Fame, there is one vanting to accompliſh my Ambition, and that which I beſeech your Lordſhip I may enjoy for the uture; that is, to be eſteem'd

SIR,

Your Honour's &c.

John Cleveland.

Letter to a Friend diſſwading him from his Attempt to marry a Nun.

THough no man's Arms can be opened wider to receive you on ſhore, and give you poſſeſſion of s Breaſt; yet I know not, whether with the uſual

Complement

Complement, I may welcome you home, as dou
ing your Country may have ſhewed that Rela
on in ſo long an Abſence; ſhe having expoſed h
Noble Iſſue, being Conviction enough to ma
you diſclaim her. Beſides, there is ſuch a new F
of things ſince your Departure, that what was fo
merly the Character of the Inhabitants, is now t
Kingdom's, To be a Stranger at home: Inſom
as were you deſign'd for a ſecond Journey, it mig
be a part of your buſineſs to travel other Countries
queſt of your own. Indeed ſhe is ſuch an Alien
her Look, that moſt of her Off-ſpring dare not
her Bleſſing. Her Countenance is not Denizo
her ſelf: You would think ſhe were ſome Floati
Iſland, that had made a Voyage only to truck f
an outlandiſh Viſage. Some who have ſpell'd h
Lineaments ſay ſhe copies out the Dutch, and
make good the Parallel, they doubt not to inſtan
in our *Hogan* Governours. It is in a brok
Kingdom, as in a crack'd Looking-glaſs, where
ſtead of one Face, that Monarch-like ſhould rep
ſent the whole, you may have Variety of leſ
ones glimmering in its room, and the Aſpects
all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a F
reigner ſhe is, and her Complexion borrow'd;
that as our new Philoſophers would have t
Earth to move, and the Heavens to ſtand ſtill, t
ſame may be ſaid of this State of ours, and t
Royal Train that you were part of. It was t
Kingdom wandered, not you that left it, You
fix'd, and *England* in *Exile*. When a Country re
from its ſetled poſture, there is no Defection
him that quits it; it having firſt abandoned it f
In this caſe, though it be a Fallacy in the Senſe,

ho

holds good in Reaſon, that the ſhore moves and falls off from the Sayler; whence you ſee, Sir, there is ſome poſſibility I might reverſe your Travels, were it not for one Argument which abundantly confirms them, The ſage Experience you have treaſur'd up in your Obſervations; for no ſooner had you loſt your Native Soil, but by way of Repriſal you took in others. The Dominions you viſit you carry along with you, and by a Victorious Induſtry make them pay Tribute to your Underſtanding. Not like a number of our Roaring Gallants, who return ſo empty and without their Errand, as if their Travel (like Witches in the Air) were nothing but the Waſtage of a deluded Phantaſie, perſwading themſelves that they circle the Globe, when the Card they ſail by, is nothing elſe but a ſlumbring Impoſture. But methinks we are too Grave, Sir. What if we unbend a while, and preſume to tell you, that in all your Errantry there is no Adventure ſo much affects me, as that of the Nun; where I cannot determine, whether your Love it ſelf were more Exotick, or the form of accoſting it: For although it be natural for Jealouſie to ſtudy Fornication, and every Cuckold within his own Precincts to be an Engineer; yet never before have I heard of a Miſtreſs fenc'd with a Portcullice, or an amorous Viſit manag'd with the Caution, which ſuſpicious Kings uſe in an Enterview. This manner of Greeting may not unfitly be termed *Cupid's* Barriers; a breathing Exerciſe, rather than a Combat, where the Sporting Champions have a Rail to part them, that they may not fight it out to the uttermoſt. Had your old Romancing Spirit poſſeſs'd you, the Brandiſh'd Blade would have freed the Lady from her Enchanted Durance. Nor had you bee leſs concern'd in the Reſcue than the Fair Recluſe; for who that blows ſhort in expectation of hi Love, and in the Heat of Impatience, ſhould be ſevered from his Hopes by a few envious Barrs, would not feel himſelf (like another St. *Laurence*) broil'd on a Gridiron? But ſee how Cuſtoms vary with the Clime. As there are ſome Regions who ſalute one another, by putting off their Shoe inſtead of their Hats; ſo it ſeems, where you have been, there is as different a form of Impriſonme or Commitment. The Priſoner is at large an without the Grates, wiſhing for Admittance, an ſhe at whoſe Suit his Soul is arreſted, cloſe clap' up and abridg'd of Liberty. Sure at this Grat thoſe Chriſom Lovers, call'd Platonicks, had their firſt Training. Thoſe Queaſie Gameſters that diet themſelves with the very Notion of Mingling Souls, without putting the Body to farther Brokage, than kiſſing of Hands and twiſting of Eyebeams. For your part, Sir, you are none of thoſe puling Stomachs: You have an Appetite for a whole Cloiſter. It is but Trifling Sport for you to pull down an Out-lyer, unleſs you leap the Pale and let ſlip at the Herd. I wonder what Exorciſms the Abbeſs us'd to get quit of the *Incubus*; for had ſhe not check'd your Hovering Temptations, I am confident by this time you had transform'd the Covent, and turn'd the Nunnery into a *Seraglio*. But in ſober Sadneſs, why a Nun, Sir? How came you out of the Active Torrent into that Solitary Creek? Princes ſeldom Treat of Matches, but in foraign Dominions. Your Affection takes greater

State, as fixing upon one of another World. Had your Paſſion been centred on the Beauty of her Soul, I had look'd upon it as the Act of your Converſion. Such a Love might juſtly have been Chriſtned by the name of Zeal, being ſetled on a Perſon, with whom to be enamour'd is in a ſort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not ſome who ſuſpect your Religion, leſt equivocating from the Beauty of her Perſon to that of her Profeſſion, you ſhould turn Monaſtick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your Temper, are rather ſolicitous for the Church in General, leſt with *Luther* you ſhould marry a Nun, and ſo with him make her a Joynture in a new Religion. If this be your Plot, Conſider, I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate farther in this Age of Novelties, when the World is ſo ſpent in new Inventions, that for want of Gain, even Ruſt and Rottenneſs are flouriſhed over with a ſeeming Verdure. Not one of all thoſe Beldam-Hereſies that did Penance formerly by the Doom of the Ancients, but hath caſt her Skin ſince theſe Confuſions, and giveth her ſelf out for a Blooming Virgin. But I think I may ſpare this piece of Counſel, I dare be your Compurgator for meddling with Religion. That which fir'd your Spirits was the Ambition of the Enterprize; nor could you entertain a more Aſpiring Phrenſie, but by making Love to a Glorified Body. Tell me, I pray you, how many Beads did you drop in Wooing? By what Liturgy did you frame your Courtſhip? Laick Applications are here ſcandalous; nor will it avail to ſay, you languiſh without her Compaſſion. A Senſual Man is able to vitiate the Veſtal Flame, even by his

Martyrdom; other Lovers in the Jollity of their Trope are wont to canonize their Miſtreſſes, as being of opinion that the Native Rubrick of their Cheeks hath hallowed them. Will you run Counter to that Conſecration, and degrade a Saint by Mortal Addreſſes? If you have no room in your Calendar for Perſons upon Earth, yet do not profane a Probationer of Heaven; as if the readieſt way to rectifie Superſtition, were, with our Modern Reformers, to bow it into Atheiſm. Let me adviſe you, Sir, to retrieve your ſelf back from this Carnal Sacrilege. Catch not at *Heroſtratu* his Fame, by ſetting fire on the Temple, and diſpute not a ſhare of Guilt with *Lucifer*, in cauſing a ſecond Fall of Angels. Nay, never ſtart, Sir, nor look about at the Expreſſion: For I perſwade myſelf, that thoſe Divines who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our Protection, would not prejudice their Opinion, ſhould they leave her to her own Tuition; as hardly knowing in ſuch a Perſon, how to diſtinguiſh between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our Noble Friend, that what my Fancy ſuggeſted upon this Subject, I would mould into Number; but I muſt beg your pardon, it being a Requeſt with which to comply were to be your Fellow-criminal, and by a Conformity of Guilt pervert a Votary: For even my Muſe is vow'd and vail'd too, ſhe is ſet apart for the Service of my Miſtreſs, and what is that but entring Orders in the true Religion. The Truth is this; ſhe is ſo chaſtly confin'd to that ſole Employment, that ſhould I in Verſe attempt to yield you an account how much I honour you, not a whole Grove of Laurel would bribe her to a

Diſtich: Whereas in Tranſitory Proſe, were I a Maſter of all thoſe Languages, which I make no queſtion but you have gain'd by your Travels, I ſhould hold them all too few to give you ſufficient Aſſurance that I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Faithful Servant

J. C.

The Piece of a Common-Place upon *Romans* the 4th. Laſt Verſe.

Who was delivered for our Offences, and roſe again for our Juſtification.

THE *Athenians* had two ſorts of Holy Myſteries, two diſtinct times, *November* and *Auguſt*, for their Celebration: But when King *Demetrius* deſir'd to be admitted into their Fraternity, and ſee both their Solemnities at once, the People paſt a Decree, that the Month *March*, when the King requeſted it, ſhould be call'd *November*, and after the Ceremonies due to that Month were finiſhed, it ſhould be tranſlated to *Auguſt*; and ſo at the ſecond return of this new Leap-year, they accompliſhed his Requeſt. Two greater Myſteries are the parts of my Text, the Paſſion and the Reſurrection; ſeveral times appropriate for either

Good Fryday as *Eaſter*. But as the Athenian Decree made *November* and *Auguſt* meet in *March*, ſo give me leave by a leſs *Syncope* of Time, to contract *Good Fryday* and *Eaſter* both to a day, as the Paſſion and Reſurrection are both in my Text; *Who was delivered for our Offences*, &c. And I may the rather link them both on a day, becauſe the Text is willing to admit ſome Reſemblance. The Evening and the Morning make the day, ſaith the Holy Spirit; the Method of my Text obſerves as much: Here is the Evening, the Paſſion, when our Saviour ſtrip'd himſelf of thoſe Rags of Mortality, and lay down in the Bed of Corruption, where he ſtays not long; but the Morning breaks in the Reſurrection, *when this Corruptible ſhall put on Incorruption, and this Mortal ſhall put on Immortality.* So then my Text is a Day from Sun to Sun, *Soles occidere & redire poſſunt*, from the Sun-ſet of his Paſſion to the Sun-riſe of his Reſurrection.

The Dew of his Birth is as the Dew of the Morning. There is a Morning-Dew, and there is an Evening Dew; the Evening Dew, the Tears that are ſhed at the Sun's Funeral, and they may juſtly decypher the Paſſion; the Morning-Dew, the Tears of Joy and Welcome at his new Return; and what is that but a Tranſcript of the Reſurrection?

My Diſcourſe then muſt be changeable, compos'd of a Cloud and a Rain-bow.

Nocte pluit tota——————

A Deluge of Grief ſhowers down in the Paſſion, but the Waters will ceaſe, and the Dove will return with a Leaf in her mouth,

——*Redeunt Spectacula mane,*

Nothing but Joy and Triumph, Pomp and Pageants at the Reſurrection. But methinks St. *Paul* puts new Cloth into an old Garment, mends the Rent of the Paſſion with the Reſurrection. *Can the children of the Bride-chamber weep while the Bridegroom is with them?* While the Reſurrection is in the Text, who can tune his Soul to lament his Paſſion; again, by the Waters of *Babylon* is no ſinging the Songs of *Sion.* When Grief hath lock'd up the Heart with the ſtory of the Paſſion, what Key of Mirth can let in the Anthem of the Reſurrection? Different Notes you ſee, and yet wee'l attempt an Harmony. *Baſſus* and *Altus*, a Deep Baſe that muſt reach as low as Hell to deſcribe the Paſſion, and thence rebound to a joyful *Altus*, the high-ſtrain of the Reſurrection.

I begin with the Evening, and ſo I may well ſtyle the Paſſion, ſince the Horrour thereof turn'd Noon into Night, and made a Miracle maintain my Metaphor. The Sun was obſcur'd by Sympathy, and his Darkneſs points us to a greater Eclipſe. The Sun and the Moon, what are they but Parables of our Saviour, and the Soul of Man? The Moon is the Soul; I am ſure her Spots will not confute the Similitude. I might here ſlacken the Reins of my Compariſon, and ſhew you how the Moon of her ſelf is a dark Body, and what Light ſhe partakes, ſhe receives it from the Sun at ſecond hand. How every Soul is by Natur ſinful, and in the Shadow of Death, till *the Ligh that lightens the Gentiles, till the day-ſpring on high viſit us.* I might purſue my Allegory in the Eclipſe. The Shadow of the Earth intercepts the Beams of the Sun, and ſo the Moon ſuffers an Eclipſe. Plea-ſure and Profit, thoſe two Dugs of the World, what are they but Earthly ſhadows that Eclipſe the Soul, and deprive it of the ſweet influence of the Sun of Righteouſneſs. But I hold me to the Metaphor, my Text will warrant the Parallel. As the Moon is Eclipſed by the Earth, ſo ſhe her ſelf Eclipſes the Sun. The Soul is not only ſinful but makes God ſuffer; ἐκλείπεσθαι is a Phyſick-word, and ſignifies the Labour of a Diſeaſe. Cure thy ſelf, and there will be no Eclipſe in him: Ap-ply but Salve to thy ſelf, and thou'lt heal the Wounds that thy Sins have made. *Paſſus eſt Deli-quium propter Delicta noſtra. Deliquium* and *Delictum* proceed both from a Root. He had never been delivered unto Death, but for the Goal-delivery of our Offences. See the Difference betwixt God's and Man's Eclipſe. Man's ſets God and him at odds; God's reconciles them. The Moon when ſhe is Eclipſed, is always in Oppoſition with the Sun. The Soul will ſin, though ſhe be at En-mity with God for't: But the Sun, when he is E-clipſed, is always in Conjunction with the Moon. God will be Friends with Man, though he purchaſe the Union with his Paſſion, and ſeal the Covenant with his own Blood. But that all things which con-cern the Paſſion may be miraculous, wee'l proceed in Method, and reſtrain that to Order and Diſtincti-on, which put Nature out of Frame, and threat-

ned

ed the World with Confuſion. Conſider then ny Text, like the Veil of the Temple rent in wain ὅτι and διότι, *He was delivered for our Offen-es*; nay 'tis rent from top to th' bottom; the ſame arts will ſerve for the Reſurrection, *He roſe again or our Juſtification.*

And well may my Text be divided by the Tem-le, ſince our Saviour ſhadowed both parts of it nder that Notion. *I will deſtroy this Temple, and within three days I will build it again.* And now I be-gin with *Simon* of *Cyrene*, to bear his Croſs, and abour, as he did, under the burthen. The Death of the Croſs, all the Languages upon it cannot ex-preſs it: But we ſee the Sun better by looking into he Waters, than by affronting his Beams. The only way to comprehend the Sufferings of our Creator, is by feeling the Pulſe of the Creature. What ſhall I ſay to the Convulſion of the Rocks? The Lapidary tells you, how the Compaſſionate Turcoiſe confeſſeth the Sickneſs of his Wearer by hanging colour. The whole Rocks ſuffered with our Saviour, they were cleft; and ſhall not this rend our ſtony hearts? O that *Deucalion*'s Men were not now a Fable! *Caucaſus* is ſupple in compariſon of our Breaſts. Marble can weep, whilſt we are Pumices. *Moſes* his Rod will ſooner fetch a River out of a Rock, than a Tear from a Rebellious Sinner. The Earthquake is the next Miracle. *Tremble thou Earth at the preſence of the Lord, at the preſence of the God of Jacob.* She tottered under the Burden of ſo great a Sin. She had loſt the Author of her being, and ſo might well be ſtruck with a dead Palſie. 'Tis a good Obſervation of *Ariſtotle*, that among all the abſurd Opinions of

the old Philoſophers; who held the Soul to
Fire; ſome Air, ſome Water; none ever had
groſs a Soul, as to conceive it to be Earth. O th
in this caſe we were Earthy-minded! That
were affected with this Religious Palſie! Th
ſhould we ſee that *Motus Trepidationis*, the Moti
of the Heavens as well as the Earth. We m
work out our Salvation with fear and trembling. B
the Earth hath quaked ſo long till it hath awake
ed the Dead: nor is it a wonder that the De
live, when Life it ſelf can dye. Heaven deſcen
into the Bowels of the Earth, and, to make up t
Anagram; the Graves open and the Duſt ariſe
Thus were all things ſhuffled, and Nature ru
the Bells backwards, as if every Creature deſir
to bear the Burden of our Saviour's Elegy. *Au*
dite & videte——*Behold and ſee, if ever there*
ſorrow like unto my ſorrow. *Cyrus* to be reveng'd of
River cut it into ſo many Channels, that it loſt
Name. This is the way to allay a Grief, to di
vide it into ſo many ſtreams, to pour it into othe
Boſoms; but even this is denied to our Saviou
The Sons of *Zebedee* do not now petition to drin
his Cup: They would not now be one on his rig
hand, another on his left; no, he is crucified b
twixt two Thieves. The Quality of his Comp
nions augments his Miſery. He was born amo
Beaſts, and doth he not dye ſo too? Man witho
Underſtanding is like unto a Beaſt that periſhet
Betwixt two Thieves. You ſee Vice to Vertue
two to one: Vertue is in the Centre, Vice in th
Circumference; vaſt is the Circuit; *Univerſus*
bis, the whole World lies in Wickedneſs, whilſt Vertue, like the Centre, is but an Imaginary Poin

Thieves, and well too, *Barabbas* was too good or him now; mark but their Election; *Not him, ut Barabbas.* But methinks his Crown might ommand a Diſtance; but 'tis a Crown of Thorns: nd if you conſider well the Troubles annexed to Crown, it may ſeem a *Tautology*. Every Crown s a Crown of Thorns. See here Cruelty Quartering her Arms with Diviſion. *Pſeudo-Philippus*, hat Counterfeit of the Macedonian King, when e was taken by the Romans, had ſo much honouable Calamity indulg'd unto him; *Quod de eo tanuam de vero Rege triumpharetur.* They Crown im, but 'tis for Sacrifice. They never acknowedge him King of the Jews, till upon the Croſs; at ſo his Title might ſet off his Miſery.

The Anſwer to the Newark-*Summons*.

BUT that it argues a greater Courage to paſs the Teſt of a Temptation uncorrupted, than ith a timorous Vertue to decline the Trial; ſo alous is this Maiden Garriſon of ſullying her oyalty, that ſhe had return'd your Summons ithout peruſal. Which rebound of your Let, as it were a laudable Coyneſs to preſerve her tegrity; ſo it is the moſt compendious Anſwer what you propound. For I hope you intend it ther as a Mode and Formality to preface your ſign, than with expectation of an Iſſue ſutable your Demands. You cannot imagine this unnted *Newark*, which hath ſo ſtoutly defended

her Honour againſt ſeveral intended Rapes, ſho
be ſo degenerous from her Virgin Glory, as to a
mit the Courtſhip of either your Rival Nation
Having therefore received a Letter ſubſcribed wi
Competition of both Kingdoms, ſhe wonders m
at your buſie endeavour to divert her *Trent*, ſin
the *Thames* and *Tweed* with equal Ambition wou
crowd into her Channel. Which Letter, ſince
proceeded from a Committee, and was direct
after the ſame Garb, as to a Committee-Gove
nour, by putting the Gentlemen and Corporati
in equal Commiſſion (though the joyning us tog
ther was with Intention to divide us) I ſhall in
tisfaction of yours, unanimouſly deſire you to r
flect upon the King's Letter, lately ſent to bo
Houſes of Parliament; where, in a full Compl
ance with all their Deſires upon the ſofteſt Term
and gentleſt Conditions that ever Prince propou
ded, he offers to disband all his Forces, and diſm
tle his Garriſons. To what end then do you d
mand that of the Steward, whereof the Lo
and Maſter makes a voluntary Tender? In vain
you court the Inferiour Streams, when the Spri
head prevents your expectation. It is our D
to trace his Commands, not to outſtrip them.
that if Honour and Conſcience would permit t
Delivery, meer Manners would retard us, leſt
an over-reaching ſpeed we fruſtrate his Majeſt
Act of Grace, and antedate his Royal Diſpo
I ſhall wave the Arguments, wherewith you end
vour to evince our Conſent. I am neither to
ſtroak'd into an Apoſtacy, by the mention of
Conditions in a miſty Notion: Nor to be ſcar'd
to Diſhonour, by your running Diviſion on the F

of Cheſter. For as I an no Huckſter in the War, to meaſure my Allegiance by my Intereſt for the former; ſo I diſdain that Poverty of Spirit, by a Reſemblance of *Cheſter* to be executed in Picture. ſhall be Loyal without that Copy, and I hope neer to be the Tranſcript of their Calamity. You nay do well, Gentlemen, to uſe your Fortune nodeſtly, and think not that God Almighty doth phold your Cauſe by reaſon of your Victories; erchance he fattens it with preſent Succeſs for a iper Deſtruction. For my part I had rather emrace a Wrack floating upon a ſingle Plank, than mbarque in your Action with the fulleſt Sails, to ance upon the Wings of Fortune. Whereas you rge the expence of the Siege, and the preſſures f the Country in ſupporting your Charge; there confeſs I am touched to the quick: But their Grieries, though they make my Heart bleed, muſt ot make my Honour. My Compaſſion to my ountry muſt not make me a Paricide to my Prince. et in order to their eaſe, if you will grant me a aſs for ſome Gentlemen to go to *Oxford*, that I ay know his Majeſty's pleaſure, whether, ccording to his Letter, he will wind up the Buſieſs in general, or leave every Commander to ſteer is own Courſe; then I ſhall know what to determine. Otherwiſe I deſire you to take notice, hat when I received my Commiſſion for the Goernment of this place, I annex'd my Life as a Label o my Truſt.

Oratio in Scholiis Publicis habita cum jun nior Baccalaureus in Tripodem diſputare *Cantab.*

QVos ne videre poſſum citra oculorum hyperb
quomodo vos compellarem? Et cum altiſſim
veſter gradus ſine ſcalâ occupari nequeat, quænam Or
tionis Climax veſtram ſcandet dignitatem; Veſtr
dum ſuſpicio in meo vultu invenio purpuram; & ingen
cura quæ præſtandæ obſervantiæ me habet ſolicitum,
novi ſubtilius argumentem quam ſtuporem. Quid
tem Poetarum Princeps Deorum Senatum cogit ad ſu
Batrachomyomachiam, pari audacia liceat & mihi
ad ludicrum hoc certamen noſtrum invitare. Un
eſt hæc noſtra contentio & Icon belli. Murium &
natum pugna, quid aliud quàm Iliadis Brachygraph
& in Puſillis iſtis animalibus Hector & Achilles (
quam Iliades in nuce) coarctantur. Ea ſiquidem
penſi noſtri conditio; ut hic etiam Mars & Venus
plicari jacent. Pugna eſt, ſed ludicra; Ludus,
tamen bellicus; ita ut nec bis cincta placeat Philoſoph
nec nuda Cytherea. *Qui virili toga indutus,*
dum reliquit nuces, ſed totus jocos crepat, hujus
Palladem *poſthumam cerebri ſui prolem exiſtim*
Qui in hiſce Floralibus ſolus Cato, *& inter Philoſop*
ſpinas nullos admittit Rhetoricæ flores, hujus Mi
va (*ad* Amazonis *inſtar*) *alterâ mammâ deſtitu*
Ille demum ſit noſter Miles, qui & ſeſe præſtet ing
Velitem, & Philoſophia Cataphractum; qui & vi
ter audet diſputare, & puerilitèr cum Bipede Tri
par impar ludere. Me quod ſpectat ita rationem
Calculum ſubduxi meam, ut utrinque munus molior
ſubterfugia

ſubterfugiam, & pudibunda metum inter & officium Muſa, & fugit ad ſalices, & videri cupit.

Oratio Salutatoria in Adventum Illuſtriſſimi Principis Palatini.

Sereniſſime Comes Palatine.

S*I Archetypam corporis veſtri elegantiam poſſem tranſcribere, & Orationem meam tanquam venuſtatis Metaphoram à veſtro vultu deducere, ita Imaginem veſtram æmulis encomiis exprimerem, ut qui ſpectatum venias, venires ſpectandus & unicum eſſet Johannenſe ſpectaculum teipſum tibi oſtentare. Sed quoniam ad hoſce ſolares radios caligat penitus Athenienſis Noctua, gratulor mihi meam inertiam, ſtuporem jacto: Ita enim cum Sacratiſſimo Principe in trutinâ quadam collocatus ſum, ut in quantum me deprimit mea humilis facultas, in tantum ſurſum nititur veſtra ſublimitas. Salve igitur, deſideratiſſime Princeps, hujus Collegii Anima, vel potius omnium animarum Collegium; ita tibi ſinguli devoti ſumus, & in obſequium veſtrum juncta phalange omnes ruimus. Ecce tibi Majorum tuorum Monumenta!* Margaretæ *cocta mœnia, quæ* Semiramis *invideat* Margaretæ! Henrici *Septimi, & noſtrûm omnium Matris; quæ uno partu enixa eſt quot* Herculem *fabulantur* genuiſſe, *quinquaginta Socios. Nec Tibi, Stemmatique veſtro ſolam* Margaretam, *debemus, quin & paternæ* gloriæ *hæres eſto;* Fredericum *volo beatiſſimæ memoriæ, qui viginti abhinc plus minus annis,*

cum

cum Auguſtiſſimo Carolo tunc temporis ſurgente Ioh
ad hanc Margaretæ Sobolem, quaſi Compatres
& Suſceptores acceſſerunt. O quam læti meditam
iſtum natalem noſtrum diemque adeo feſtum, ut mu
hoſce ſacro quodam minio pinxiſſe videatur! Ecqu
huic fœlicitati ſupereſſe poſſit? Poſſit, ut quod Pat
ſplendore ſemel tinctum veſtro olim forte Dibap
Sequeriſque Patrem jam paſſibus æquis. Euge ſpec
ſum Principem! in quo omnium legimus Simulac
Autographa; Margaretæ noſtræ Palladium Frederic
Patris Numiſma aureum & Matris Corneliæ Orna-
mentum, Elizabethæ dulciſſimæ, & [illegible] veſtro
totam Deam confeſſæ, cujus laudes ut hodiernam ſ
lum effundit, ita Poſteritatis Echo reparabit: cu
fœminea anima jam ſexu veſtitur maſculo, Elizab
Carolo. Carolo! O quam luxuriat dicendi Seg
Quam decies repetitum placebit Carolus! Carolus C
roli Sobrinus & Caroli Avunculus. O beatiſſ
Carolorum Climax! ſit Macte eſto gradibus C
ſcalæ, ut cum pro altitudine ſua ſupremus Rex Carol
Cælos ſcandat, hoc ſubinde ſuccreſcant Caroli,
bus; quaſi internodiis diſtincta ejus [illegible]
& uſque floreat; ſic ipſe ſibi ſuperſtes Carolus,
hominum (parum illud Neſtoris) ſæcla avolorum
[illegible] Filii, Sobrini, [illegible] Caroli

Ad Regem & Principem in Colleg.

Q[illegible] Academia
[illegible] urbs a Niobe [illegible] ſi in priſtinum fe-
cundam reſolvatur hodie agnoſcit omen veſtræ Præſ

in

tie. Memnonis *ſtatua ſolaribus percuſſa radiis vocalem Muſicam dediſſe fertur: habent vel hi Parietes Chor-* *dis Magicas, quas minima vultûs veſtri ſtrictura, qua-* *ſi plectro animavit. Nec magis eloquuntur Lapides, quàm è diametro miraculi ſtupent Oratores. Quod in afflatis Numine fieri videmus; ita Deum recipere ut ejiciant Hominem; inſtinctu ſapere, non intellectu; perinde veſtra in nobis hoſpitatur Divinitas, cujus ni-* *mius ſplendor omnes omnium ſenſus ſacrificat, & tam ſanctam noſtri jacturam in lucro deputamus. Ignoſci-* *mus jam Fatis immodeſtiam ſuam, imminens Literarum exitium ut favoris inſidias gratulamur: ſcilicet, ambitioſæ moriuntur Muſæ, quæ ad veſtros pedes efflabunt. Vale. Luſit* Archimedes *Cœlos in Sphæra? quid ni dicam* Jovem in Carolo *fabricatum? Adeo ut Orator ille qui, manu deorſum flexâ, O Cœlum exclamavit, ſi iſtum ad modum peroraſſet hodie, Solœciſmum manu non commiſiſſet. Enimvero cum Regem Optimum Maximum & Principem ſimul aſtantes videam, neſcio quomodo Principis Natalis videatur redux; ubi Solem & Stellam fulgentes à Symbolis (licet non equis radiis) conſpicati ſumus.* Cæſare *mortuo novum in cœlis emicuit ſydus, quod* Julii *Anima paſſim audiit.* Cæſaris *Epilogus fuit Prologus* Caroli; *neque enim aptior Stella, quam Invictiſſima illius Herois Anima, quæ veſtræ ſoboli res gerendas ominaretur. Stellam dixi? Muto factum; crederem potius ipſum Solem fuiſſe, qui tunc temporis ſibi religavit moderamen Diei, & ut Principis cunas fortius videret, ſuum in ſtellam Contraxit oculum. Ecce ut patriſſat* Carolus! *ut ad veſtras Virtutes anhelus ſurgit! Quod ſub pientiſſimo Rege accidiſſe legimus Solem multis gradibus retro ferri, Principis ætas pari portento compenſavit damnum, cujus feſtina virtus devorat Horologium, & Pueritia nondum libatâ*

*Meridiem attigit. Parcatur mihi, ſi turgeat Oratio;
ſi nihil præter Solem & Stellas crepet; quippe in Prin
pis Natali ipſa Natura mihi praivit Allegoriam. O
fœlicem interim Academiam, & Eternitatem quandam
nactam! quæ in Rege & Principe, & eſſe noſtru
& noſtrum fore ſimul complectitur. Non eſt quod pl
ra expectentur ſecula; viximus & noſtram & poſter
rum vitam. Sed vereor ne moleſtus fuerim importu
officio, quod in tam illuſtri præſentiâ in neſcio quid m
jus piaculo excreſcit. Minima coram Rege Errata, q
quam anguſtiores rimæ, extenduntur lumine. Orati
itaque noſtra pro genio temporum reformabitur, v
quod tantundem eſt, reſcindetur. Hoc unicum præſa
bor votum; Vivas Auguſtiſſime, Pietas tuorum &
Tremor Hoſtium. Vivas, vel in hoc declivio, Litera
rum Stator. Vivas denique eam indutus gloriam, u
Filium tuum* Carolum *appellemus Maximum, quia ſe
Patre minorem.*

Oratio habita ad Legatum quendam Gallicum, & *Hollandiæ* Comitem, tunc temporis Academiæ Cancellarium.

Quam Auguſta ſit veſtra Præſentia, & quam ſacro horrore noſtros percellit animos, utinam Oratoris veſtri ſtupor non ita nimis teſtaretur. Quem enim alacritas officii modo accenderat ut vos ſalutarem, impedit jam eadem Religione *in illas aures importunus verem inquilinus, ubi Regum conſilia habitarunt. Nec magis alloqui quam intueri nefas. Fulgura ſunt in amborum oculis, quorum ſplendorem ſi quis aſpiceret, bidental fieret. Si quis* Perſarum, *qui veneratur Solem, vos intueretur, utrumque ratus Numen, ſuum divideret ſacrificium. Nos quod attinet, fatemur lippitudine radiorum victoriam, & hoc geminum honoris jubar imbellis noſtra acies eo magis commendat, quo minus ſuſtineat. Salve igitur, Celeberrime Hoſpes, cujus gratiſſimi adventus, ut capacia eſſent noſtra pectora, magnitudo gaudii noſipſos à nobis excluſit foras. Ecce quot Helluones oculi vos inſpicimus! Quot in veſtris vultibus Quadrageſimam violamus! Sed nos indigui tantis dapibus.* Margareta, *& Regii illi Manes, quos in Fundatoribus noſtris numeramus, per me, tanquam per Legatum ſuum (ut Titulo veſtro ſuperbire liceat) Adventum vobis gratulantur. Nec invideas mihi, clariſſime Advena, Legati nomen; nam cum Celſitudo veſtra ad gradum meum (quem ſuſcepiſti modo) dignaretur deſcendere, Humilitas noſtra (quod in bilance ſolet) ad veſtrum apicem aſſurgebat. Scholas vidiſti & illud unicum Sacellum, quorum alteri docuiſti Literas, alteri Pietatem. Et quid amplius ſtudes* *apud nos inviſere? Eccum Academiam integram, Co cellarium digniſſimum, qui quicquid* Cantabrigia *n ſtra complectitur plenius repræſentat. Theatra & Scholarum Pyramides nos ludibunda Vitruvii ædificam in chartis. Tu, Tu Architectus fortunæ noſtræ, cuju Magnificentia vel Pictoris noſtri audaciam ſuperab Mutus ſum, Honoratiſſime Orator, in Cancela debitiſſimis laudibus, ut ſcias qualis Heros, quam aliorum Patronus honori veſtro hodie inſerviat. Cen dum vos Majorum Gentium Nobiles ſimul adſtant videam; Neſcio quis Iſthmus videatur* Galliam *&* Britanniam *(invito Oceano) conjunxiſſe. Qu perpetuus ſit ille Regionum nodus, & ita Gordian ut neuter* Alexander *diſcindat gladio. Plura vellem & uſque pergeret votorum pietas, ſed victus divitii argumento pluſquam* Demoſthenis *Anginam patior. Quare ſi aures veſtras, Regibus aſſuetus, nimis detinen ſacrilegus fuerim; ſi quid deliquerim, hoc ſaltem ſi ſubitæ Orationis prodiga temeritas; ut ne paratus ad peccandum prodiiſſe videar.*

Oratio

Oratio habita cum unus è Prelectoribus, deficiente Termino, pensum (pro more) imponeret.

HOdiernus intravit (*Juvenes Academici*) tanquam Cato *Floralia*, *ut exiret tantum. Concedimus fateor, sed ut dissiliamus. Siquidem hoc est longum Vale moribundi Termini, qui nollet (ut Juridice loquuntur) intestatus mori. Sed singulis vestrum Legatum tribuit, & ejusdem aeris cohaeredes reddit. Pensum igitur vobis erit* Aristotelis *Liber primus de* [illegible] *Conscriptus. Et quidem vos scio unam vel alteram Authoris paginam posse transcribere; hoc autem à vobis non expeto. Neque est ut expectarem, ut* Heautontimorumenos & *misere, Absyrtos* [illegible] *Philosophos in Cruciatus denuò redigatis. Ruente Quercu vel quilibet Homuncio ligna colliget. Illius autem animosior est Spiritus, qui è triumphantis Philosophi Faucibus eripiat, & eorum aliquem sub Clientela sua patrocinetur. Obsoleta ista* Democriti, *vel etiam* Thaletis *opinio ingenio Vestro fiat Authentica. Neque tamen in istas angustias vos redigam. Universae Naturae Pandectas habeatis vobis usurarias. Modo etiam placuerit, (eruditi Juvenes) liceat vobis leviter perstringere, & excussa ista Philosophorum Placita risu exprimere. Quod si ita iis contigerit occumbere, habent quod Fatis imputent; Stuporem jactent, atque impotentiam suam in lucro possunt deputare; Si pereant manibus vestris, periisse juvabit.*

Oratio habita in Scholis publicis cum Patris officio fungeretur.

Quam equivocum ſit Patris nomen, quota & quam diſcolor officii ratio, ſi non aliunde, ab hac veſtra frequentia (Severiores viri & Lepidiſſima proles) poſſem dignoſcere? Si enim ad ſingula Auditorum ingenia quilibet Orator componendus ſit, ita ut cum Senibus tuſſiat, rideat cum pueris; quid ego hominis? Quale futurus ſum Monſtrum, gravitate & nucibus, Patre & puero interpunctum? Quod in diſpertita & expanſa Aquila fieri videmus unum corpus duplicem oſtentat faciem: eadem eſt noſtra ergo vos & filios bifrons conditio. Hos cum aſpicio, ſum ſenex Aquila pullos meos ad veſtrum jubar exploratura; ubi vos è contra, neſcio quomodo ipſe in pullum redeo, & ad inſtar Aquilæ juventutem renovo. Duæ igitur Dramatis perſonæ ſuſtinendæ ſunt; veſtrâ in ſcenâ acturus ſum Filium, in noſtrâ Patrem; alterum genuflexum, alterum ſtabo Elephantinam, & oſcillatione, quod aiunt, Ludam, Superam modo, modo inferam occupando partem; partim Senex, partim Puer, qualis Æthon *ille in Aheno Me*deæ *ſemicoctus. Et quæ quidem aptior via inveniri poterat, quam per ferulam ad faſces, per Filii ſcabellum ad culmen Patris aſſurgere? Serviendum ut imperes, Aulicorum methodus; à Vitulo ad Taurum* Milonis *progreſſus. Vobis igitur, Viri Graviſſimi, primitiæ noſtræ ſunt conſecrandæ, quod ſi nullo, vel, quod perinde eſt, tralatitio tantum honore proſequerer, non dico cauſam, quin filii mei improbitate erga me pari, injuriam veſtram ulciſcantur. Neque tamen interea noſcimus quali vos compellemus nomine, quorum Eruditio ſcribit Academiæ Maritos, obſequium malit Filios.*

Perplexus fuit & tortuoſus ille inceſti nodus, quem de Oedipo *ſuo fabulatur* Græcia; *major* Mæander *unuſquiſque veſtrûm, quorum eruditione cum Alma Mater gravida fiat, & quotannis parturiat; quorum præceptis & exemplari virtute; cum tenella pubes (quaſi binis uberibus) lactetur indies; non* Oedipus *majori cum ænigmate ſceleratus, quam quilibet veſtrum pius: Matris Maritus, Uxoris Filius, & Fratrum Pater. Neque hic ſe ſiſtit veſtra divinæ indoles, cujus vel pictura eſt ſatis prolifica; ſiquidem Alma Mater ubi concipiat, ſpeciem veſtram ob oculos ponit, veſtrum inſtar repræſentat animo, ut maſculum magis, magis exculcam ſobolem enitatur. Illi, illi eſtis, quibus ſi ante inventas literas contigiſſet vivere, Imagines veſtras ab Ægyptiis expreſſas, hodie pro Artibus & Scientiis legeremus. Non ego ſequax erroris illius qui nihil egregium ducit niſi quod vetuſtum, qui præſentia faſtidit tempora, & ex heſterno jure panem atrum vorat. Seneſcit, ſi Diis placit, Natura; Majoribus quidem noſtris dedit animarum jugera, nobis ſpithamas; Gigantes illi, nos Puſiones. Degeneres animæ & verè minores in hac opinione: Lucrifecit hæc ætas, non decoxit. Illi quidem Literarum Atavi, ſed quota eſt familia? cujus primus fuit illud quod dicere nolo, ſecundus illud quod nequeo: Humilis principii nobilis progreſſus. Habeant quod ſuum eſt Antiqui, ſed nè in ſolidum fiant Domini: ſuas ſibi laudes vendicent, ſed veſtras vobis nè præripiant; quorum ego meritis tantum confido, ut veterum ſicut canitiem veneror, ſic miſereor impotentiam. Ructarunt illi glandes, veſtrum eſt triticum: calceati eorum dentes, & victus aſper, veſtræ dapes & ingenii gula; quibus quod retro eſt ſeculum tantùm ſtravit menſam, erit à quadris futurum. Clari Convivæ, quibus obſonantur antiqui, miniſtrant poſteri. Sed quam effrons*

ego & devotati pudoris, qui dum veſtra molior Encomi
Orationem meam fœlicitatis tantæ commenſalem vi
dam! Liceat tamen peccare, Auditores, ut ignoſcatu
purpura elotis maculis eſt iterata murice; gloriabor d
culpâ à vobis remiſſâ magis quàm de innocentiâ. Juli
us Sabinus, *cum à Romano imperio defeciſſet, fuſ*
jam copiis & afflictis rebus in monumentum quoddam ſ
abdidiſſe dicitur, ubi cum Uxore tamdiu latuerit, u
plures filios ex ea ſuſceperit; tandem vero deprehenſu
& pro Tribunali poſitus, filios ſuos in medium ſiſten
ſic affatur Judicem: Parce, Parce, Cæſar; *hos i*
monumento genui, hoſce alui, ut tibi plures eſſemus ſup
plices. Veſtram fidem, Auditores, quicquamne uſpian
rotundius dictum? Conſulite quicquid eſt Rhetorum
O vanas ſpes tuas Cicero! *O fruſtra ſuſceptos labores!*
O inanes cogitationes! Tinnis, tinnis præ hoc Oratorum
maximo, qui ſi cum Uxore tua Rhetorica tam diu in
Muſæo concluſus eſſes, quam ille in Monumento, num
quam Orationem hujus parem genuiſſes. Gratias tibi
Sabine, *de excuſatione mea, qui cum neceſſe ſit ut de*
linquam, habeo tamen deprecandi formulam. Habe
filios quos oſtendam, hanc circumſtantem Rhetoricam
Magna, magna eſt Infantium Eloquentia, qui eò plu
exorant quò non loquuntur. Eorum illice tacendi Sua
dâ & ego in præſens utar; neque dubito quin plus favoris
demerear ſilentio, quam ulteriori tædio.

Actus primi Scena ſecunda.

R*Edeo jam alter* Soſia: *Redeo cum annorum ſarcinâ. O quam tacito pede tempus labitur, & obrepit non intellecta ſenectus! Non eſt, quam videtis barbæ deſperatio, ſed genarum calvities; non ſum implumis puer, ſed defloccatus ſenex. Prodite igitur in aciem, mei filii; non in aciem ingenii; nollem enim vos nimis ingenioſos in pueritiâ, ut Doctores ſitis in ſenectute. Prudens Natura dedit Infantulis rationis ſomnum, ut in ætatis veſpera lucubremur. Cum animæ nimis vigiles in prætexta, dormiunt, ut videtis, in purpura. Feſto die ſi quid prodigeris, pro feſto egere liceat, modo non peperceris; ſi Juvenes prodigatis cerebra, Senes capita eritis & nil præterea. Sed non eſt quod de vobis metuam; pari modo noſtra, qua Claudiana familia eſt intertexta, aut Regem, aut Fatuum naſci oportet; aut lepidos & facetos Juvenes, aut eorum Antipodas. Illos ita hilares & jocoſos, ut ex Jovis cerebro jurares natos, alios ita hebetes & tardos, ut vel ex patris delirio, vel ex noviſſimo decreto. Non magis differunt illæ primæ ſorores, Nox & Dies, quam hi Fratres. In hiſce radiorum pompa & adulta lux; in illis ſpiſſæ tenebræ vel, ſi quod Intellectûs lumen, qualis è ſquamis piſcium, aut putri ligno nocturnus ſplendor.* Hercules *&* Iphiclus *fratres fuerunt indole diſpares;* Herculi *fortitudo data eſt,* Iphiclo *pernicitas pedum, ac ſi illum* Alcmena *ad bellum, hunc ad fugam peperiſſet. Eſt & nobis multiplex* Hercules *qui duodecim terminos totidem laboribus menſuravit: unus forſan aut alter* Iphiclus, *qui pocula ſacra bibit & fugit; qui non aliàs ſe* Herculis *fratrem demonſtrat, quam quod trinoctium illud quod ad procreandum*

Herculem *continuavit* Jupiter *in Intellectu ſuo uſ conſervat. Nata eſt (quamvis novitia) de qua fabula; qui cum agnum inſidiis excepiſſet, & odo nare perſequeretur Paſtor, ubi nullus pateret effugii l cus, tuguriam intrat, agnum faſciis involutum in c nas componit, quas huc illuc ſubinde quaſſat, ut bal puero conciliaret ſomnum; ſic ſcrutantium examen e ſit, & aſtu non diſpari* Ulyſſem *vicit. Sunt & i noſtra prole aliqui, quorum cunas ſi penitius excuti illuc etiam reperire eſt illud ſimplicius animal, nihil p ter agninam pellem & innocentiam. Mortale ovu* Caſtoris, *immortale* Pollucis; *hic* Jovem *Deum i tatur, æternus, viridis, & mutationis expers; ill* Jovem *Cygnum; nec diu erit quin ſenior factus canitie ſimulabit plumas; alter filius* Jovis, *alter* Μεταμορφώσεως. *Quis tantum componet litem? Quis conciliabit inter ſeſe tam multiformis fœtus membra? De* Pollux Caſtori *immortalitatem mutuam, uterque vivi alternatim; dies nocti lucem accommodet, utrinque crepuſculum fiet; ſpargantur in omnibus merita, que in aliquibus fluunt miſta, & mea fide omnes idonei ad reſpondendum queſtioni. Hi tamen ſunt in quibus ſtabi hodierna hilaritas: cum enim penuria verborum ſi Mater Rhetoricæ, non video quin defectus ingenii ſi Pater Jocorum. Sed eſto quod non ſunt agiles & ad ingenium prompti; nonne ſtatutis magis morigeri? non ſunt ſtupidi, tantum obtemperant Authoritati. Centurio cum à Prælio abeſſet, & Africanus Victor cauſam quereret, reſpondit, ſe tuendis caſtris dediſſe operam, ne cæteris in acie detentis diripperentur; ſuboluit Du puſilanimis ratio. Non amo nimium diligentes. Etiam & filii mei hiſce lepidis Exercitiis intereſſent, niſi quod tuenda ſunt Caſtra, obſervanda Statuta, ne cæteris jocantibus violarentur. Euge mei filii! non fuit*

Militis ignavia, ſed Caſtrorum cura; non Torpor ingenii, ſed metus Statuti. Lex fuit antiqua in Tabulis Decemviralibus primum inventa, ad Juſtiniani *Codicem poſtea progreſſa, in Jure qua Canonico, qua Civili receptiſſima; & tandem ad hoc Municipale noſtrum delapſa. Siquis faxit plus quam poſſit damnus eſto. Lex imponit Caſtitatis fibulam; nonne damnandus Eunuchus ſi committat ſtuprum? Cavet ſtatutum ut frugi vivamus: nonne culpandus Mendicus ſi luxurietur? Pari modo plectendi ſunt mei filii, ſi ſint ingenioſi. Crudele Decretum quod mutis execuit linguas, cæcis extinxit oculos, filiis meis ingenio interdixit.*

Oratio Inauguralis, cum Prælectoris Rheto ci munus auſpicaretur.

QVanta & quàm divina ſit veſtra benefaciendi i
doles, quam pauperrima gratitudinis noſtræ tal
neſcio an diutinum meum ſilentium, an hodierna Or
tio luculentius fuerit teſtimonium. Imparem ſe fate
modeſta taciturnitas, & in tanto certamine mal
dere, quam infantibus Gratiis humanitatem veſtram b
butire in minimis, & quæ compenſare poſſum b
neficiis peccat ſilentium, quod in majoribus eſt relig
ſum. Sed frigidè agnoſcere tantundem ac tacere;
in hoc tamen ſcelere pietatem meam invenietis, qu
nim ſollicitis votis ambiunt alii, ut favori veſtro p
ribus numeris reſpondeant, ut munus & Gratia in
mœbeam quandam Eclogam coaleſcant: ſecus ego gr
tulor meam gratiarum ignaviam: quò enim magis inf
muneris veſtri magnitudinem ſubſido, eò infamia m
munus commendo. Gratiæ cum beneficio in bilance p
ta, & pro levitate ſuâ in ſublime actæ, ex proprio
dibrio gloriam addunt & pondus beneficio. Quod
elegantes magis velitis gratias, eſtote vos minus m
fici, Gratitudo eſt beneficii Echo, quæ ut ſingula v
poteſt repetere, ita longam ſententiam ne dimid
Monoſyllaba (ut ita dicam) beneficia facilè reve
ramus, cum grandioribus & veſtris ne unam aut a
ram ſyllabam rependimus: prodeo igitur in aciem
amore veſtro, ſed ut ſuccumbam ſtudeo. Conte
gratia cum beneficio, ſed ut ex iſtâ pugnâ major app
at veſtra victoria. Qui in Hoſtis poteſtatem ſe lib
offert, invidet hoſti honorem ſuum; plenior ex
quàm ex dedititio Triumphus; & major erit munif
tia voſtra Pæan ex Oratore victo, quam ex i

ſilen

ſilentiò. Quorſum autem ego in hæc ſubſellia aſcenderem, qui ita hereditarium à prioribus meis prælectoribus accepi ſilentium, ut neceſſe habuerim quaſi ex traduce, tacuiſſe? Erat enim, cum Lectores legere Pleonaſmus haberetur. Artis fuit apud illos diſſimulare artem; munus ſuſcipere, cum privilegio dormire; implere autem, (abſit omen!) officium, ad induſtriam prodere, de poſteris mereri malè. Crediderim ſanè ego illud fuiſſe muneris noſtri ingenium, ut, quod Papæ ſolent, illarum virtutum à quibus maximè diſtant eſſe cognomines; proinde Rhetores eligerentur illi, qui per integrum annum obmuteſcerent. Nec immeritò; tam raræ enim fuerunt, tam infrequentes prælectiones noſtræ, tam ſeculares denique, ut neſcio quî poſſim melius præfari, quàm illis præconis verbis; Venite ad Ludos quos nemo mortalium unquam vidit, nec viſurus eſt poſtea. Sed nova hoc anno exoritur Lectorum Religio, quî, aliter ac Lectores ſolent, ad Canones & Statuta revocamur. Stamus indies, loquimur quotidiè, & tam ancipiti pulmonum virtute, ut & Pulpita ad vigiliam, & Auditores ad ſomnum adigamus. Ad ſomnum? ad horrorem potius; tanto enim recentes hujus inuſitati prodigii percuſſi ſunt metu, ut verendum ſit nè ad Pædagogos ſcripſerint noviciam aliquam hæreſin ſuppullulaſſe, Babylonicam Meretricem *in Rhetoricis Lenociniis eſſe redivivam, & in liberalibus Scientiis ſepticollem* Beſtiam. *Ecquid amplius apud vos Papiſticum? imò & quod peſſimum eſt, noctu & interdiu horas Canonicas obſervare Procancellarium; quem non citius maximo cum honore nomino, quin eò deflectenda mihi videtur Oratio; cujus in laudes tam alacris eſt mea Rhetorica, ut ſi ſemel undarent lora, vereor quod habenas non audiret denuo. Quotus enim eſt patronus noſter? qui homines alioquin ſomnolentos, tanquam matutinus Sol,*

radiis ſuis ad laborem ſuſcitat; qui otiari in officio,
dormire in aprico pudendum ratus, non modo ipſe la
rat, ſed & noſtri laboris eſt Artifex: ita eandem
ipſe exercet diligentiam felici contagione nobis aff
Qui denique (& quod ego palmarium duco) modeſti
meam, nimis difficilem, in hodiernum veſtrî obſe
rapuit. Veſtrî intelligo, Senatus ampliſſime;
quicquid ego Prælectoris ſum, refero acceptum;
rum neſcio an me Rhetorem elegerunt Judicia,
Suffragia crearunt. Crearunt dico, & ſatis cu
daciâ repeto; tot enim & tam fœcunda voces in
congeſta, quem non Rhetorem feciſſent? Quod
fabulantur Poetæ ad Pandoræ Natalitia univerſum D
orum Chorum fuiſſe à Symbolis, idem in Rhetorica
& unanimi veſtro aſſenſu, quaſi Epimuthion
invenietis. Quare quos Eloquentia, ſi qua ſit mea,
noſcit compatres, non dubito quin uſque habi
ſuſceptores; ut eadem lubentiâ in aures veſtras
quâ facilitate pectorum profecta eſt. Non cauſ
poſterum imbecillitatem meam, qui onus dediſti
diſtis humeros; & ut abſint cætera, ſatis erit
ſub aquilâ veſtrâ militare. Refert Seneca *de*
& monogrammate (ut ita dicam) homunculo,
palæſtram auſus eſt deſcendere, quoniam pugiles
& ſtrenuos ſervos domi aleret. Si ſervi tantum
erint, ſi vicarii roboris confidentia infirmum herum
maſculare poſſit, quid Domini facient? Et ego in
literarium pulverem poſſum irruere, non Mercurio
ſed quoniam tam multos & tam facundos habeam D
minos. Non enim ad hoc officium deſignatus ſum à
tro aut à lævo vulture, non à ſitellâ aut ſortibus,
ab imperito vulgo, vel (quod idem eſt apud Per
hinniente equorum armento, ſed à Senatu veſtro,
cit (ut ſobriè audax poſſim dicere) ab

liter

literarum concilio. Quid enim non infr[illegible]erit eorum
dignitatem, quibus Artes omnes pro ſatellitio, & con-
jurata veniunt ad Clientelam Scientiæ? Impos hic ſui
Rhetorica, & laudes veſtras ne anhelâ quidem eloquen-
tiâ adæquare poteſt. Parcite, Auditores, ſi vos fre-
uens compellem; ita enim ſubduxi mecum rationem ad
gendum, ut ubi vos nominaverim, Troporum affatim,
bundè Figurarum. Quod igitur artis Memoriæ Pro-
feſſores ſolent per ea, quæ ſunt ſibi ante oculos poſita,
alia quæcunque memoranda ſignificare; idem Audito-
res meos edoctos velim, ut in vos ora & obtutus figant,
hunc Metonymiam, illum Hyperbolen, univerſam
multitudinem pro continuatâ figurarum Allegoriâ imagi-
ati, omnes colores, omnia Orationis lumina, integram
denique Rhetoricæ Supellectilem, per quandam oculorum
Metaphoram ad ſeſe transferant. Jamque, Auditores,
um eò deventum ſit, ut vos omnes in volumen quoddam
Rhetoricum compegerim, recipio in poſterum me lectu-
um: In præſens aliquid de Rhetoricâ dicendum cenſeo;
que enim tam fœlix Argumentum, quale vos reputo,
riùs reliquiſſem, quàm individuis præconiis vos & Rhe-
ricam ſemel ſimulque commendare. Ferunt Demoſt-
enem, optimum licet Rhetorem, non potuiſſe pronuncia-
nomen Rhetoricæ. Quæ Demoſthenis fuit impoten-
a, eſt Rhetoricæ modeſtia, quæ licet apud omnes lau-
atiſſima ſit & multi nominis, titulos tamen ſuos erubeſ-
t proloqui. Quid igitur ego quàm ut veterem illum
edele modum imitarer? lapides aliquos in os injiciam,
os niſi favor veſter, plus quam Chymicus in precioſos
rterit, indigni erunt qui in auribus veſtris tam diſer-
pendeant. Age igitur Rhetorica, explica virtutes
as, quæ Logicæ, Philoſophiæ cæteriſque tuis Sororibus
icem facundiæ hederam ſoles præfigere. Si tibi in eo-
m deeſſes officio, quid aliud quam foris ſaperes, domi

inſanires? [illegible]que hinc quàm optimè Rhetoricæ encom
um auſpicari poſſum, quòd nativa ſit ejus Pulchri
cum in cæteris nil niſi emptitium fucum deprehend
Scitum eſt illud Phrynes Thebanæ Commentum, qu
cum Convivio inter æquales adeſſet, & probè jam ſa
ratæ omnes ludis operam darent; Lex lata eſt, ut qu
quid facto præiret quævis, ſubſequerentur cæteræ. U
ad Phrynes vices deventum eſt, poſcit aquam, fa
lavat, quod cum cæteræ pro imperio Legis feciſſe
Phryne pulchrior, ut quæ ſordes eluerat, deforme
teræ, ut quæ fucum deterſerant, apparuere. Hæc ſ
ma redit denique, Autographa eſt Rhetoricæ venuſ
quæ in cæteris eſt tralatitia. Fictitii ſunt aliorum
tus, cum neſciat Rhetorica qualis ſit iſta nova Proſo
pœia. Cæteræ quidem Scientiæ Magnates ſunt D
næ; ſed tanquam Dominæ facies ſuas è Rhetoricæ P
ide mutuantur. Ut reliquas taceam; Quid Log
citra Rhetoricam? Contractus ille pugnus ad Col
magis accommodus, quam ad aures demulcendas;
verò in palpam Rhetoricæ extendatur, non opus eſt
dicam quantum potuerit, cum frater meus Logicus
emplo ſuo nuper oſtenderit. Quæ igitur alias A
laudibus ſuis deaurare ſolet, æquum eſt ut ſuis ſuperb
quæ (tanquam Daniſta) Elegantiam ſuam ſortis
uſurariam, iniquum eſſet ſi non ipſam ſortem cum
pliſſimo fœnore reciperet quanquam quidem Rhe
non tam facultates ſuas fœnori apponit, quàm, tan
Miſſilia, in Scientiarum plebem Regina diſſem
Hactenus quàm dives Rhetorica in alienis loculis,
videamus quàm opulenta ſit in ſuis. Quod ut fa
fieret, utinam Theſaurarius, ejus Cicero reviviſ
ret; qui ſi toties de Rhetorica ſua, quoties de Conſ
gloriatus eſſet, & æque indefeſſum argumentum
iſſet, & mitius ob ſuperbiam vapularet. Hic ille

ti

ticæ Helenæ *Rivalis*, *hic* Palladii *Græci* Ulyſſes; *hinc illa Philoſophi lacbryma Rhetoricam è* Græcia *tranſmiſſuram.* *Quod enim* Antonio Athenas *proficiſcenti* *Cives* Minervam *ſuam deſponſarunt; ideoque pro adulationis pœna* Talentum, *quaſi pro dote, coacti ſunt numerare: idem in* Cicerone *plenius ac vellent eveniſſe conſtat; qui ubi Athenis ſtuduit Rhetoricam, præſidem Civitatis Deam, Uxorem duxit; & ubi à Pyræo ſolveret, omnem ejus dotalem ornatum ſecum in* Italiam *tranſmiſit. Euge redux* Cicero. *Salvete in* Tuſculum Athenæ. *Opima magis ſpolia quam terna illa Jovi Feretrio conſecrata. O qualis fuit* Ciceronis *copia! Qualis ejus dicendi* Tyberis! *imo* Romanus Nilus! *Quantum enim ejus Eloquentia excrevit, vel deferbuit, tantum fœcunda vel ſterilis, fœlix vel miſera extitit* Italia. *Quot ille Coronas ob Cives, quot ob Provincias defendendas meruit? qui cum duos parricidio liberaret* Roſcium & Popilium, *ob unum in æternum debuit vivere, teſte omnium optima Oratione: ob alterum mori, idque* Popilii *manu, in ejus cæde parricidium confeſſi. Hic tamen* Cicero *Facundiæ Sponſus; hic (pace* Bruti *dixerim) Romanorum Rex; hic, pluſquam* Cæſar, *perpetuus Dictator, ut divinum Rhetoricæ numen ſacro quondam horrore agnoſceret, in Orationum primordiis ſingultiit, ut ludit* Comicus, *victitavit Sorbillo. Vetus obtinuit Superſtitio, ut ubi Luna pateretur Eclipſin, armorum ſtrepitus, vel quilibet alius clangor parturienti (ſic enim credebant) Numini obſtetricari poſſit. Ubi laborat Reſpublica, ubi deliquium paſſura eſt Patria, intercedit Rhetorica ut Lu*cina Juno, *& ſuaviſſimo tonitru tumorem ſedat. Tumultuatur Plebs, ſecedit in* Janiculum. *Ecquis prodit* Jupiter *Stator? Ecce Rhetor* Agrippa, *qui Fabula cujuſdam de ventre & membris tintinnabulo fugi-*

tivum apum examen ad præſepe redegit. Tantum A
ſiois valet habitus oris. Senecam *dum audiret* Ne
quis æquavit ejus quinquennium? Ita facundus ſene
ſidiatur Tyranno, *& animum ejus ad vitia procli*
furtivâ Rhetoricâ in virtutem prodit, ſanctiſſimè re
Majeſtatis. Neque enim Reges aut Imperatores R
toricæ jugum ſubterfugiunt. Tonat Rhetorica? ſtati
ſub lecto cubat Teſtudo Caligula. *Fulgurat Rheto*
ca? incaſſum lauro circundatur Tiberius, *nec in iſ*
circulo ſecurus. Duplex enim eſt Rhetoricæ Geni
bonus, qui innocentes præmiis afficit, & malus, qui ſ
leratos exagitat; tam ſubtilis tamen eſt ejus Suada
hujus terror, ut tanquam fulmen terebrans, ſalvis co
porum vaginis ipſas animas liquefaciat. Quid ego
his Craſſos, Curios, Lœlios *proponam? quorum*
luſtrium Rhetorum tam numeroſa ſunt apud Hiſtori
Exempla; quam apud nos nulla: nam ſiqua ſit exil
& ſtrigoſa Oratio, ſine ſanguine, ſine anima; ſente
tiis ad tertium lapidem porrectis, hæc (ſi placet) e
Ciceroniana. *Pudendum nominis Sacrilegium! & c*
jus in vindictam miror facundos manes non reſurge
novas ſcripturos Phillppicas. *Sed ecce alius* Cicero
nis *inſons! qui perſpicuum & ſimplicem peroſus ſtyl*
implicitè loquitur & in ænigmate, ac ſi Perſii *Carm*
in Proſam Orationem per modum Anagrammatis reſ
veret: anxia ineptiæ! Et quæ neminem Oratorem p
ter Sphingem *Monſtrum, neminem Auditorem præ*
Oedipum *admittunt.* Tertius *prodit uterque neuter,*
qui ambabus ſellis ſedet, qui omnia dicendi genera
ritur; cujus Oratio tanquam multiformis Luna *ſecun*
dùm varias mutat Quartas; modo gibboſa, modo falc
ta, plena, ſemi-plena, ac ſi Rhetorica Metempſycho
quandam inſtituerit, per omnes ſtylos pervagata. Ubi ve
rim Muſarum Caſtitas? Adulter eſt ille Stylus, qui

habet cum pluribus, & maxima Oratoris laus eſt æquum & integritas. Sed proh ſtupor! Egone ut Rhetoricæ encomia moliar, & Oratorem noſtrum publicum cui omnes aſſurgunt, prætermittam? cujus nomen cum Demoſthene triplicare, eſt Rhetoricam ex omni parte definire. Peregrinatur in aliis Rhetorica, hîc Incola eſt, non Hoſpes unde non magis illam avellas quàm Solem è Cœlo, Juſtitiam à Fabricio. Ille decus ſuæ & dolor noſtræ Gentis, qui cum Orator ſit & Græcus Profeſſor, pari jure quo Cæſar, Conſules, nominari poteſt Academiæ Oratores. Ille enim verus Orator qui Ambidexter, in quo bina linguæ unum eloquentiæ trahunt jugum. Refert Seneca de quodam, qui cum bis declamaſſet in eodem die, Græcè, & Latinè, & ſciſcitaretur quidam (ut curioſum ſumus Literarum genus) quomodo peroraſſet, reſponſum tulit, bené & κακῶς, benè Latinè, perperam Græcè. Dictum non magis lepidum & rotundum quam hodiéque verum; quàm multi enim ſunt Literati Ἀγράμματοι; Quot Eloquentes Νήπιοι; Plures Cicerones (pauci licet) quàm Demoſthenes. Incipiat ſanè Rhetorica à Latinis, ſed adoleſcat in Græcis. Græcia à Latio mutuetur Calendas, ſed Nonas, ſed Idus apponat ſuas: qui enim in ſolis Latinis eſt exercitatus, eſt Polyphemus monoculus, pene dixerim οὔτις Rhetoricus. Poſſem, Auditores, ad Cathedram aſcendere, & ibi etiam quomodo Rhetorica pro Tribunali ſedeat, demonſtrare; ſed pinge duos angues, ſacer eſt locus: vel ſi fas eſſet laudes ejus attingere, attingere tamen eſt Religio: ita enim in illo divino Profeſſore conturbavit prodiga Rhetorica, ut nè unciam habeat unde cum poſteris pro labore & vigiliis ſuis decernat. Huc uſque eminus quaſi verba feci; tempus eſt ut cum auditoribus meis cominus agerem: Moris enim eſt librum nominare, & ſic pro hoc anno

ſatisfeciſſe. Sed illud quicquid eſt numeris reliqu
in Termini proximè ineuntis exordium differam;
bi tamen ſpero Auditores meos non aſſuetores; nam
nullo alio modo vos deterrere poſſum, legam Arab
O invidendam Prælectoris ſolitudinem! cujus in In
ſidio, cœleſtem admodum, univerſa ſpecies Arab
quantum ad nos ſpectat, conſervatur. Quod ſi
ingratius Auditores adſint, & Ego contra me ſi
Rhetorem, uterque agemus quod noſtrum eſt, uſque
bis grati erimus. Rhetoricæ & honori veſtro
incumbemus: ita enim commodum noſtrum & obſerv
tia veſtri mutuo nexu alligantur, ut quo quiſque er
magis Rhetores, eo Munificentiæ veſtræ magis memor

Oratio

Oratio habita in Scholis Theologicis, cum Moderatoris partes ageret.

QUæ cum ità ſint, Auditores, liceat tandem perorare, Piladi dabo ut hodie inſaniam, & non ſinitus Oreſtes. Quod Reges ſolent, ubi ſatietas illos mundi ceperit, Cœnobium intrare ut ſeipſos dediſcant; perinde de noſtro ingreſſu in haſce Scholas judicate. Pœnitet noſtræ nugacis facundiæ, & in ſeveriori hujus loci genio remedium quæro. Nec tamen ſum ex illorum numero qui ſapiunt in gratiis, qui gravitatem complectuntur, ut continentiam Senes, qui cum ulterius peccare nequeunt, reſipiſcunt. Spadonum eſt hæc virtus; ingenia caſta, quoniam non maſcula; ac ſi Statuta noſtra, ſicut Turcarum Mulieres, non alios agnoſcerent Cuſtodes præter Eunuchos. Pudet hæc opprobria nobis dici. Sunt qui ingenio ingenium debellant, qui ex ferreis Stymphalidum pennis deſumunt ſpicula, quibus ipſas aves, vivas illas pharetras, interficiunt. Hujuſmodi cum audiam Tripodum Oracula, & ambiguos Vates, exemplo præeuntes ingenium, quod Orationibus inſectantur. Video Catonem ſui ipſius lacerantem viſcera; Video Demoſthenem proprio Calamo pereuntem. Ad quid autem, dicit aliquis, hiſpida hæc rerum facies? Ergóne defluet comptior Eloquentia, ut barbæ ſquallor dominetur? Abſit omen! Regnet quidem Gravitas, ſed citra ſtraiatam frontem & Vultûs Tyrannidem, nè ſit inſtar Sileni Alcibiadis, ita intùs Numen ut extùs appareat Demogorgon. Qui in Oratore odit fœminæ mollitiem, faſtidit magis agreſtes villos; qui denudat aures Rhetoricis cincinnis, extirpat radicitus genarum ſentes: Neque enim illi accedo, qui conſultus de optimo Rhetore, reſpondit, Statuta Academiæ. Liber noſter

non ſtat in catenis reus eloquentis criminis, ſed tanq
Tyrius Apollo *ideo conſtringitur, nè ſuam tran*
ſervitutem mutaret Dominum. Facilis à libro ad Reſpon
dentem tranſitio, quos cum ambos ſimul cogitem, neſ
cio an gemellos rectè nominarem. Gemelli; corpo
reſpicias ſunt unius Divortium, ſi animas unio du
quaſi vulnus à Natura factum amore mutuo erat c
rum. O quam ſtudet illam Naturæ Diæreſin reſar
qui cum libro non indulſerit Naſum; prohibere ta
nequit quin typis mandetur! ea enim eſt ejus cum li
ris communio, ut literato ejus cumulo vel hunc ſc
libram addere, erant qui ſuperfluum credidere. V
tis omnia? tam eruditus eſt noſter Reſpondens, ut m
reor ne tanquam Cataphractus *miles, onuſtus pot*
quàm munitus literis videatur. Sed incaſſum ego m
lior; ſurge tui ipſius Encomium; ego enim (tanq
pictum velum, aut expanſum carbaſum) ſpectacu
polliceor; tuum eſt, Scaligeri *verba, monſtrum pe*
fectionis oſtendere.

Oratio prior habita in Scholis Juridicialibus, Domino Doctore *Littleton* Reſpondente.

U*Nicum noſtrum & captivum librum cum eodem obtutu quo numeroſa tua conſpiciam volumina, neſcio quin diſparis noſtræ conditionis luculenta* Icon *videatur. Ade quod ſpectat Eruditionis noſtræ modulum ſatis unus, ſatis nullus liber repræſentat; cum tua grandiora merita vix integra complecti poſſit Bibliotheca. Ad quid autem librorum tantum; ubi magis eſt literarum? Veteris picturæ fuit opprobrium quod hic Canis, fuit adſcriptum, cum viva effigies (tanquam præco domeſticus) ſeipſam interpretetur. Credimus te literatum, non propter Authoram, ſed propter tuiipſius teſtimonium. Optimus Nomenclator imaginis eſt loquax artificium. Propria virtus, non farrago librorum te honeſtabit, & unicus tuus Orator erit Reſpondens. O quam ſuperbit Alma Mater, quæ frequentem nuper enixa ſobolem in te uno duplicavit numerum! Refert de patre quodam Hiſtoria, qui inter filios diviſurus bona, primo tantum tribuit, &* Lucium *cohæredem facit; tantum ſecundo, &* Lucium *addit; tertio tantum, & uſque* Lucium *fortunæ ſuæ rivalem: cumque in qualibet cerâ ſcripſiſſet* Lucium, *hoc addit Elogium,* Lucius *& Fratres ſunt Gemini. Quid aliud Gemini quàm Naturæ æquilibrium? quæ cum unum fratrem reliquos Triumviratûs regulâ, adæquare faciat, Quotum te creavit virtus? Multiplex es in tuis Fratribus, & quaſcunque laudes illi meruerunt, tu naſceris particeps. Certè ſi te unum tantum pepererit Academia, multos ſimul pariat neceſſe, ut duos dicatur peperiſſe. Neque tamen de Fratrum copia deſperandum eſt; ſi enim parturienti Academiæ, ut laboranti Lunæ, ſtrepitu & ſono obſtetricandum ſit,*

nullum facilius quam Juridicorum erit puerperi
Crederem equidem vel in ipſo utero litigare velle,
rius naſcerentur. Hinc eſt quod tam univerſa pro
Cadmi *ſeges, ut malè metuo ne vix ſatis ſit litium*
omnes alendos. Quod ſi bono fato contigerit,
ariſtæ ſe metent invicem & (piſcium ad inſtar
prædæ deficit, vorabunt mutuò. Liceat mihi, The
dos *Magnates, Cauſidicorum vulgus paulum perſtring*
re, ut veſtra magis internoſcantur merita; cumque
lias modeſtia veſtra non patiatur, in ænigmate ſal
adulari liceat. Subdola furinum ſcientia hanc inter
quas excogitavit fallaciam. Fures duo à jurgiis
cati pugnam ſimulant, capita pro mutuâ Colophon
bidine probè demulcent, quod cum confertus hinc
populus ſpectatum prodeat, uſque præliantur bellicoſi
cupes, dum à Collegis ſuis turbæ commixtis, ſingu
rum marſupia pertunduntur. Non in veſtram
dignitatem, ſi nubat hæc Similitudo. Sunt & in veſ
gente Caupomantes belli, qui ita diſputant, ut quæſ
nem in alienis loculis inveniant, & (quod peſſimum
in illis exercitiis nullum agnoſcunt Moderatorem. In
diones ſunt qui ob mercedem pugnant, veſtra Diſpu
ſola retinet liberalitatem ſcientiæ. Sed Infans encom
um addendo detrahit; laudare quod ſatis nequis eſt ſa
crilegium admittere. Age igitur, Doctiſſime Vir,
Diſputatio veſtra quæ præcidit mihi Orationis prog
ſum, ſuo indicio, & veſtris radiis magis eniteat.

Oratio

Oratio poſterior, eodem Reſpondente.

DE Gallis *dicitur quod primus pluſquam virorum impetus, ſecundus minor ſit quam fœminarum. Digni profectò qui ab Uxoribus ſuis vapularent milites, cum (tanquam meticuloſi lepores) fortitudinis ſuæ ſexum mutent. Non tu hujuſmodi* Tyreſias Gallicus, *ut virilis anima ſit degener in fœminam, & noviſſimæ hebdomadæ fortis Diſputatio ſubſidat hodiè in ſequiorem. Eccum vobis, Auditores optimi, eundem Reſpondentem! virtutem parem! noſter* Hercules *non Ancillam induit, nec nobilis ille clavæ terror ad humile miniſterium Coli emaſculatur.* Ceſtius *Rhetor ita ſibi & Eloquentiæ ſuæ ſupervixit, ut diſcipulus ejus per cineres perorantis* Ceſtii *juraret. Quotuſquiſque eſt qui ſuum ipſius ſtat Monumentum, cujus vigor igneus in flebile frigeſcit marmor, idem Eruditionis Cadaver & Sepulchrum? Secus tua divina virtus, quæ æmulos prius ſuperare contenta, nunc audaci conatu ſeipſam molitur; quæ cùm alios ita nuper vinceret, nunc ipſam Victoriam captivam ducet. Hoc habet quilibet generoſus animus, ut ne Solſtitium patiatur, tantum abeſt ut agnoſcat Tropicum. Præſtat æternùm fuiſſe claudum, quam tandem retrogradum. Malo Mulier eſſe quam Eunuchus. Malo naſci quam fieri ignavus. Priſtinæ igitur virtutis memor iterum deſcendis in pulverem, & priori gloriâ, tanquam optimo tubicine, redaccenſus inſtauras prælium. Proinde à Majoribus noſtris cautum eſt, ut duos actus præſtarent Juridici; abſque enim vobis & veſtris litibus dualis numerus non eſſet inventus. Hinc eſt quod ſemel tantum reſpondeat Theologus, ut quos veſtra jurgia duos effecerint, ejus Pietas reduces faciat ad unitatem. Si Theologia & Medicina cum Juriſprudentia*

dentiâ de forma concertarent, tam turbida eſt Facu
veſtra, ut me Paride, veſtrum eſſet Pomum Diſcor
Sterileſcit hoc anno Medicina, ut quæ ſatis novit q
ingruente bello, citra Medicorum opem mori poſſu
Deficit Medicina, redundat Facultas veſtra,
mirum tamen quod binos alat ubere fœtus, cum ad
veſtra mulctram nos humanum pecus toties venia
Gens Amazonum alteram mammam ſolet exurere,
ad prœliandum magis ſit accommoda; ambas habet
riſprudentia, & tamen plus quam Amazon eſt belli
Qui ſolet omnia duplicare Bacchus *à Poetis fingitur*
natus; duplex actus te peperit geminum. Ecce
Jovis *& Patris miſtura dulcis, qui diſputationis f*
mine te primum genuit, in amoris femur nunc recon
Epaminondas *moriturus, cum ejus orbitatem de*
quidam, nihil de tam egregiâ ſtirpe reliquum fu
Leuctram *&* Mantinæam, *duas pulcherrimas filias*
reliquiſſe dixit. Quid aliud tua diſputatio gen
quam Leuctra *&* Mantinæa*? pulchræ quidem fil*
quas ita deſponſatas ſibi velit poſteritas æmula,
in futurum ſeculum erit doctus, erit Gener tuus.
igitur, & fortiter, cavendum enim eſt ab Achillis *f*
to qui uſque fuiſti invulnerabilis, in Diſputationis
occidaris.

Oratio

Oratio itidem habita in Scholis Juridicialibus, cum Moderatoris partes ageret.

CUm vos intuear, Jurisperitûm Par, ſimulque re-
ductis introrſum oculis imperitiam meam, Areo-
pagûm eſſe in hiſce Scholis duplex argumentum invenio,
eſtram in agendo ſolertiam; & noſtras Judicandi te-
ebras. Fabula de Capro inter duos Arietes cui ſit
rbitro, & ab hinc illinc procurrentibus utrinque con-
ſo; fabula inquam hæc utinam eſſet fabula, nec in
Moderatore veſtro hodiernum nacta Exemplum. Sa-
urni ætas fœlix magis, quod innocens; nec miſera,
uod nullis Legibus inſtructa; digna tamen quæſtio.
ratulor quidem ego primævo ſceleri, qui primus deli-
uit, primus Solon & Lycurgus fuit; ſed cenſoria
d modum vitæ damno Jura peperit, & tanquam Au-
graphus Draco, ſuo ſanguine Leges ſcripſit. Nec
rvile peccandi Inventio, quæ Leges introducit, cujus
i primus Author extitit; tanto beneficio [illegible] ſce-
, ut facinus infra gloriam fuiſſe videatur. Nec
eſtra unius populi, ſed Gentium ſuperbia eſt Juriſpru-
entia; cujus in clientela Nationes omnes & Provinciæ
rent, & de Juris Civilis ac de Solis communione uni-
rſa participant. Inſulas, Urbes & ſingula Geo-
aphiæ fruſta Jus Municipale occupat, cum Civile
iverſum Orbem complectatur, & Regiones, ut ut
ſitas, ſuâ tamen ſub ditione fœderatas, vel invitâ
aturâ, jubet coaleſcere. Britannos ipſos, quos cum
ero Orbe in bilance quadam Natura poſuit, Jus Ci-
le (tanquam Iſthmus quidam) conciliat, & ju-
li quadam ſocietate connectit. Neque magis Orbem
s veſtrum colligit, quam illud alteram dividit & ar-
ulatim comminuit. Eſt (quam vellem dixiſſe fuis!)

leguleiorum genus, quos artem neſcias an pulmones profeſſos; qui ambiguitate vocis abuſi, Forum in Emporium mutant, ubi quid vendant ſat ſuperque norint, qui tanti emunt pœnitere. Quid turbæ eſt apud Forum? Quid illic homines litigant; qui ita clangant, ac ſi cum Progenie ſua Capitolium defenderent? Advertas mod & audias Dæmonis Caprum a Cauſidico quodam pe clamore quo olim ſurreptum; multum latrante Lycisca repetitum. Sed quid ego illos perſtringo, quos veſtr colitus delapſæ ſcientiæ ipſâ comparatione ſatis argui ſatis per ſeipſam ſplendes veſtra purpura, ut ne alien rubere indigeat. Quod meum igitur eſt, Judex eligo, (ſimilis, & qualis? qui cauſam neſcio. Ais Aio; Negas? Nego; tam dubia eſt noſtra Moderatrix Trutina, ut ne pulviſculum habeat Doctrina qu vel hunc, vel illam prægravabit ſententiam. Areogium Themidos Supreme, Flamen, tuque iſtius Myſta; & quidam vos tanto ſtetis Numini, ego (tanquam Cereris Arcano) hæc excipiam ſilentio; non enim alio conſilio huc aſcendi, quam quo Philippi pa in Argumentis veſtris, ſi prolixiora, mortalitatis ſu admonerem.

Ad Archiepiscopum Cantuariensem

QUos ad Aram veſtram impulit prius Hoſtium malitia, eò Numinis bonitas allexit denuò. Supplices qui primùm acceſſimus, grati jam redimus; & ubi Aſylum habuimus, eò Sacrificium reportamus. Sed quantum titulo noſtro diffidimus, ubi te Jovem Statorem cogitamus? Beneficium quidem veſtrum ſerio gratulamur, ſed & dolemus pariter; cujus magnitudo gratias in tantum provocat, ut nos ad ingratos neceſſe damnet; enimverò nos indignos qui ſimus grati. Edvardus & Elizabetha Virgines Reges conjunguntur in gratiis; quorum munera fuimus ex traduce Caſtitatem non conſervaſſent, niſi quod Patrocinio veſtro à Sacrilego rapta vindicentur. O quàm fidelis erit ille erga Regem ſuum, cujus pertinax Pietas cineres Regios demeretur! Quàm avida interim humanitas veſtra, quæ non niſi tribus ſeculis contenta! quæ retro ævum intuetur, ut in futurum proſpiciat; quæ ad Proavos noſtros ideo recurrit, ut majori cum impetu ad Nepotes proſiliat. Ut Gratitudo igitur noſtra coætanea ſit beneficiis veſtris, qui tres ætates beas, tertium hominum ætatem vivas. Gratulamur igitur Patronum noſtrum, quem dum gratulamur fuiſſe, uſque gratulamur fore: quicquid enim gratiarum hodierni Clientes non abſolvimus, poſteris adimplendum relinquemus,

Dominationi veſtræ

maximè obnoxii

22. *Febr.*
1637.

Magiſter & Socii

Coll. *D. J.*

Ad Epiſcopum *Lincolnienſem.*

Reverende Præſul;

9

Literas veſtras ad Doctorem datas, & ad nos tanquam heredes ſecunda cera delatas, ut amoris veſtri clementiam gratulamur! Conſulta ſiquidem Amplitudinis tuæ refringis radios, priuſquam ad imbellem noſtram aciem pervenirent. Solem in unda ſpectamus faciles, quem in orbe ſuo non ſine lippitudine ſuſtinemus. Quæ fuit ſcribendi; utinam eadem eſſet reſponſi methodus, ut excuſatione ad alium traduce peteremus veniam, & vicario rubore delictum noſtrum fateremur. Quanquam ſi penitius cauſam excutias, peccamus magis quod deprecamur, & majori obſequio rebelles fuimus, quam morigeri eſſemus. Quid enim aliud eſt peregrinum aſciſcere, quam ſanguinem veſtrum exhæredem facere. Collegium mater abdicat ſuos, ſi adoptet alienos. Si Tros Tyriuſq; *nullo diſcrimine,* Tyrius, *vel in propriis penatibus erit inquilinus. Ergóne degener tandem veſtra familia, & deſiderat indigenas honoribus pares. Erubeſcendum opprobrium! & dignum quod tantus* Mecœnas *experiundo refutares. Habet igitur quod imputet Collegium, non quod defendat; ſi enim in hoc peccet, quod ſobolem ſuam habeat chariſſimam, juſſu naturæ peccat, veſtris peccat ſub auſpiciis! pertinaciori enim amplexu fovet filios, quia fratres tuos: Fratres dicimus, & ſatis cum ſuperbia repetimus, ita enim cura veſtra profitetur Patrem, amor Fratrem; ut non Oe*dipus *majori cum ænigmate ſceleratus fuerit, quam tu pius Matris Maritus, & Fratrum Pater. Veneramus igitur Patris & Fratris mixturam dulcem. Solvimus* *quas debemus gratias, & magis debemus ſolutas. Eſt beneficii Mantiſſa gratias admittere, præſertim noſtras quales receptas in damno potes deputare,*

Quos Paternitas veſtra

habet mancupi

Dat è Coll. D. Joan.
16. *die* Aprilis,
1641.

Magiſter & Seniores

Coll. *D. Joan.*

Ad

Ad Episcopum Lincolniensem tunc temporis è carcere laxatum.

CUjus laborantes fortunas pari animorum deliquio diu expreſſimus, ne graveris ſi ejus redivivo jubare experrecti triumphemus: hodie enim eſt quod vivimus poſtliminio, & in vindiciis honoris veſtri, quotquot ſumus, Virbii. Siquidem in mœrore veſtro, quid aliud fuit vita noſtra quam nocturna lucubratio, & occidenti tuo ſupereſſe quam in gratiis Naturæ vivere? Sed ſalva res eſt. Reddidit diem redux Phoſphorus; & poſt tanta cum Aſtris jurgia, Collegium Mater jam tandem fatetur Cœlos. Incaſſum Tubas fatigarunt Veteres, ut Eclipſin redimerent. Alma mater ſuſpiriis ſuis magis honoris prorogavit veſtram; ſcilicet hic fuit fœlicitatis veſtræ ſomnus, qui tantum abeſt, ut illam extingueret, ut reficiat potius & alacriorem reddat. Eccum tibi majorem mundum tuum ad exemplar compoſitum; vel (ſi mavis dictum) luce & tenebris diſtinctum! Sol ſi perpetuus ſplenderet, nec Aram, nec Myſtam haberet Perſicam. Enimvero caligantes oculi noſtri pacti ſunt inducias cum fulgore veſtro, quibus finitis ad priſtinum redit ſeipſum. Aſpicias quæſumus Clientum nomina, & agnoſcas tot radios à luminoſo tuo corpore diffuſos; nihil enim de noſtro habemus. Percurras ſingulos, & videas teipſum exiliorem ſemper ad modum, ſed modo plenius, modo anguſtius, pro variâ ſpeculorum indole repercuſſum; atque hinc eſt quod Imaginem veſtram, tanquam Collegii Palladium, inter Archiva recondimus; ut mater enixa ſobolem ad picturam ſiſtat, vultus comparet, & ita umbrâ veſtrâ, pluſquam ſplendore Phœbi, diſtinguat pullos. Gratulatur igitur vel noſtro nomine novas haſce honorum induvias;

duvias: Vivas in poſterum fortunâ major. Ingens veſter animus, tanquam illud æternum jecur, indignetur vulturem, quo magis conſumitur, augeatur magis, & inter ipſos invidiæ molares creſcat virtus. Ita vovemus,

Paternitati veſtræ quam

maximè obnoxii

5. Decemb.
1640.

Mag. & Socii

Coll. *D. J.*

Ad eundem jam factum Archiepiſcopu
Eboracenſem.

USque *& uſque quod gratulamur ſi moleſti ſimu,*
utinam indies creſceret peccandi materia. Pie-
tas officii non metuit Cramben, ſed veſtri honoris am
la indignatur Non ultra. Quin placeat igitur noſtri,
in literis fortunas tuas ruminare, & prolixioris calam
gutture (quod Philoxenus *gruino voluit) repetere da-*
pum voluptatem. Neque retrò tantum gaudemus, pre-
ſamus ſinciput, & in futurum gratulamur: provid
factum & tempeſtivè; eò enim perrexit virtus veſtra,
ut ſi paululum promoveat, humanos limites ſupergreſſ
eris ineffabilis. At luxat nobis animos divinus horror,
cum ſacra facturis eminus, & ſplendor veſter & ſubli-
mitas obverſentur. Nictat Religio quæ veneratur So-
lem, & tremore Luminum fatetur Deum. Eadem e
noſtra oculorum Conſcientia, qui radios veſtros non ſi
viſûs crepuſculo ſuſtinemus. Nec minus ſublimitate
veſtram luimus; ſiquidem ſacrificantium Zelus, tan-
quam flamma Sacrificii, quò magis aſcendit, eò magi
trepidat. Sed *Optimus emollis Maximum. Clementi*
veſtra diſputat cum Amplitudine, & hac amiciſſim
lite, (quaſi totius Naturæ puerperium) officium noſtru
eſt oriundum. Ignoſcimus Fatis immodeſtiam ſuam,
quicquid adverſi contingit, ut favoris inſidias imputamu.
Scilicet recurrere videbantur fortunæ veſtræ, ut forti
proſilirent. Comprobavit exitus ingenium commenti.
Militans Eccleſia jam triumphat in promulſide; &
fluctuans, ut olim Arca, tandem in montibus requieſcit.
Non amplius Collegium Mater Canos lacerat, nec faci
ſuâ computat miſerias. Muſæ, quibus vivere fuit Hy-
perbole, nunc audent vigere; quippe Altitudo veſtr

(u

(*ut* Niliaca Ægypti) *fertilisatem Literarum ominantur. Enimvero cum Aſtra ſint fœlicitatis noſtræ condi-promi; quid eſt quod à Superis non expectemus, Patrono noſtro in hac Syderum vicinia collocato? Orandus igitur es, Archi-Præſul Digniſſime, ut ambitionem noſtram ſerò ſiſteres, ut honores veſtros ſubinde catenares, & cum ſupremum fortunæ gradum conſcenderis, nec dum terminetur Climax veſtra, Cœlum ſupereſt.*

Dominationi veſtræ

Decemb. 12.
1641.

Devotiſſimi Mag. & Socii

Coll. *D. J.*

Epiſtola

Epiſtola Gratulatoria ad Epiſcopum *Dun menſem*, qui in Bibliothecam *Johannenſ* ſæpius fuit Beneficus.

Reverende Præſul;

Q*uamvis ea ſic Liberalitatis veſtræ divina indol ut prodeſſe malis quam agnoſci, ea noſtra Tal nis paupertas, quæ nec illam debita gratitudine meti valeat, nolumus tamen donis laceſſiti alternas deſerer, ſed Amœbæo gratiarum obſequio humanitati veſtræ ſu cinere. Erubeſcimus quidem hunc imparem congreſſu, ubi tam frequentia volumina unico gratulatorio Indic colligimus; & quæ Bibliotheca vix capit, exigu Epiſtolii pellibus arctare cogimur. Quotus enim e* Mecœnas *noſter? Quam atavis erga nos beneficiis editus? qui ita annuus in teipſum redis, ita* ἐνιαυτ *beneficia repetis, ac ſi noviſſima quæque munera recentiori fulgore caſtigares. Quotuplicem igitur veneramu eundem Patronum? qui ut cæteris omnibus præripuit æmulationis ſecundas, ita nec ſibi ipſi concedit primas; ſed variatis ſubinde amoris indictis ſeipſum vicit; ne diu erit quin ipſam victoriam captivam ducet. Eſuriens modo Theca noſtra ita benignitate veſtrâ extendi fauces, ut ſi qua hujuſmodi ſatius poſſet capi, à crapulâ proprior quàm à fame abeſſet. Solvimus igitur qua debemus gratias, & uſque debemus ſolutas, dapibu tuis* Helluones *accedimus; Libris & Honori veſtro pariter incumbimus; ita enim commodum noſtru & obſervantia veſtri mutuo nexu alligantur, ut qu* *que doctiores erimus, eo Munificentiæ veſtræ magis tores.*

Dominationi veſtræ quam

maxime devinctiſſimi

Mag. & Socii Seniores

Coll. D. J.

Ad

Ad eundem Epiſcopum *Dunelmenſem.*

Reverende Præſul, Mecoenas unice;

TAm frequentia ſunt erga nos beneficia veſtra, t
perpetuis Choreis in orbem acta, ut ducat illa g
titudo noſtra, nec anhela tamen Liberalitati tam
pondere poſſit. Litera enim noſtra quid aliud ſunt q
humanitatis veſtra Echo? ita dimidiata loquuntur
ce, nec niſi ultimas ejus ſyllabas poſſunt repetere. Q
ſum autem meditamur gratias, quas ne impune uſ
egimus, quin nova ſubinde in vindictam ſurgit M
ficentia. Nolumus tamen, nolumus inulti cedere,
que rebelles in obſequio erimus, & quo unico tam
nam indolem ulciſci poſſumus, munera veſtra ag
mus. Deſponſaſti tibi Bibliothecam noſtram (ut R
manis *uſus*) *per coemptionem, qua ſingulas libr*
frontes mariti nomine inſcripta, tanquam victuro g
Poſteritati commendatur. Unum autem præ o
Amplitudini veſtra debemus librum, illum volumus
morem Patronorum indicem, qui ſcriptus & in te
nec dum finitus, nomen tuum, ut utramque ejus p
nam ſummâ cum lubentiâ recordatur.

Paternitati veſtræ devotiſſimi

Magiſter & Socii

Coll: *D.*

mino *Edvardo Littleton*, Sigilli Cuſtodi.

Honoratiſſime Domine,

Quod fortunas veſtras infimi homines eminus gratu-
lamur, peccamus de induſtria, ut ſciat commu-
n lætitiam inde perceptam, vel ad Reipublicæ talos
ſcendiſſe, Caput ubi lauro circundatur, triumphant
pedes. Obtinet idem membrorum fœdus, ut quic-
d tibi accedit decoris, illud ut noſtrum gaudeamus:
noſtrum modò cum cæteris, habemus quod ſoli &
rivales gloriemur. Cum enim pro humanitate quâ
s maximâ, Collegium noſtrum non ita pridem invi-
s (parce dicto cui veſtra Comitas fecit fidem)
ptaſſe tibi Matrem videbaris; ſed privatam ſuper-
m interpellat publica, & Gratulatio noſtra ad Patriæ
orum eſt annectenda. Quæ ante fluitavit Delos
ſula, nato Apolline *ſtetit immota; olim fabula,*
olim Hiſtoria. Reſervavit ſe tibi fluctuans
glia *Tridente tuo componenda. Nec nobis diutiùs*
ngit animum Anteceſſoris fatum, quod in ignotâ
nâ jaceat Palinurus; *alter erit jam* Typhis;
decumana quæ illum abſorpſit unda te propriùs
Cœlos tollet. *Blandius æquor nemo non facile*
oderatur, ut non niſi mare turbidum eſt periculum
dignum. Enimvero placent diſcordiæ hac merce-
, ut conſilio tuo ſopiantur; tanti enim eſt veſtrum
gimen, ut majora pateremur. Macte igitur,
eros ter maxime, triplici omine, ut Militans Eccle-

ſia te agnoſcat Scutum, nutans Academia Scipi
Laborans Britannia *Statorem* Jovem.

Honori veſtro quam
maximè deditiſſimi
Magiſter & So
Coll. *D. J.*
Edw

Edvardo Herbert, Domino *Herbert* de *Cherbury*.

Honoratiſſime ex utroq; Domine,

QUod veſtram gratitudinem curas importuno officio inter-
[illegible] calamus, peccamus magis ſi deprecemur [illegible] vel
im ad illud obſequium tui plenae, & tanto afflati numine
e videmur nobis non poſſe delinquere. Enimvero
dam nobis agendi gratias quas tibi praeter [illegible]
ceſſitas, & Gratitudo noſtra, ut ſic audacior, in hoc
[illegible] erit innocens, quod à Liberalitate veſtrâ ſumo
redux. Avidiſſimus libros ſuos [illegible] gemini
ſtus parioris Tuae Minervae Filios. O quam (ut no
quid amplius) ſentimus Patrem! Beate, [illegible]
Muſa, quod noſtra Literarum declinat, cum Artium
ngula moliatur Ætas, ipſe emineas Scientiæ Columen
& Deſtina Veritatis. Libros dum legimus, legimus
Unum Duos. Quàm pulchrè patriſſant Volumina!
Quàm gemellos tuos Honores referunt! Scilicet, Bilex
eſt veſtra nobilitas, Literis & Stemmate intertexta. He-
licon *ſanguinis tibi fuit in venis, non minor eruditio-*
nis quàm Natalium Claritas. Amplectimur igitur hos
Fratres in unum, & parentem ſuum ut Unum nobiles
veneramur. Sed incaſſum gratias meditamur, quas
magnitudo beneficii ita provocat, ut ſimul extinguat.
Sic vidimus Solem ignem accendere, & fortiori radio
ſopire denuò.

Domine,
Honori veſtro quam
Devotiſſimi.

Ad Doctorem *Newall.*

Dignissime,

N*Eſcimus enim quali compellemus nomine, qu*
maternus Collegii amor ſcribit Filiam, miſera
les patronum, penes tuam erit benevolentiam, & M
trem agnoſcere, & Clientem reddere. Bibliotheca
Sacellum precantur à Symbolis, & jugali quadam
mitate veſtram attrahunt liberalitatem. O quam
nenim nactus es Argumentum, & doctum te
& pium, nec in suis ipſius virtutibus ſiſtere, ſed
noſtrarum Artificem eſſet. Age igitur, Mecœnas
& ubi divinam tuam benefaciendi Indolem (cui
Epiſtola habet parem Suadam) perlegeris, (nullus
tu quid uſque crimini, qui ſumus Munificentiæ
memores,)

Magiſter & Socii
Coll. *D. Jo.*

Ad Magiſtrum *Wandesforth.*

QUin & nos admittis ad hoc gaudii convivium. Commendat epulas rivalis Stomachus, quas ſolitaria quadam reddit inſipidas. Liceat nobis commenſales eſſe felicitatis tuæ, & in communis Triumphi chorum accedere. Quorſum autem ſupplices erimus, quod jure noſtro poſſumus expoſcere? En gaudemus gratiæ quam non ſolliciti ambimus: ubi vero vota nuncupavimus, ubi ſedulis precibus Candidati ſuimus, non immeritæ victoriæ lætitiam arrogamus. Namque nupera eſt licet voluptas noſtra; diu eſt quod extiſpices egimus virtutum tuarum, & in illis meritos honores providimus futuros. Nec dum clauduntur oculi; Mater Collegium uſque agit Sibyllam; *perge vaticinium fortunâ indicis viridi comprobare; perge* Johannenſem *Genium agnoſcere; perge denique eò aſſurgere, ut Mater tua nequeat (quod Parentum erga Liberos conſpicilla præſtant.) majori ſub ſpecie repræſentare filium. Sed ne nimii, ut verè fateri multa non poſſumus; inter virtutes tuas & recentes honores perpetuas vovemus nundinas, qui ſerio tibi hoc noviſſimum decus gratulamur.*

Magiſter & Socii

Undecimo Calend.
Feb. 1637. Coll. *D. J.*

UBi aurita ſatis eſt filii pietas, ibi vel tacita ma-trix eſt loquax paupertas, ita alacris gratitud non expectat preces, ſed in alto ſilentio cogn[illegible] ejulantium miſeria. Collegium quod veſtram lactavit a-doleſcentiam, veſtra vicissim deſiderat ubera, & quem in ſinu fovit juvenem, ſenis agnoſcit baculum, & pa-rentem [illegible]; Bis perimus dum Squallorem repri-mimus, & aliis cogimur favere notitiae, quod ipſe neſcir [illegible] malumus: primitiae doloris noſtri Deo ſunt debitae, in ſcilicet anguſtiarum redigimur, ut Sacellum in Sacell quaeramus, nec inveniamus tamen: Quod aliis ign praeſidiis contigit, ut aram occupent, Sacellum ſibi inve-dicturum dolet, niſi Eleemoſynae quas ipſum erogare ſo ab aliis accipiat? Habemus capſulam, penes te eſt dicamus Bibliothecam. O Quantum hoc mare noſtrum hanc Auguſtae domus, tam paucos inquilinos? Quam pu-chrum eſſet (araneas deturbare? Quam te dignum patrimonio congruum [illegible] nucleum: Agite prout liberabitur veſtra, quod proximis a nobis dictum ſit ſide reſpondeat; optimum enim ipſe Oratorem ages, & tibi quam maxime devincies.

Magiſtrum & Socios

Coll. D. J.

Vinum eſt Poetarum Equus.

U*Rbs* Athenæ *cum fundaretur*, Neptunus & Minerva *litigarunt uter Civitatem haberet cognominem, pactum eſt ut qui majori beneficio humanum genus ditare poſſet, Urbem nominaret;* Neptunus *Equum,* Pallas *Olivam produxit, unde victrix* Athenas *nominavit. Quod ſi meo judicio ſtetiſſet lis, ſi* Neptunus *talis Equi, qualis eſt vinum Author fuiſſet, dignus ſanè qui matri Academiæ dediſſet nomen. Vinum Equus, à cujus ungula dulcior fons quam* Hippocrene *ſcaturiit. Equus, qui plures alas ingenio addit, quam* Pegaſus *ad volatile remigium accommodavit, qui labra proluit hoc fonte Caballino, non mirum ſi in proximo verſu Ebrius in bicipiti ſomniavit* Pernaſſo. *Vinum Equus, ſed qui ſeſſorem ſuum ſæpe excutit, & ad terram affligit, qui tanquam ille* Diomedis *herum ſuum devorat, Pitiſſant poetaſtri & longa quaſi arundine equitant, cum* Ennius *ipſe pater, nunquam niſi potus ad arma proſiliit dicenda.* Horatius *toties equitavit, ac ſi vinum tanquam* Bucephalus *neminem præter illum vectare debuiſſet. Denique ex hujus equi utero plures prodierunt Ingenii heroes quam ex* Trojana, *Vinum Equus, at Cerviſia Muſarum Mulus, majori ex parte Aſinus, vel ſi Equus Succeſſor potius quàm tolutarius, quam non citius nomino quin ſtupidus obmuteſco. Sed tempus eſt ut Equus meus habenas audiat, huc uſque Equo veſtro paravi* Ephippia *tenui ſtupa, ut vos conſcenderetis: Unicum eſt quod ſingulos velim præmonitos, ea eſt hujus Equi ferocia, ut ſobrium illud* Phœbi *Conſilium ſit maturum, Parce puer ſtimulis & fortiùs utere loris.*

FINIS.

JOHN CLEAVELAND'S

Revived

POEMS, Orations, EPISTLES,

And other of his Genuine
INCOMPARABLE PIECES
Now at laſt Publiſhed from his
Original Copies by ſome of his
intruſted Friends.

Non norunt hæc monumenta mori.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Holt*, for *Obadiah Blagrave*,
at the *Bear* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1687.

To the HECTORS, upon the unfortunate death of H. COMPTON.

YOu Hectors! tame Profeſſors of the Sword!
Who in the chair ſtate Duels, whoſe black word
Bewitches Courage, and like Devils too
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight and do:
Who on your errand our beſt Spirits ſend,
Not to kill Swine or Cows, but Man and Friend;
Who are in whole Court-Martial in your drink,
And diſpute Honour, when you cannot think
Not orderly; but part out Valour, as
You grow inſpir'd by th'Oracle of the Glaſs:
Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down
All Law of Kings and God, but what's their own.
Then y'have the gift of Fighting, can diſcern
Spirits, who's fit to act, and who to learn;
Who ſhall be baffled next, who muſt be beat,
Who kill'd, that you may drink, and ſwear and eat;
Whilſt you applaud thoſe murthers which you teach,
And live upon the Wounds your Riots preach.
  Meer booty Souls! Who bid us fight a Prize
To feaſt the Laughter of our Enemies?
Who ſhout, and clap at Wounds, count it pure Gain,
Meer Providence to hear a *Compton*'s ſlain,

A name they dearly hate, and juſtly; ſhou'd(bloud.
They lov't 'twere worſe, their love would taint the
Bloud always true, true as their Swords and Cauſe,
And never vainly loſt, till your wild Laws
Scandal'd their actions in this Perſon, who
Truly durſt more than you dare think to do.
A man made up of Graces, every Move
Had entertainment in it, and drew Love
From all but him who kill'd him, who ſeeks a Grave
And fears a Death more ſhameful than he gave.
 Now you, dread Hectors! you whom Tyrant drink
Drags thrice about the Town; what do you think?
(If you be ſober) is it Valour? ſay!
To overcome, and then to run away.
Fie, fie, your luſts and Duels both are one,
Both are repented of as ſoon as done.

The Scots Apoſtaſie.

IS't come to this? What ſhall the Cheeks of Fame,
Stretch with the breath of learned *Lawdon's* name,
Be flag'd again? And that great piece of ſenſe,
As rich in Loyalty and Eloquence,
Brought to the Teſt, be found a trick of State?
Like Chymiſts tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
The Devil ſure, ſuch language did atchieve,
To cheat our unforewarned Grandam *Eve*;
As this Impoſtor found out, to beſot
Th'experienc'd *Engliſh* to believe a *Scot*;
Who reconcil'd the Covenant's doubtful ſence;
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt Perſiſtance in one good
Would ſpoil the fabrick of your Brotherhood,

Projected firſt in ſuch a forge of ſin,
Was fit for the grand Devils hammering?
Or was't Ambition that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the ſins you act?
The Infamy this Super-treaſon brings
Blaſts more than murders of your *ſixty Kings*;
A Crime ſo black, as being adviſ'dly done,
Thoſe hold with theſe no competition.
Kings only ſuffer'd then; in this doth lie
Th'Aſſaſſination of *Monarchy.*
Beyond this ſin no one ſtep can be trod,
If not t'attempt depoſing of your God.
Oh were you ſo engag'd, that we might ſee
Heavens angry Lightning 'bout your Ears to flee,
Till you were ſhrivell'd to duſt; and your cold Land
Parch'd to a drought beyond the *Lybian* Sand!
But 'tis reſerv'd, till Heaven plague you worſe;
Be Objects of an Epidemick Curſe.
Firſt, may your Brethren, to whoſe viler ends
Your Power hath bawded, ceaſe to be your Friends;
And prompted by the dictate of their Reaſon,
Reproach the *Traytors*, though they hug the *Treaſon*.
And may their Jealouſies increaſe & breed,
Till they confine your ſteps beyond the *Tweed*.
In Foreign Nations may your loath'd name be
A ſtigmatizing brand of Infamy;
Till forc'd by general hate, you ceaſe to rome
The World, and for a Plague to live at home:
Till you reſume your Poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg where none can be ſo free
To grant; and may your ſcabby Land be all
Tranſlated to a general Hoſpital.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle Ray,
To give you comfort of a Summers day;

But, as a Guerdon for your traiterous War,
Live cheriſh'd only by the Northern Star.
No Stranger deign to viſit your rude Coaſt,
And be, to all, but baniſh'd men, as loſt.
And ſuch in heightning of the Inflíction due,
Let provok'd Princes ſend them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But Power, your lives and liberties may aw.
No Subject 'mongſt you keep a quiet breaſt,
But each man ſtrive through Bloud to be the beſt;
Till, for thoſe miſeries on us you've brought,
By your own Sword our juſt Revenge be wrought.
To ſumm up all——let your *Religion* be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd Hypocriſie:
Until, when *Charles* ſhall be compos'd in duſt,
Perfum'd with Epithets of *good* and *juſt*;
HE ſav'd, incenſed Heaven may have forgot
T'afford one act of Mercy to a *Scot*,
  Unleſs that *Scot* deny himſelf, and do
  (What's eaſier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Epitaph upon the Earl of Strafford

Here lies wiſe and valiant Duſt,
  Huddled up 'twixt fit and juſt:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt Treaſon and Convenience.
He ſpent his time here in a miſt,
  A *Papiſt*, yet a *Calviniſt*.
His Prince's neareſt Joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted, all relief:
The Prop and Ruin of the State,
The peoples violent Love and Hate.

One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd.
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies Bloud, and let it lie
Speechleſs ſtill, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii, &c.*

Exurge Civis, tuumque, ſolus qui potis es, ſcribe Epitaphium,
Nequit Wentworthi *non eſſe facundus vel Civis.*
Effare Marmor; & quem capiſti comprehendere,
Macte & Exprimere.
Candidius meretur urna, quam quod rubris
Notatum eſt literis, Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet laſſus;*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia,*
Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ;
Straffordii, *& Virtutum Comes:*
Mens Jovis, Mercurii *ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis:
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, ſeipſam* Hibernia:
Sydus Aquilonicum; quo ſub rubicunda veſpera occidente,
Nox ſimul & dies viſa eſt: dextroque oculo flevit,
Lævoque lætata eſt Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitoſa Virtutis,
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidia,
Quæ ternis animoſa Regnis, non vicit tamen,
Sed oppreſſit.
Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Bellua (vel ſis) multorum Capitum.
Merces furoris Scotici, præter pecunias.
Erubuit ut tetigit ſecuris,
Similem quippe nunquam deguſtavit ſanguinem.
Monſtrum narro; fuit tam infenſus Legibus,
Ut prius Legem quàm nata foret, violavit.

Hunc tamen non ſuſtulit Lex,
Verum neceſſitas, non habens Legem.
Abi viator, cætera memorabunt poſteri.

On J. W. A. B. *of* York.

SAy, my young Sophiſter, what thinkſt of this?
Chimera's real, *Ergo falleris.*
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Gooſe agree,
And here concorp'rate in one Prodigy,
Call an *Haruſpex* quickly: Let him get
Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrel wet,
To purifie the place, for ſure the harms
This Monſter will produce, tranſcend his Charms.
'Tis Nature's Maſter-peice of Error, this;
And redeems whatever ſhe did amiſs
Before, from wonder and reproach, this laſt
Legitimateth all her By-blows paſt.
Loe here a general Metropolitan,
An Arch-Prelatique Presbyterian,
Behold his pious Garb, Canonick face,
A zealous *Epiſco-Maſtix* Grace;
A fair blew-Apron'd Prieſt, a Lawn-ſleev'd Brother,
One Leg a Pulpit holds, a Tub the other.
Lets give him a ſit name now, if we can,
And make th'Apoſtate once more Chriſtian.
Proteus, we cannot call him; he put on
His change of ſhapes by a Succeſſion;
Nor the *Welch-Weather-cock*, for that we find,
At once doth only wait upon the wind:
Theſe ſpeak him not; but if you'll name him right
Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite.*
His head i'th ſanctified mould is caſt,
Yet ſticks th'abominable Miter faſt.

He ſtill retains the *Lordſhip* and the *Grace*,
And yet hath got a reverend Elders place.
Such act muſt needs be his, who did deviſe
By crying Altars down to Sacrifiſe
To private Malice; where you might have ſeen
His Conſcience holocauſted to his Spleen.
Unhappy Church! The Viper that did ſhare
Thy greateſt Honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and ſtore;
Alas! Thine own Son proves the ſorreſt Boar:
And like the Dam-deſtroying Cuckow he,
When the thick ſhell of his Welch Pedigree,
By thy warm foſt'ring Bounty did divide
And open, ſtraight thence ſprung forth Parricide.
As if 'twas juſt revenge ſhould be diſpatch'd
In thee, by the Monſter which thy ſelf hath hatch'd.
Deſpair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,
As well as *Lincolnſhire* an Antidote,
'Gainſt the foul'ſt venom he can ſpit, though's head
Were chang'd from ſubtle gray to poys'nous red.
Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
Our party, now the curſed thing is gone;
And chaſtiſe Rebels, who nought elſe did miſs
To fill the meaſure of their ſins, but his;
Whoſe foul imparallel'd Apoſtaſie,
Like to his ſacred Character ſhall be
Indelible; when Ages then of late
More happy grown with moſt impartial fate,
A period to his days, and time ſhall give,
He by ſuch Epitaphs as this ſhall live!

Here Yorks *great* Metropolitan *is lay'd,*
Who Gods Anointed *and his* Church *betray'd.*

An

An Elegy upon Dr. Chaderton, *the firſt M ſter of* Emanuel *Colledge in* Cambridg *being above an hundred years old wh be died.*

Occaſioned by his long deferred Funeral

PArdon (dear Saint) that we ſo late
With lazy ſighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-ſhower of Verſe,
And Tears, we thus bedew thy Herſe;
Till now (alas!) we did not weep,
Becauſe we thought thou didſt but ſleep;
Thou liv'dſt ſo long, we did not know
Whether thou couldſt now dye or no;
We look'd ſtill, when thou ſhouldſt ariſe,
And ope' the Caſement of thine eyes;
Thy feet which have been us'd ſo long
To walk, we thought muſt ſtill go on;
Thine ears after an hundred year,
Might now plead cuſtom for to hear.
Upon thy head that reverend Snow
Did dwell ſome fifty years ago,
And then thy Cheeks did ſeem to have
The ſad reſemblance of a Grave.
Wert thou ere young! For truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old.
There's none alive I am ſure can ſay
They knew thee young, but always gray:
And doſt thou now, venerable Oak,
Decline at death's unhappy ſtroak!

Tell me (dear Son) why didſt thou dye,
And leave's to write an Elegy ?
We'are young (alas !) and know thee not,
Send up old *Abraham* and grave *Lot* ;
Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell
The World thy worth, they ken'd thee well ;
When they were Boys they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angel did them teach.
 Awake them then, and let them come,
And ſcore thy Virtues on thy Tomb ;
That we at thoſe may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

Mary's Spikenard.

SHall I preſume
 Without *Perfume*
My *Chriſt* to meet
That is *all Sweet* !

No, I'll make moſt pleaſant Poſies,
Catch the *breath of new blown Roſes* ;
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which *laugh* in the *faireſt Bowers* :
Whoſe *Sweetneſs* Heaven likes ſo well,
It *ſtoops* each morn to take a ſmell.
Then I'll fetch from the *Phœnix* neſt
The *richeſt Spices*, and the *beſt* :
Precious Ointments I will make,
Holy Myrrh and *Aloes* take ;
Yea, *coſtly Spikenard*, in whoſe ſmell
The *Sweetneſs* of *all Odours dwell*.
I'll get a *Box* to keep it in,
Pure as his *Alabaſter Skin*.

And then to him I'll *nimbly* fly
Before *one ſickly minute dye*:
This *Box* I'll *break*, and on *his head*,
This precious Ointment will I ſpread,
Till ev'ry lock, and every hair
For Sweetneſs with his breath compare:
But ſure the Odour of his Skin
Smells ſweeter than the Spice I bring.
  Then with bended knee I'll greet
His holy and beloved Feet;
I'll waſh them with a weeping Eye,
And then my Lips ſhall kiſs them dry;
Or for a Towel he ſhall have
My hair, ſuch flax as nature gave.
  But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy ſacred feet take hold,
And curl themſelves about, as though
They were loth for to let thee go,
  O chide them not, and bid away,
  For then for grief they will grow gray.

CHRONOSTICON Decollationis CAROLI *Regis tricesimo die Januarii, secunda hora Pomeridiana,* Anno Dom. *MDCXLVIII.*

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroLVs eXvtvs SoLIo SCeptroqVe SeCvre.

C*HARLES*——ah! forbear, forbear, leſt Mortals prize
His name too dearly, and Idolatrize.
His Name! Our Loſs! Thrice curſed and forlorn
Be that Black Night which uſher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign!——hold! leſt Out-law'd Senſe
Bribe, and ſeduce tame Reaſon to diſpenſe
With thoſe Celeſtial powers; and diſtruſt
Heav'n can behold ſuch Treaſon, and prove Juſt.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd! tremble! and
View what Convulſions ſhoulder-ſhake this Land,
Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdoms run
To their laſt Stage, and ſet with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd at His Gate!
Fell fiends! dire Hydra's of a ſtiff-neck'd State!

Strange Body-politick! Whoſe Members ſpread,
And, Monſter-like, ſwell bigger then their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britain! He! who was th
known
King of three Realms, lies murther'd in his own.
He! He! Who liv'd, and Faith's Defender ſtood,
Dy'd here to re-Baptize it in his bloud.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump ſhall eccho al
The reſt in dreadful Thunder. Such a Fall
Great Chriſtendom ne'er pattern'd; and 'twas ſtrange
Earth's Center reel'd not at this diſmal Change.

The blow ſtruck Brittain blind, each well-ſet Lim
By diſlocation was lopt off in HIM,
And though ſhe yet live's, ſhe live's but to condole
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

Religion put's on Black, ſad *Loyalty*
Bluſhes and mourns to ſee bright Majeſty
Butchered by ſuch Aſſaſſinates; nay both
'Gainſt *God*, 'gainſt *Law*, *Allegiance*, and their *Oa*

Farewell! ſad Iſle! Farewell! thy fatal Glory
Is Sum'd, Caſt up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

AN ELEGY

Upon King CHARLES *the First*, *murthered publickly by his Subjects.*

WEre not my *Faith* buoy'd up by ſacred blood,
It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious flood;
Which Reaſons higheſt ground do ſo exceed,
It leaves my *Soul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*;
Where my *Faith* reſting on th'*Original*,
Supports it ſelf in this the *Copies* fall;
So while my Faith floats on that *Bloody wood*,
My Reaſon's caſt away in this *Red flood*,
Which ne'er o'reflows us all: Thoſe Showers paſt
Made but Land-floods, which did ſome Vallies waſt;
This ſtroke hath cut the only Neck of Land
Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did ſtand;
That covers now our World, which Curſed lies
At once with two of *Egypts* Prodigies;
O'er-caſt with Darkneſs, and with bloud o'er-run
And juſtly, ſince our hearts have theirs outdone:
Th'Inchanter led them to a leſs known ill,
To act his ſin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:
Which Crime hath widowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, left but Privation
In *Church* and *State*; inverting ev'ry Right;
Brought in Hells State of fire without Light.
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
Waſhing their Loyal hearts from blood ſo ſhed;
The which deſerves each pore ſhould turn an eye,
To weep out, even a bloody *Agony*.

Let nought then paſs for *Muſick*, but ſad Cries,
For *Beauty* bloudleſs Cheeks, and blood-ſhot Eyes.
All Colours ſoil but black, all Odours have
Ill ſcent but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave* :
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much
The cleaner made by a religious Touch
Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to dye,
Seems the Judaical Impiety.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints:
But the truth is, He fear'd and did repine,
To be caſt out, and back into the Swine:
And the caſe holds, in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this Act, againſt his ends:
For it is like, the ſooner he'll be ſent
Out of that body, He would ſtill torment.
Let *Chriſtians* then uſe otherwiſe this blood,
Deteſt the Act, yet turn it to their good;
Thinking how like a *King of Death* He dies;
We eaſily may the World and Death deſpiſe:
Death had no Sting for him, and its ſharp Arm,
Only of all the Troop, meant him no harm.
And ſo he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one
Weapon yet left to guard him to his Throne;
In His great Name then may His Subjects cry,
Death thou art ſwallowed up in Victory.
If this our loſs a comfort can admit,
'Tis that his narrow'd *Crown* is grown unfit
For his enlarged Head, ſince his diſtreſs
Had greatned this, as it made that the leſs;
His *Crown* was fallen unto too low a thing
For him who was become ſo great a *King* :
So the ſame hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*
They had exalted from him, not pull'd down:

And thus God's Truth by them hath rendred more
Than ere Mens falſhood promis'd to reſtore;
Which, ſince by death alone he could attain,
Was yet exempt from Weakneſs, and from Pain.
Death was enjoyn'd by God to touch a part,
Might make his Paſſage quick, ne'er move his heart:
Which ev'n expiring was ſo far from death,
It ſeem'd but to command away his Breath.
And thus his *Soul*, of this her Triumph proud,
Broke, like a flaſh of Lightning, through the Cloud
Of Fleſh and Blood; and from the higheſt Line
Of Humane Vertue, paſs'd to be Divine.
Nor is't much leſs his Virtues to relate,
Than the high Glories of his preſent State;
ince both then paſs all Acts but of Belief,
ilence may praiſe the one, the other Grief.
And ſince, upon the Diamond, no leſs
han Diamonds, will ſerve us to impreſs;
'll only wiſh that for his Elegy,
his our *Joſias* had a *Jeremy*.

AN ELEGY

On { *The beſt of Men,*
The meekeſt of Martyrs,
CHARLES *the* I. &c.

DOes not the Sun call in his Light; and Day
Like a thin Exhalation melt away?
oth wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to be
hemſelves cloſe Mourners at the Obſequie
f this Great Monarch? does his Royal Blood,
hich th'Earth late drunk in ſo profuſe a Flood,

Not ſhoot through her affrighted Womb, and ma
All her convulſed Arteries to ſhake
So long, till all thoſe hinges that ſuſtain,
Like Nerves, the frame of Nature ſhrink again
Into a ſhuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not ſuck it from its liquid Manſion,
And Still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themſelves in bearded Meteors diſplay,
Whoſe ſhaggy and diſheveld Beams may be
The Tapers at this black Solemnity?
You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurſt,
Rock'd by ſome Storm, or by ſome Tigreſs nur
Fed by ſome Plague, which in blind miſts was hur
To ſtrew infection on the tainted World;
What Fury charm'd your hands to act a deed,
Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed!
And Rocks by Inſtinct ſo reſent this Fact,
They'ld into Springs of eaſie tears be ſlack'd.
Say Sons of Tumult, ſince you think it good,
Still to keep up the Trade, and Bath in Bloud
Your guilty hands, why did you not then State
Your Slaughters at ſome cheap and common rate?
Your gluttonous and laviſh Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off thouſands of ſome baſe allay,
Whilſt the ſame Sexton that inter'd their Clay,
In the ſame Urn their Names too might intomb;
But when on him you fixt your fatal Doom,
You gave a Blow to Nature, ſince even all
The Stock of Man now bleeds too in his fall.
Could not Religion, which you oft have made
A ſpecious gloſs your black deſigns to ſhade,
Teach you, that we come neareſt Heaven, when w
Are ſuppled into Acts of Clemency?

And copy out the Deity agen,
When we diſtill our Mercies upon Men?
But why do I deplore this ruin? He
Only ſhook off his frail Humanity,
And with ſuch Calmneſs fell, he ſeem'd to be,
Even leſs unmov'd and unconcern'd than we;
And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to ſay,
We only dyed, he only liv'd that Day:
So that his Tomb is now his Throne become,
T'inveſt him with the Crown of Martyrdom:
And Death the ſhade of Nature did not ſhrowd
His Soul in Miſts, but its clear Beams uncloud;
That who a Star in our Meridian ſhone,
In Heaven might ſhine a Conſtellation.

Upon the Death of CHARLES *the Firſt.*

GReat! Good! And Juſt! Could I but rate
My Griefs, and thy too rigid Fate,
I'd weep the world to ſuch a ſtrain,
As it ſhould Deluge once again.
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd Blood demands ſupplies,
More from *Briareus* hands, than *Argus* eyes,
I'll ſing thy Obſequies, with Trumpet ſounds,
And write thy *Epitaph* with *Blood* and *Wounds*.

MONTROSE.

Written with the Point of his Sword.

ADDITIONS.

The Publick Faith.

STand off my Maſters: 'Tis your pence a piece,
Jaſon, *Medea*, and the golden Fleece;
What ſide the line, good Sir? *Tygris*, or *Po*!
Lybia? *Japan*? *Whisk*? or *Tradinktido*?
St. Kits! St. *Omer*; or St. *Margaret*'s Bay?
Preſto begon? or come aloft? What way?
Doublets? or Knap? The Cog? low Dice? or high!
By all the hard names in the Litany,
Bell, Book and Candle, and the *Pope*'s great To
I conjure thy account: Devil ſay no.
  Nay ſince I muſt untruſs, Gallants look too't
Keep your prodigious diſtance forty foot,
This is that *Beaſt of Eyes* in th' *Revelations*,
The *Faſtisk* has twiſted up three Nations.
Ponteus Hixius Doxius, full of Tricks,
The *Lottery* of the vulgar Lunaticks.
The *Knap-Sack* of the State, the thing you wiſh,
Magog and *Gog* ſtew'd in a Chaffingdiſh.
A Bag of Spoons and Whiſtles, wherein men
May whiſtle when they ſee their Plate agen.
  Thus far his Infancy: His riper Age
Requires a more myſterious folio Page.
Now that time ſpeaks him perfect, and 'tis pity
To dandle him longer in a cloſe Committee.

The elf dares peep abroad, the pretty fool
Can wag without a truckling ſtanding-ſtool;
Revenge his Mother's Infamy, and ſwear,
He's the fair Off-ſpring of one half-ſcore year,
The Heir of the Houſe and Hopes, the cry
And wonder of the People's Miſery.
'Tis true, while as a Puppy it could play
For Thimbles, any thing to paſs the day;
But now the Cub can count, arithmatize,
Clinck *Maſeniello* with the *Duke* of *Guiſe*;
Sign for an *Iriſh Purchaſe*, and traduce
The *Synod* from their Doctrine to their Uſe;
Give its Dam ſuck, and a hidden way
Drink up arrears *a tergo mantica.*
An Everlaſting Bale, Hell in Trunk-hoſe,
Uncaſed, the Devil's *Don Quixot* in Proſe.
The Beaſt and the falſe Prophet twin'd together,
The ſquint-ey'd Emblem of all ſorts of Weather.
The refuſe of that Chaos of the Earth,
Able to give the World a ſecond Birth.
Africk avaunt! Thy trifling Monſters glance
But Sheeps-eyed to this Penal Ignorance.
That all the Prodigies brought forth before
Are but Dame Natures bluſh left on the ſcore.
This ſtrings the Bakers dozen, chriſtens all
The croſs-leg'd hours of time ſince *Adam*'s Fall.
The Publick Faith? Why 'tis a word of kin,
A Nephew that dares *Couſin* any ſin.
A term of Art, great *Behemoth*'s younger Brother,
Old *Machiavel*, and half a thouſand other.
Which when ſubſcrib'd writes *Legion*, names on truſs,
Abaddon, *Beelzebub*, and *Incubus*;
All the *Vice-Roys* of Darkneſs, every Spell
And Fiend wrap'd in a ſhort Triſſillable.

But I fore-ſtall the Show. Enter and ſee,
Salute the Door, your *Exit* ſhall be free.
In brief 'tis called Religions Eaſe, or Loſs,
For no one's ſuffered here to bear his Croſs.

A Lenten Litany.

Compoſed for a conſiding Brother, for the be
fit and edification of the faithful Ones.

From Villany dreſt in the doublet of Zeal,
From three Kingdoms bak'd in one common-we
From a gleek of *Lord Keepers* of one poor ſeal
Libera nos, &c.

From a Chancery-Writ, and a Whip and a Bell,
From a Juſtice of Peace that never could ſpell,
From *Collonel.* P. and the *Vicar of Hell*
Libera nos, &c.

From Neat's feet without ſocks & three-penny Py
From a new-ſprung light that will put out ones ey
From Goldſmiths Hall, the Devil and Exciſe
Libera nos, &c.

From two hours talk without one word of ſenſe,
From Liberty ſtill in the future tenſe,
From a Parliament long-waſted Conſcience,
Libera nos, &c.

From

om a Coppid Crown-Tenent prick'd up by a Brother
rom damnable Members and fits of the Mother,
rom Ears like Oyſters that grin at each other,
Libera nos, &c.

rom a Preacher in buff, and a quarter ſtaff-Steeple,
rom th'unlimited Soveraign Power of the People,
rom a Kingdom that crawls on its knees like a
reeple, *Libera nos, &c.*

From a Vinegar Prieſt on a Crab-tree ſtock,
From a foddering of Prayer four hours by the Clock,
rom a Holy Siſter with a pittiful Smock,
Libera nos, &c.

From a hunger ſtarv'd Sequeſtrators maw,
From Revelations and Viſions that never man ſaw,
From Religion without either Goſpel or Law
Libera nos, &c.

From the Nick and Froth of a Penny Pot-houſe,
From the Fiddle and Croſs, and a great Scotch Louſe,
From Committees that chop up a man like a Mouſe,
Libera nos, &c.

From broken Shins and the Bloud of a Martyr,
From the Titles of Lords and Knights of the Garter,
From the Teeth of mad-dogs and a Countrymans
quarter *Libera nos, &c.*

From the Publick Faith and an Egg and Butter,
From the Iriſh Purchaſes and all their Clutter,
From *Omega*'s Noſe, when he ſettles to ſputter,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Zeal of old *Harry* lock'd up with a Whore,
From waiting with plaints at the Parliament door,
From the Death of a King without why or where-
fore, *Libera nos*, &c.

From the French *Diſeaſe* and the Puritan fry,
From ſuch as ne'er ſwear but devoutly can lye,
From cutting of Capers full three ſtory high,
Libera nos, &c.

From painted Glaſs and Idolatrous Cringes,
From a *Presbyters* Oath that turns upon Hinges,
From *Weſtminſter Jews* with Levitical Fringes,
Libera nos, &c.

From all that is ſaid, and a thouſand times more,
From a Saint and his Charity to the poor,
From the Plagues that are kept for a Rebel in ſtore,
Libera nos, &c.

The Second part.

That if it pleaſe thee to aſſiſt
Our *Agitators* and their Liſt,
And *Hemp* them with a gentle twiſt,
Quaſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to ſuppoſe
Our actions are as good as thoſe
That gull the People through the Noſe,
Quaſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee here to enter
And fix the rumbling of our Center,
For we live all at Peradventure,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to unite
The Fleſh and Bones unto the Sprite,
Elſe Faith and Literature good-night,
Quæſumus te, &c.
That it may pleaſe thee O that we
May each man know his Pedigree,
And ſave that Plague of Heraldry,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee in each Shire,
Cities of Refuge Lord to rear
That failing Brethren may know where,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to abhor us,
Or any ſuch dear favour for us,
That thus hath wrought thy Peoples Sorrows,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to embrace
Our days of thanks and faſting face,
For robbing of thy holy place,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to adjourn
The day of Judgment, leaſt we burn,
For lo! It is not for our turn,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to admit
A cloſe Committee there to ſit,
No Devil to a humane wit!
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to diſpence
A little for convenience,
Or let us play upon the ſenſe,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to embalm
The Saints in *Robin Wiſdom's Pſalm*,
And make them muſical and calm,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee ſince 'tis doubt,
Satan cannot throw Satan out,
Unite us and the High-land rout,
Quæſumus te, &c.

A Hue and Cry after the Reformation.

WHen Temples lye like batter'd Quarrs
Rich in their ruin'd Sepulchers;
When Saints forſake their painted Glaſs
To meet their Worſhip as they paſs;
When Altars grow luxurious with the dye
Of humane blood,
Is this the Flood
Of Chriſtianity?
When Kings are cup-boarded like Cheeſe,
Sights to be ſeen for pence a piece;
When Diadems like brokers tire
Are cuſtom'd Reliques ſet to hire;

When Soveraignty and Scepters looſe their Names,
Stream'd into words,
Carv'd out by Swords,
Are theſe refining Flames?

When Subjects and Religion ſtir
Like Meteors in the Metaphor;
When zealous hinting and the yawn
Excise our *Miniver* and *Lawn*,
When blue digreſſions fill the troubled Air
'And th'Pulpit's let
To every Set
That will uſurp the Chair:

Call ye me this the Night's Farewell
When our Noon Day's as dark as Hell?
How can we leſs then term ſuch Lights
Ecclesiaſtick Heteroclites?
Bold Sons of *Adam* when in Fire you crawl
Thus high to be
Perch'd on the Tree,
Remember but the Fall.

Was it the Glory of a King
To make him great by Suffering?
Was there no way to build God's Houſe
But rendring of it Infamous?
If this be then the merry ghoſtly Trade?
To work in Gall?
Pray take it all
Good Brother of the Blade.

Call it no more the Reformation
According to the new Tranſlation:
Why will you wrack the common Brain
With words of an unwonted Strain?

As Plunder? or a Phraſe in Senſes cleft;
　　When things more nigh
　　May well ſupply
　　And call it down-right Theft.
Here all the *School-men* and *Divines*
Conſent, and ſwear the naked Lines
Want no expounding or conteſt,
Or *Bellarmine* to break a jeſt.
Since then the Heroes of the Pen with me
　　Nere ſcrue the Senſe
　　With difference,
　　We all agree agree.

A Committee.

CAſt *Knaves my Maſters*, Fortune guide the cha
　No packing I beſeech you, no by-glance
To mingle Pairs, but fairly ſhake the Bag,
Cheats in their Spheres like ſubtil ſpirits wag.
Or if you pleaſe the Cards run as they will.
There is no choice in ſin and doing ill.
Then happy Man by's dole, Luck makes the odd
He acts moſt high that beſt out-dares the Gods.
Theſe are that *Raw-bon'd Herd* of *Pharaoh*'s Kine
Which eat up all your Fatlings, yet look lean
Theſe are the after-claps of bloody Showers,
Which, like the *Scots*, come for your gude and yours
The Gleaners of the Field, where, if a man
Eſcape the Sword that milder Frying-pan,
He leaps into the Fire, cramping the Claws
Of ſuch can ſpeak no Engliſh but the Cauſe.
Under that foggy term, that Inquiſition,
Y'are wrackt at all Adventures *On Suſpicion*.

No matter what's the Crime, a good Eſtate's
Delinquency enough to ground their hate.
Nor ſhall calm Innocence ſo ſcape, as not
To be made guilty, or at leaſt ſo thought.
And if the Spirit once inform, beware,
The Fleſh and World but Renegadoes are.
Thus once concluded out the *Teazers* run,
All in full Cry and Speed till *Was*'s undone.
So that a poor *Delinquent* fleec'd and torn
Seems like a Man that's creeping through a Horn,
Find a ſmooth Entrance, wide and fit, but when
Hee's ſqueez'd and forc'd up through the ſmaller end,
He looks as gaunt and pin'd, as he that ſpent
A tedious twelve years in an eager Lent.
Or Bodies at the *Reſurrection* are
On Wing, juſt rarifying into Air.
The *Emblem* of a Man, the pittied *Caſe*
And ſhape of ſome ſad Being once that was;
The *Type* of Fleſh and Bloud, the Skeleton
And Superficies of a thing that's gone.
The Winter quarter of a Life, the Tinder
And Body of a Corps ſqueez'd to a Cinder;
When no more Tortures can be thought upon,
Mercy ſhall flow into Oblivion.
Merciful Hell! Thy Judges are but three,
Ours multiform, and in Plurality!
Thy calmer Cenſures flow without Recall,
And in one Doom Souls ſee their Final all.
We travel with expectance; Sufferings here
Are but the Earneſts of a ſecond Fear.
Thy Pains and Plagues are infinite; 'tis true
Ours are not only Infinite but new.
So that the Dread of what's to come exceeds
The Anguiſh of that part already bleeds.

This only difference ſwells 'twixt us and you,
Hell has the kinder *Devils* of the two.

On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle *that hang'd himſelf.*

A*LL hail* fair Fruit! may every Crab-tree bea
Such Bloſſoms, and ſo lovely every year!
Call ye me this the ſlip? 'Marry 'tis well,
Zacheus ſlip'd to Heaven, the Thief to Hell:
But if the Saints thus give's the ſlip, 'tis need
To look about us to preſerve the Breed.
Th'are of the Running Game, and thus to poſt
In Nooſes, blanks the Reckning with their *Hoſt*.
Here's more than *Truſſum Cordum* I ſuppoſe
That knit this knot: Guilt ſeldom ſingly goes!
A wounded Soul cloſe coupled with the ſence
Of Sin, pays home its proper Recompence.
But hark you Sir, if haſte can grant the time?
See you the danger yet what 'tis to climb
In Kings Prerogatives? things beyond juſt, (truſs'd
When Law ſeems brib'd to doom them, muſt b
But O I ſmell your Plot ſtrong through your Hoſe,
'Twas but to cheat the Hang-man of your Cloaths,
Elſe your more active Hands had fairly ſtay'd
The leaſure of a Pſalm, *Judas* has pray'd.
But later Crimes cannot admit the Pauſe,
They run upon Effects more than the Cauſe.
Yet let me ask one Queſtion, why alone?
One Member of a Corporation?
'Tis clear amongſt Divines, Bodies and Souls
As joyntly active, ſo their Judgment rowls
Concordant in the Sentence; why not ſo
In Earthly Sufferings? *Staves* attended go.

But I perceive the knack: Old Women say
And be't approv'd, each Dog should have his day.
Hence ſweep the Almanack: *Lilly* make room,
And Blanks enough for the new Saints to come,
All in *Red Letters*: as their Faults have bin
Scarlet, ſo limb their *Anniverſe* of Sin.
And to their Childrens Credits and their Wives
Be it ſtill ſaid, they leap fair for their lives.

Platonick Love.

BEgon fantaſtick Whimſey, hence begon!
I ſlight thy Dreams, I'm no *Camelion*,
Nor can I feed on Airy ſmoaky Bliſſes,
Or bait my ſtrong Deſire with Smiles and Kiſſes.
Old *Tantalus* as well may ſurfet on
The flying Streams by Contemplation.

Give me a minutes Heaven with my Love,
Where I may roul in Pleaſure; far above
The Idle Fancy of the Soul's Embrace!
Where my ſwift hand may raviſh all the Grace
Of Beauties Wardrobe, where the longing Bride
May feaſt her fill, yet ne'er be ſatisfied.

Blaſpheme not Love with any other Name,
Than an enjoyment kindled from the Flame
Of panting Breaſts mix'd in a ſweet Deſire
Of ſomething more than barely to admire.
'Though Sighs and Signs may make the Pulſes beat,
'Action's the Bellows that preſerve the Heat.

If all Content were placed in the Eye,
And Thoughts compriz'd the whole Felicity?

Pictures might court each other and exchange
Their white-lime Looks, woo hard, and yet ſeem
ſtrange.
'No! Love requires a quick and home Embrace,
'Nor can it dwell for ever on the Face.

'What ever Glories Nature's tender Care
'Compiles to make a peice divinely rare,
'Th'are but the ſweet Allurements of the Eye,
'Fix'd on a Stage to catch the Standers by.
'Or like rich *Signs* expoſed to open Sight
'To tempt the Traveller to ſtay all Night.

Yield then my (chaſt *Clarinda*) once to ſee
The ſweet *Meander* of *Love*'s *Liberty*.
And ſeal thy thoughts a Grant to underſtand
The welcome Pleaſure of a Wife well man'd.
For all the Sweets, miſtaken in a Kiſs,
Are but the empty Circumſtance of this.

So ſhall a full Content wipe out the Score
Of all our Sorrows that have paſs'd before.
Not a ſad Sigh ſhall ſcape unſatisfied
Which in its Maſter's Paſſion wept and died.
But like a Sea made ſubject to our Oares,
Wee'l hoiſe up Sail and touch the wiſhed Shoars.

Chriſtmaſs Day:

Or the Shuttle of an inſpired Weaver, bolted againſt the Order of the Church for its Solemnity.

CHriſt-m[illegible] Give me my beads: The word implies
A Plot, by its Ingredients Beef and Pyes!
A Feaſt *Apocryphal*, a Popiſh Rite
Kneaded in Dough (beloved) in the Night;
The Night (beloved) that's as much to ſay
(By late Tranſlations) not in the Day.
An annual Dark-lanthorn *Jubile*,
Catesby and *Vaux* bak'd in Conſpiracy.
The *Hierarchy* of *Rome*, the *Triple Crown*
Confeſs'd in *Triangles* then ſwallowed down.
With Spaniſh Sack? The eighty eight *Armado*
Newly preſented in an *Ovenado*.
O *Calvin*! now my *Cauſe* upon thee fixes,
Were ere ſuch dregs mix'd with *Geneva* ſixes?
The cloyſter'd-Steaks with Salt and Pepper lie
Like *Nuns* with patches in a *Monaſtry*.
Prophaneſs in a *Conclave*? nay much more
Idolatry in cruſt! *Babylon*'s *Whore*
Rak'd from the Grave, and bak'd by Hanches, then
Serv'd up in Coffins to unholy Men
Defil'd with Superſtition like the *Gentiles*
Of old, that worſhip'd *Onions*, *Roots* and *Lentiles*!
Did ever *John* of *Leyden* prophecy
Of ſuch an *Antichriſt* as Pudding-pye?

Beloved 'tis a thing when it appears,
Enough to ſet the *Saints* all by the Ears,
In ſolving of the Text, a doubtful Sin
Reformed Churches ne'er conſented in.
  But hold (my *Brethren*) while I preach and pray
Methinks the *Manna* melts and waſts away.
I am a man as all you are, have read
Of *Peter*'s Sheet, how he devoutly fed
Without Exception ; therefore to diſpence
A little with the Worm of Conſcience,
And bend unto the Creature, I profeſs
Zeal and a Pye may join both in a Meſs,
The deareſt Sons may err, then why a Sinner
May I not eat ? Since *Hugh* eat three to Dinner ?

Piæ Memoriæ

Doctiſs, Reverendiſſimique in Chriſto Patris, *Johannis Prideaux* quam-noviſſime *Wigorniæ* Epiſcopi, harumque triſtiſſime lacrimarum Patroni nec non defuncti.

Buſta ſtruant alii, lacrymiſque altare refundant,
  Quorum triſtitia fata pianda cadunt.
Talia præcurant cineres monumenta puſilli,
  Queis melos & tumulum fama gemenda petit,
Hic neque pyramidum, nec inertis monſtra coloſſi
  Poſcuntur, ſubito corruitura die.
Gloria ſecuri confidentiſſima Cœli
  Non vocat hæc ſtellis aſtra minora ſuis.
Sic tuus aſcendit currus, digniſſime Præſul,
  Terreni miſerans futile honoris onus.

Sed væ Zodiaco noſtro, væ (Phœbe) tremendum,
Ortus enim patriæ lux tenebræque ſuæ.
In te floruimus, tecum decerpimur omnes
Et Pater & gnati : Molliter oſſa cubent.
Parva tegant tenues & aperti funera fletus,
Tanta ruant ſuperis damna ſilenda metu.

Obſequies.

On the Right Reverend Father in God, John Prideaux, *late Biſhop of* Worceſter *deceaſed.*

If by the fall of *Luminaries*, we
May ſafely gueſs the World's *Cataſtrophe* ;
The ſigns are all fulfill'd, the *Token's* flown,
(That ſcarce a man has any of his own :)
Only the *Jews* Converſion ſome doubt bred,
But that's confuted now the *Doctor's* dead.
Great *Atlas* of Religion ! Since thy fate
Proclaims our loſs too ſoon, our tears too late,
Where ſhall the bleeding *Church* a Champion gain
To graſp with Hereſie ? Or to maintain
Her Conflict with the Devil ? For the odds
Runs biaſs'd ſix to four againſt the *Gods*,
Hell liſts amain, nay and th' Engagement flies
With winged *Zeal* through all the Sectaries,
That ſhould ſhe ſoundly into Queſtion fall,
We were within a *Vote* of none at all.
But can this hap upon a ſingle Death ?
Yes : For thou wert the Treaſure of our Breath.
That pious *Arch* whereon the building ſtood,
Which broke, the whole's devolv'd into a Flood ;

An Inundation that o'er-bears the banks
And Bounds of all Religion: If ſome ſtancks
Shew their emergent Heads? Like *Seth*'s famed Sto
Th'are Monuments of thy Devotion gone,
No Wonder then the rambling *Spirits* ſtray,
In thee the Body fell, and ſlipt away.
Hence 'tis the Pulpit ſwells with Exhalations,
Intricate Non-ſenſe travell'd from all Nations;
Notions refin'd to doubts, and Maxims ſqueez'd,
With tedious Hick-ups till the ſenſe grows freez'd,
If ought ſhall chance to drop we may call good,
'Tis thy diſtinction makes it underſtood.
Thy glorious Sun made ours a perfect day,
Our Influence took its Being from thy Ray.
Thine was that *Gideon*'s Fleece, when all ſtood dr
Pearl'd with Celeſtial Dew, ſhowr'd from on hig
But now thy Night is come, our Shades are ſpre
And living here we move among the Dead.
Perhaps an *Ignis fatuus* now and then
Starts up in holes, ſtinks and goes out agen.
Such *Kickzee Winſee* Flames ſhew but how dear
Thy great *Light*'s Reſurrection would be here.
A *Brother* with five Loaves and two ſmall Fiſhes,
A Table-book of Sighs, and Looks, and Wiſhes,
Startles Religion more at one ſtrong doubt,
Than what they mean when as the Candle's out.
But I profane thy Aſhes (gracious Soul!)
Thy Spirit flew to high to truſs theſe foul
Gnoſtick Opinions. Thou deſired'ſt to meet,
Such Tenents that durſt ſtand upon their Feet,
And beard the *Truth* with as intens'd a Zeal,
As *Saints* upon a faſt Night quilt a Meal.
Rome never trembled till thy piercing Eye
Darted her through, and cruſh'd the Myſtery,

Thy *Revelations* made St. *John's* compleat,
Babylon fell indeed, but 'twas thy Sweat
And Oyl perform'd the work to what we ſee,
Foretold in miſty Types, broke forth in thee.
Some ſhallow Lines were drawn, and ſconces made
By Smatterers in the Arts, to drive a Trade
Of Words between us, but that prov'd no more
Than threats in cowing Feathers to give ore.
Thy Fancy laid the *Siege* that wrought her Fall,
Thy Batteries commanded round the Wall;
Not a poor loop-hole, Error could ſneak by,
No not the *Abbeſs* to the Friery;
Though her Diſguiſe as cloſe and ſubtly good
As when ſhe wore the *Monk's* hoſe for a Hood.
And if perhaps their *French* or *Spaniſh* Wine,
Had fill'd them full of Beads and *Bellarmine*,
That they durſt ſally, or attempt a Guard,
O! How thy buſie Brain would beat and ward!
Rally! And reinforce! Rout! And relieve!
Double reſerves! And then an onſet give
Like marſhal'd Thunder, back'd with Flames of Fire?
Storms mixt with Storms? Paſſion with Globes of Ire?
Yet ſo well diſciplin'd that Judgment ſtill
Sway'd and not raſh *Commiſſionated* Will.
No, Words in thee knew Order, Time, and Place,
The inſtant of a Charge, or when to face:
When to purſue advantage, where to halt,
When to draw off, and where to reaſſault.
Such ſure Commands ſtream'd from thee, that 'twas
With thee to vanquiſh as to look upon: (one
So that thy ruin'd Foes groveling confeſs,
Thy Conqueſts were their Fate and Happineſs.
Nor was it all thy Buſineſs here to war,
With forreign Forces: But thy active Star

Could courſe a home-bred Miſt, a native Sin,
And ſhew its Guilt's Degrees, how and wherein,
Then ſentence and expel it: Thus thy Sun
An Everlaſting Stage in labour run;
So that its motion to the Eye of Man
Waved ſtill in a compleat *Meridian.*
But theſe are but fair Comments of our Loſs,
The Glory of a *Church* now on the *Croſs*:
The tranſcript of that Beauty once we had,
Whilſt with the Luſtre of thy Preſence clad:
But thou art gone (*Brave Soul*) and with thee
The Gallantry of Arts *Polemical.*
Nothing remains as *Primitive* but Talk,
And that our Prieſts again in *Leather* walk.
A *Flying Miniſtry* of Horſe and Foot,
Things that can ſtart a Text but ne'er come to't.
Teazers of Doctrines, which in long ſleev'd Proſ
Run down a Sermon all upon the Noſe.
Theſe like dull glow-worms twinckle in the Nigh
The frighted *Land-skips* of an abſent Light. (hen
But thy rich Flame's withdrawn, Heaven caught th
Thy Glories were grown ripe for Recompence:
And therefore to prevent our weak Eſſays,
Th'art crown'd an Angel with Cœleſtial Bays;
And there thy raviſh'd Soul meets Field and Fire,
Beauties enough to fill its ſtrong Deſire,
The Contemplation of a preſent *God,*
Perfections in the Womb, the very Road
And *Eſſences* of Vertues, as they be
Streaming and mixing in *Eternity.*
Whiles we poſſeſs our Souls but in a Veil,
Live Earth confin'd, catch Heaven by retail,
Such a Dark-lanthorn Age, ſuch jealous Days
Men tread on Snakes, ſleep in *Battalias,*

Walk like *Confeſſors*, hear but muſt not ſay
What the bold World dares act, and what it may;
Yet here all Votes, *Commons* and *Lords* agree,
The *Croſier* fell in *Laud*, the *Church* in thee.

n the death of his *Royal Majeſty* Charles *late King of* England *&c.*

WHat went yout out to ſee, a dying King?
Nay more, I fear an Angel ſuffering.
ut what went you to ſee? A Prophet ſlain?
Nay that and more a martyr'd Soveraign.
Peace to that ſacred Duſt! *Great Sir* your Fears
Have left us nothing but Obedient Tears
To court your Hearſe; and in thoſe Pious Floods
We live, the poor remainder of our Goods.
Accept us in theſe latter Obſequies,
The unplundred Riches of our Hearts and Eyes;
For in theſe faithful Streams and Emanations,
W'are Subjects ſtill beyond all *Sequeſtrations*.
Here we cry more than Conquerors: Malice may
Murder Eſtates, but Hearts will ſtill obey.
Theſe as your Glory's, yet above the reach
Of ſuch whoſe purple Lines confuſion preach.
And now (*Dear Sir*) vouchſafe us to admire
With envy your arrival, and that *Quire*
Of *Cherubims* and *Angels* that ſupply'd
Our Duties at your Triumphs: Where you ride
With full Cæleſtial *Ioes*, and *Ovations*
Rich as the Conqueſt of three ruin'd *Nations*.
But 'twas the Heavenly Plot that ſnatch'd you hence,
To crown your Soul with that Magnificence.

And bounden rites of Honour, that poor Earth
Could only wiſh and ſtrangle in the Birth.
Such pittied Emulation ſtop'd the bluſh
Of our Ambitious Shame, non-ſuited us.
For where Souls act beyond Mortality,
Heaven only can perform that *Jubilee*.
We wreſtle then no more, but bleſs your day
And mourn the Anguiſh of our ſad delay:
That ſince we cannot add, we yet ſtay here
Fetter'd in Clay: Yet longing to appear
Spectators of your Bliſs, that being ſhown
Once more, you may embrace us as your own;
Where never Envy ſhall divide us more,
Nor City-tumults, nor the Worlds uproar;
But an Eternal Huſh, a quiet Peace
As without end, ſo ſtill in the Increaſe,
Shall lull Humanity aſleep, and bring
Us equal Subjects to the Heavenly King.
Till when I'll turn *Recuſant*, and forſwear
All *Calvin*, for there's *Purgatory* here.

An Epitaph.

STay Paſſenger: Behold and ſee
The widdowed Grave of *Majeſty*.
Why trembleſt thou? Here's that will make
All but our ſtupid Souls to ſhake.
Here lies entomb'd the Sacred Duſt
Of *Peace* and *Piety*, Right and Juſt.
The Blood (O ſtart'ſt not thou to hear?)
Of a *King*, 'twixt hope and fear
Shed, and hurried hence to be
The Miracle of Miſery.

Add the ills that *Rome* can boaſt,
hrift the World in every Coaſt,
ix the Fire of Earth and Seas
Vith humane Spleen and Practices,
o puny the Records of time,
y one grand *Gygantick* Crime;
hen ſwell it bigger till it ſqueeze
he Globe to crooked Hams and Knees,
ere's that ſhall make it ſeem to be
ut modeſt *Chriſtianity*.
The *Law-giver*, amongſt his own,
entenc'd by a Law unknown.
oted *Monarchy* to Death
y the courſe *Plebeian* Breath.
he *Soveraign* of all Command
uffering by a *Common* Hand.
Prince, to make the Odium more,
ffer'd at his very door.
he head cut off, O Death to ſee't!
n Obedience to the Feet.
nd that by *Juſtice* you muſt know,
f you have Faith to think it ſo.
Wee'l ſtir no further than this Sacred Clay,
But let it ſlumber till the *Judgment* Day.
Of all the *Kings* on Earth, 'tis not denyed,
Here lies the firſt that for Religion dyed.

A Survey of the World.

THe *World's* a guilded Trifle, and the State
Of ſublunary Bliſs adulterate.
Fame but an empty Sound, a painted noiſe,
A Wonder that ne'er looks beyond nine Days.

Honour's

Honour's the Tennis-Ball of Fortune: Though
Men wade to it in Blood and Overthrow;
Which like a Box of Dice uneven dance,
Sometime 'tis one's, ſometimes another's chanc
Wealth but the hugg'd Conſumption of that Hear
That travels Sea and Land for his own Smart.
Pleaſure a courtly Madneſs, a Conceit
That ſmiles and tickles without Worth or Weig
Whoſe ſcatter'd reck'ning, when 'tis to be paid
Is but Repenance laviſhly in-laid.
The World, Fame, Honour, Wealth and Pleaſ
then
Are the fair Wrack and *Gemonies* of Men.
Ask but thy *Carnal Heart* if thou ſhouldſt be
Sole *Monarch* of the Worlds great Family,
If with the *Macedonian Youth* there would
Not be a corner ſtill reſerv'd that could
Another Earth contain? If ſo? What is
That poor inſatiate thing ſhe may call Bliſs?

Queſtion the loaden *Gallantry* aſleep,
What profit now their *Lawrels* in the deep
Of Death's Oblivion? What their *Triumph* was
More then the Moment it did prance and paſs?
If then applauſe move by the vulgar cry,
Fame's but a Glorious Uncertainty.

Awake *Sejanus*, *Strafford*, *Buckingham*,
Charge the fond Favourites of greateſt Name,
What Faith is in a *Prince*'s Smile, what Joy
In th'high and *Grand Concilio le Roy*?
Nay *Cæſar*'s ſelf, that march'd his *Honours* throu
The Bowels of all *Kingdoms*, made them bow
Low to the Stirrup of his Will and Vote,
What ſafety to their Maſter's Life they brought?

What

When in the *Senate* in his higheſt Pride
By two and thirty Wounds he fell and dy'd;
If *Height* be then moſt ſubjected to Fate;
‘*Honour*'s the Day-ſpring of a greater Hate.
Now ask the *Grovling Soul* that ſtakes his Gold
His *Idol*, his *Diana*, what a cold
Account of Happineſs can here ariſe
From that ingluvious Surfeit of his Eyes?
How the whole Man's inſlav'd to a lean Dearth
Of all Enjoyment for a little Earth?
How like *Prometheus* he doth ſtill repair
His growing Heart to feed the *Vulture's* care.
Or like a Spider's envious Deſigns
Drawing the threads of Death from her own Loyns.
Tort'ring his Entrails with thoughts of to Morrow,
To keep that Maſs with grief, he gain'd with Sorrow.
If to the clincking Paſtime in his Ears
He add the *Orphans* Cries and Widows Tears,
The Muſick's far from ſweet, and if you found him,
Truly, they leave him ſadder than they found him.
Now touch the *Dallying Gallant*, he that lies
Angling for Babies in his *Miſtris*'s Eyes,
Thinks there's no Heaven like a Bale of Dice
Six Horſes and a Coach with a device:
A caſt of Lackeys, and a Lady-bird,
An Oath in faſhion, and a guilded Sword:
Can ſmoak Tobacco with a Face in Frame,
And ſpeak perhaps a Line of Senſe to th' ſame:
Can ſleep a *Sabboth* over in his Bed,
Or if his Play-book's there, will ſtoop to read,
Can kiſs its Hand, and conge *a la mode*,
And when the Night's approaching bolt abroad,
Unleſs his Honour's Worſhip's Rent's not come;
So he falls ſick, and ſwears the *Carrier* home.

Elſe if his rare Devotion ſwell ſo high
To waſte an Hour-glaſs on Divinity,
'Tis but to make the Church his Stage, thereby
To blaze the Taylor in his Ribaldry.
Ask but the *Fop* when his diſtreſs ſhall fall
Like an arm'd Man upon him, where are all
The Roſe-buds of his Youth? Thoſe antick Toys
Wherein he ſported out his precious Days?
What comfort he collects from Hawk or Hound?
Or if amongſt his looſer Hours, he found
One of a thouſand to redeem that time
Periſh'd and loſt for ever in his Prime?
Or if he dream'd of an Eternal Bliſs?
Hee'l ſwear *Goddamn him* he ne'er thought of this
But like the *Epicure* ador'd the day
That ſhin'd, roſe up to eat, and drink and play,
Knows that his Body was but Duſt, and dye
It once muſt, ſo have Mercy, and God b'wy.
Thus having travers'd the fond World in brief,
The Luſt of the Eyes, the Fleſh, and Pride of Life
Unbiaſs'd and impartially, we ſee,
'Tis lighter in the Scale than Vanity.
What then remains? But that we ſtill ſhould ſtrive
Not to be born to dye, but dye to live.

An Old Man courting a young Girl.

Come Beauteous *Nymph*, canſt thou embrace
An Aged, Wiſe Majeſtick Grace?
To mingle with thy youthful Flames,
And made thy Glories ſtay'd? the Dames
Of looſer Geſture bluſh to ſee
Thy *Lillies* cloth'd with Gravity?

Thy

hy happier choice? Thy gentle *Kine*
With a ſober *Elm* entwine?
al fair *Nymph* that lovely Tye
hall ſpeak thy Honour loud and high.
Nym. Ceaſe *Grandſire Lover*, and forbear
o court me with thy *Sepulchre*;
hy chill *December* and my *May*
hy *Evening* and my *Break of Day*
an brook no Mixture, no Condition,
ut ſtand in perfect Oppoſition.
or can my active heart embrace
ſhivering Ague in Love's Chaſe.
nly perhaps the lucky Tye
ay make thy forked Fortune high.
Man. If fretted Roofs and Beds of Down,
nd the Wonder of the *Town*,
ended Knees, and coſtly Fare,
icheſt Dainties without Care,
ay Temptations Motives be
ere they all attend on thee;
nd to raiſe thy Bliſs the more,
well thy Trunks with precious Ore,
he glittering Entrails of the Eaſt
o varniſh and perfume thy Neſt.
Nym. I queſtion not, *Sage Sir*, but ſhe
hat weds your grave Obliquity,
our Pthiſick, Rheums, and Soldans Face
all meet with *Fretted Roofs* apace.
ancy not your bended Knees
ſt bowing you can ſprighly riſe;
our Gold too when you leave to woo
ill quickly become *Precious* too.
d dainty Cates without Delight
y glut the Day but ſtarve the Night.

Q For

For when thou boaſts the Beds of Bliſs,
The Man, the Man, ſtill wanting is.
Man. Nay, gentle *Nymph*, think not my Fire
So quench'd, but that the ſtrong Deſire
Of Love can wake it and create
New Action to cooperate.
The Sparks of Youth are not ſo gone,
But I——ay marry that I can.
Come ſmack me then my pretty Dear,
Taſt what a lively Change is here.
Why fly'ſt thou me?——————
Nym.——————————.——yee yee begone,
Claſp me not with thy *Frozen Zone*.
That pale Aſpect would beſt become
The ſad Complexion of a *Tomb*.
Think not thy *Church-yard* Look ſhall move
My Spring to be thy Winter's *Stave*.
If at the *Reſurrection* we
Shall chance to marry, call on me;
By that time I perhaps may gueſs
How to bath and how to dreſs
Thy weeping Legs, and ſimpathize
With periſh'd Lungs and wopper Eyes,
And think thy touchy Paſſion Wit,
Love diſdain and flatter it;
And 'midſt this coſtive Puniſhment
Raiſe a politick Content.
But whiles the *Solſtice* of my years
Glories in its higheſt Sphears,
Deem not, I will daign to be
The Vaſſal of Infirmity,
The Skreen of flegmatick old Age,
Decay'd *Methuſalem* his Page.

No! Give me lively Pleaſures, ſuch
Melt the Fancy in the touch;
Raiſe the Appetite and more,
Satisfie it o'er and o'er.
Then from the Aſhes of thoſe Fires
Kindle freſh and new Deſires.
So *Cyprus* be the *Scæne*: Above
Venus and the *God* of Love,
Knitting true-love-knots in one
Merry happy Union.
Whiles their feather'd team appears
Doves and Sparrows in their Gears,
Flutt'ring o'er the jovial-fry,
Sporting in Love's *Comedy*.
Man. Hold haſty Soul, Beauty's a Flower
That may periſh in an Hour;
No Diſeaſe but can diſgrace
The trifling Bloſſoms of a Face,
And nip the heights of thoſe fond Toys,
That now are doted on with Praiſe.
The Noon-glory of the Sun
To the Shades of Night muſt come.
May, for all her gilded Prime,
Has its weak and withering time.
Not a Bud that ows its Birth,
From the teeming-mother Earth,
But excels the fading dreſs
Of a Womans Lovelineſs:
For when Flowers vaniſh here,
They may ſpring another Year,
But frail Beauty, when 'tis gone,
Finds no Reſurrection.
Scorn me then, coy *Nymph*, no more,
Fly no higher, do not ſore.

Thoſe pretty Rubies of thy Lips
Once muſt know a pale *Eclipſe*,
And that plump alluring Skin
Will be furrow'd deeply in.
And thoſe curled Locks ſo bright
Time will all beſnow with white.
Not a Glory, not a Glance,
But muſt ſuffer Change and Chance.
Then, though now you'll not contract
With me in the Marriage *Act*,
Yet perforce chuſe, chuſe you whether,
You and I ſhall *Lye* together.

An Epitaph on his deceaſed Friend.

HEre lies the ruin'd *Cabinet*
Of a rich Soul more highly ſet,
The Droſs and Refuſe of a Mind,
Too glorious to be here confin'd.
Earth for a while beſpake his ſtay,
Only to bait and ſo away;
So that what here he doted on
Was meerly Accommodation.
Not that his active Soul could be
At home, but in Eternity.
Yet while he bleſt us with the Rays
Of his ſhort continued Days,
Each minute had its Weight of Worth,
Each pregnant Hour ſome *Star* brought forth.
So whiles he travell'd here beneath,
He liv'd, when others only breath.
For not a Sand of time ſlip'd by
Without its *Action* ſweet as high.

So good, ſo peaceable, ſo bleſt,
Angels alone can ſpeak the reſt.

Mount Ida, or, *Beauties Conteſt.*

THree regent *Goddeſſes* they fell at odds,
As they ſat cloſe in Council with the Gods,
Whoſe Beauty did excel? And thence they crave
A Moderator of the Strife to have,
But leſt the partial Heavens could not decide
The grudg, they ſtoop to Mortals to be try'd.

Mantled in Clouds then gently down they fall
Upon *Mount Ida* to appeaſe the Brall,
Where *Priam's* lovely Boy ſporting did keep
His Fathers Lambs and ſnowy Flocks of Sheep,
His lilly Hand was ſoon ordain'd to be
The harmleſs *Umpire* of the fond Decree.

To him, to him, they gave the *Golden Ball*,
O happy Goddeſs upon whom it fall!
But more unhappy *Shepherd*, was't not pity
Thou didſt not ſend it at a cloſe *Committee*?
There, there thou hadſt ſurpaſs'd what did befall,
Thou might'ſt have crowned *One*, yet pleaſed *All*.

Firſt then *Imperious Juno* did diſplay
Her Coronet of Glories to the Boy,
And rang'd her Stars up in an arched Ring
Of Height and Majeſty moſt flouriſhing;
Then Wealth and Honour at his Foot did lay
To be eſteem'd the *Lady* of the Day,

Next *Pallas* that brave *Heroina* came,
The thund'ring Queen of Action, War and Fame,
Dreſs'd in her glitt'ring Arms, wherewith ſhe lays
Worlds waſt, and new ones from their Duſt can raiſe:
Theſe, theſe ſhe tenders him, advanc'd to be,
With all the Wreaths of Wit and Gallantry.

Laſt *Venus* breaks forth of her golden Rays,
With thouſand *Cupids* crown'd, and thouſand Bows
Sparkling through every Quadrant of her Eyes,
Which made her Beauty in full Glory riſe;
Then ſmiling vow'd ſo to ſublime his Parts,
To make him the great *Conqueror* of Hearts.

Thus poor diſtracted *Paris* all on Fire,
Stood trembling deep in doubt what to deſire;
The ſweet Temptations pleaded hard for all,
Each Theatre of Beauty ſeem'd to call
For the bright Prize. But he amazed, he
Could not determine which, which which was ſhe.

At laſt the *Cyprian* Girl ſo ſtruck him blind
In all the Faculties of Soul and Mind,
That he poor captiv'd Wretch without delay
Could not forbear his frailty to betray,
But maugre Honour, Wiſdom, all above,
He ran and kiſs'd and crown'd the *Queen* of *Love*.

Pallas and *Juno* then in high diſdain
Took Snuff, and poſted up to Heaven again,
As to a high *Court* of Appeal, to have
Reveng'd on Men for this Indignation.
“ Hence then it happens that the *Ball* was loſt,
“ 'Tis two to one but Love is always croſt.

Upon

Upon a Fly that flew into a Lady's Eye, and there lay buried in a Tear.

POor envious *Soul!* what couldſt thou ſee
In that bright *Orb* of *Purity*?
That active Globe? That twinkling Sphere
Of Beauty to be medling there?
Or didſt thou fooliſhly miſtake
The glowing Morn in that Day-break?
Or was't thy Pride to mount ſo high
Only to kiſs the *Sun* and dye?
Or didſt thou think to rival all
Don Phaeton and his great Fall?
And in a richer Sea of Brine
Drown *Icarus* again in thine?
'Twas bravely aim'd, and which is more
Th'haſt ſunk the Fable o'er and o'er.
For in this ſingle Death of thee
Th'haſt bankrupt all *Antiquity*.
O had the fair *Ægyptian* Queen
Thy glorious Monument once ſeen,
How had ſhe ſpar'd what time forbids,
The needleſs tow'ring *Pyramids*?
And in an emulative Chaſe
Have begg'd thy Shrine her Epitaph?
Where, when her Aged Marble muſt
Reſign her Honour to the Duſt,
Thou mightſt have canonized her
Deceaſed *Time's Executor*?
To rip up all the Weſtern Bed
Of Spices where *Sol* lays his Head,
To ſqueeze the *Phœnix* and her Neſt
In one Perfume that may write *Beſt*;

Then

Then blend the Gall'ry of the Skies
With her *Seraglio* of Eyes,
T'embalm a Name, and raiſe a Tomb,
The Miracle of all to come;
Then, then, compare it: Here's a Gemm
A Pearl muſt ſhame and pity them;
An Amber drop diſtilled by
The ſparkling *Limbeck* of an eye,
Shall dazle all the ſhort Eſſays
Of rubbiſh Worth and ſhallow Praiſe.
We ſtrive not then to prize that Tear,
Since we have nought to poiſe it here:
The World's too light. Hence, hence we fly
The World, the World's not worth a Fly.

Obſequies

To the Memory of the truly Noble, right *liant, and right Honourable,* Spencer *Earl* *of* Northampton, *ſlain at* Hopton *Field* *in* Staffordſhire, *in the Beginning of the* *Civil War.*

WHat! The whole World in Silence? Not a Tu
In tune through all the ſpeechleſs *Hemiſphere*
Has Grief ſo ſeiz'd and ſear'd Man-kind in all
The Convoys of *Intelligence*? No Fall
But thoſe of *Waters* heard? No Elegies
But ſuch as whine through th' Organs of our ſpl
Can *Pompey* fall again? And no Pen ſay
Here lies the *Roman Liberty* in Clay?

Or can his Blood [illegible] th' Egyptian Sands,
And the black Crimes does [illegible] the Land?
And make the *Pyramid* instead of a Verse,
And numb his feeble *Epitaph* upon his Hearse.
So here (*Northampton*) thou [illegible] *Heroick* fell,
Triumphant *Pompey* thy pure Parallel;
The Bluſh and Glory of his Age: Who dyed
In all Points (as thy) but the [illegible] field
Only to foreign gains he did not [illegible],
The kind *Egyptians* met him nearer home.
Both, and ſuch Cauſes, that the World confeſs,
There's nought to plead againſt them but *Succeſs.*
Malignant Loyalty! A glorious Fame
And Sin, for which God never found a Name;
Which had it ſcaped the *Rubrick* of theſe times
Had ſtill continu'd among *Holy Crimes.*
A *Text* on which we find no Gloſs at all,
But in the *Alcoran* of Goldſmiths Hall!
Now (*Great Adolphus*) give me leave to ſtir
The Aſhes of thy Urn, and Sepulchre;
And branch thoſe Flowers of the *Swediſh* Glory,
As rivall'd to the Life in our ſad Story;
Yet not impair thy Plumes, by adding more
To ſuit that Splendor from a Neighbour Shore:
Nor deem thy Honour leſs thus match'd [illegible]
If *Compton* dyed in graſping *Victory.*
An active Soul in Gallant Fury hurl'd
To club with all the Worthies of the World.
Blind, Envious, piping *Fortune!* What could ſhe
The tottering Ground of this thy Treachery
To ſtop the Ballance of that brave Carreer,
Was both his end, thy Miracle and Fear?
Was't not a pannick Dread ſurpriz'd thy Soul,
Of being made ſervile to his high Controul?

Bluſh and confeſs your *Caitiff-guilty* Soul! So
Wee'l quit his in by total Overthrow.
And *Death*, thou Wretch! in Tinged pale *Affection*
Thou ſneaking Hireling of Revenge and Hate,
Didſt not thou feel an *Earthquake* in thy Bones?
Such as rends Rocks and their Foundations?
No *Tertian* ſhivering, but an *Ague* fit
Which with a burning Feaver ſhall commit
The World to Aſhes? When thou ſtol'ſt creep'ſt upon
That Helmet which durſt dare *Jove* and his Thunder.
But ſince the *Bays* he reacht at grew not here,
Like a wiſe Souldier and a *Courtier*,
He left his covetous Enemy at Bay,
Rifling the Carriage of his Fleſh and Clay;
While his rich Soul purſued the greater Game
Of *Honour* to the Skies, there fix'd his Name.
I ſhall not therefore in the *Orbes* trace
Thy Sacred Foot-ſteps in that hallow'd Place,
Nor ſhew a feigned Star, and ſwear it thine,
Then ſtretch the *Conſtellation* to thy Line;
Like a *Welch Gentleman* that racks his Kin
To all *Coats* in the Country he lives in:
Nor yet to raiſe thy *Flaming Creſt*, ſhall I
Knock for the wandring *Planet* in the Sky.
Perhaps ſome broken Beauty of ſtale Doubt,
To comment on her Face, has hir'd them out:
Let Fame, and thy brave Race thy Name out-live,
The World can never ſuch another give.
Whilſt each Soul ſighs at the ſad thought of thee,
There fell a *Province* of *Nobility*.
A Fall, that *Zeal* but huſbanded its Threat,
That ſunk the *Houſe of Lords*, and ſav'd the *King*.
They only State upon *Table* in their Seats,
He ſingly repreſented all the Peers.

One

ne, had the Enemy imploy'd their *Search*,
hose *Ring-worms of the Church*, to beg a Neck
With *Claudius*, to metropolize all Worth,
ome, and what e'en the *Scotch*-world brought forth.
n him the Sword did glut its ravening Eye.
he rest that kick'd up were the smaller fry,
parks only of that Fire in him deceas'd.
yfter that crack'd and vanish'd North and West.
He led the *Royal War* in such a Dye,
n that dire Entrance of the *Tragedy*,
he Sense (*Great Charles*) no longer to prorogue,
one but thy self could speak the *Epilogue*.

The London Lady.

GEntly my *Muse*! 'tis but a tender Piece,
A Paradox of Fumes and *Ambergreece*.
A Cobweb-tinder at a touch takes Fire,
The tumbling Whirligig of blind Desire,
Vulcan's Pandora in a Crystal Shrine,
Or th' old *Inn* fac'd with a new painted Sign.
The ſpotted Voyder of the *Term*; in ſhort,
Chymical Nature phyſick'd into Art.
But hold rude *Satyr*, here's a *Hector* comes,
A *Cod-piece Captain* that with her ſhares Sums;
One claims a Joynture in her Sins, the Foil
That puts her off, like the Old Mercers while,
That with a Dagger, Cloak, and ho-boy capes
And ſqueeks for Company for the *Jack-an-Apes*.
This is the fierce St. *George*, commands the Wagon,
And, if occaſion be, ſhall kill the *Dragon*.
Don Mars the great Aſcendant on the Road,
When *Thomas*'s team begins to jog abroad.

The hunter at each turn of *Covent Garden*,
The *Cloak-Pickeerer*, the robuſt *Church-warden*
Of *Lincoln's Inn* back-corner, where he angles
For Cloaks and Hats, and the ſmall Game entangle
This is the *City Usher* ſtray'd to enter
The ſmall Drink Country Squires of the firſt ve
And dubs them Batchelor-Knight of the black Ju
Mans them into an Oath, and the French Shrug,
Make's them fine Graduates in Smock-impudence,
And gelds them of their Puny Mothers Sence.
So that when two Terms more, and forty Pound
Reads them acquainted all *Gomorrha* round,
Down to their wondring Friends at laſt they rang
With breeding juſt enough to ſpeak them ſtrange,
And drown a younger Brother in a Look,
Kick a poor Lacquey, and berogue the Cook;
Top a ſmall Cry of Tenants that dare ſtir
In no Phraſe now, but ſave your *Worſhip Sir*.
　But to return: By this my Lady's up,
Has ſwum the Ocean of the Cawdle-Cup,
Convers'd with every waſhing, every Ground,
And Fucus in the Cabinet's to be found,
Has laid the fix'd Complexion for the Day,
Her Breech rings High *Change*, and ſhe muſt away.
　Now down the Channel towards the *Strand* ſhe
Flinging her nimble Glances on both ſides,
Like the Death-darting *Cockatrice* (that flye
Cloſe *Engineer*) that murders through the Eye.
The firſt that's tickled with her rumbling Wh
Is the old *Stateſman*, that in Suppers reels,
He wiſe draws up his Jaws, and ſnuffs and grin
And ſighing ſmacks, but for my Aged Shins,
My *Conduct* of Diſeaſes, I would boord
Your lofty Gally: Thus I ſerv'd my *Lord*——

But mum for that, his ſtrength will ſcarce ſupply
His Back to the Balcona, ſo God b'w'y.
By this ſhe has ſurvey'd the golden *Globe*,
And finding no Temptation to diſrobe,
To *Durham New Old Stable* on ſhe packs, Clack,
Where having winc'd and breath'd the what d'ye
Ruffled and bounced a turn or two in Ire,
She mounts the Coach like *Phaeton* all on Fire,
Fit for th' Impreſſions of all ſorts of Evil,
And whirls up tow'rds the *Lawyers* and the *Devil*.
There *Ployden* in his laced Ruff ſtarch'd on Edge,
Peeps like an Adder through a quick-ſet Hedge,
And brings his ſtale Demur to ſtop the Courſe
Of her Proceedings with her Yoak of Horſe;
Then falls to handling of the Caſe, and ſo
Shews her the Poſture of her Over-throw;
But yet for all his Law and double Fees
Shee'l bring him to joyn Iſſue on his Knees,
And make him pay for Expedition too;
Thus the gray Fox acts his green Sins anew,
And well he ſcapes if all his *Norman* Senſe
Can ſave the burning of his *Evidence*.
But out at laſt ſhee's huddled in the dark,
Man'd like a *Lady-Client* by the *Clerk*
And ſo the nimble Youngſter at the parting
Exports a Smack perhaps before the Carting. (Creſt,
Down *Fleet-ſtreet* next ſhe rowls with powdred
To ſpring clip'd half-crowns in the *Cuckow's* Neſt.
For now the Heroes of the Yard have ſhut
Their Shops, and loll upon their Bulks to put
The Ladies to the Squeeck, if ſo perhaps
Their Miſtreſſes can ſpare them from their Laps.
Not far ſhe waves and ſails before ſhe clings
With the young Tribe for Pendants, Lace, and Rings;

But there poor totter'd a *Madam*, though too late,
She meets the Topſie-turvey of her State;
For the calm'd Boys, having nought left to pay,
Are forc'd to pawn her, and ſo run away.
On this the dreadful *Drawer* ſoon appears,
Like her ill *Genius* about her Ears,
With a long Bill of *Items* that affright
Worſe than a Skull of Halberds in the Night.
For now the Jay's compell'd to untruſs all
The tackling upon tick from every Stall;
Each ſharing Broker of her borrow'd Dreſs
Seems to do Penance in her Nakedneſs.
For not a Lady of the noble Game,
But is compaſs'd at leaſt of all Long-Lane:
An Animal *together blow'd and made,*
And up'd of all the Shreds of every Trade.
Thus purely now her ſelf, homewards ſhe pack
Exciz'd in all the *Dialects* of her knacks;
Squeez'd to the utmoſt Thread, and lateſt Grai
Like *Meteors* toſs'd to their firſt grit again.
A Lane, a Lane, ſhe comes, ſumm'd down to nough
But Shame and a thin-under Petticoat.
But leſt I ſhould purſue her to the quick,
I paſs: The Chaſe lies now too near the Nick.
In pity *Satyr* then thy Laſh let fall:
He knows her beſt that ſcans her not at all.
And though thou ſeem'ſt diſcourteous not to
No matter, when thou leav'ſt there's one will

The Times.

TO ſpeak in wet-ſhod Eyes, and drowned Looks,
Sad broken Accents, and a Vein that brooks
No Spirit, Life, or Vigour, were to own
The Cruſh and Triumph of Affliction;
And creeping with *Themiſtocles* to be
The pale-fac'd Penſioners of our Enemy.
No, 'tis the Glory of the Soul to riſe
By Falls, and at rebound to pierce the Skies.
Like a brave *Courſer* ſtanding on the Sand
Of ſome high-working *Stream*, views a Land
Smiling with Sweets upon the diſtant ſide,
Garniſh'd in all her gay embroider'd Pride,
Larded with Springs, and fring'd with curled Woods,
Impatient, bounces in the cap'ring Floods,
Big with a nobler Fury than that Stream
Of ſhallow Violence he meets in them;
Thence arm'd with Scorn & Courage ploughs away
Through the impoſtum'd Billows of the Sea;
And makes the grumbling Surges Slaves to Oar,
And waft him ſafely to the further Shoar:
Where landed in a Soveraign Diſdain
He turns back, and ſurveys the foaming Main,
Whiles the ſubjected Waters flowing reel,
Ambitious yet to waſh the Victor's Heel.
In ſuch a Noble Equipage ſhould we
Embrace th' Encounter of our Miſery:
Not like a Field of Corn, that hangs the Head
For every Tempeſt, every petty Dread.
Croſſes were the beſt *Chriſtians Arms*: And we
That hope a wiſhed *Canaan* once to ſee,

Muſt not expect a Carpet-way alone
Without a Red-ſea of Affliction.
Then caſt the Dice ;— Let's foord old *Rubicon*,
Ceſar 'tis thine, Man is but once undone.
Tread ſoftly though, leſt *Sylla*'s Ghoſt awake,
And as i'th' Roll of his *Proſcriptions* take.
Rome is revived, and the *Triumvirate*
In the black *Iſhood* are once more a State;
The City trembles: There's no third to ſhield
If once *Auguſtus* to *Antonius* yield,
Law ſhall not ſhelter *Cicero*, the Robe
The *Senate*: Proud Succeſs admits no Probe
Of Juſtice to correct, or ſquare the Fate,
That bears down all as illegitimate;
For whatſoe'er it liſts to overthrow,
It either finds it, or elſe makes it ſo.
Thus *Tyranny*'s a ſtately *Palace*, where
Ambition ſweats to climb and juſtle there;
But when 'tis enter'd, what Hopes then remain?
There is no Sallyport to come out again.
For Miſchief muſt rowl on, and gliding grow,
Like little Rivulets that gently flow
From their firſt bubling Springs, but ſtill increaſe
And ſwell their Channel as they mend their Pace;
Till in a Glorious Tide of Villany
They over-run the Banks, and poſting fly
Like th'bellowing Waves in Tumults, till they can
Diſplay themſelves in a full Ocean.
And if blind Rage ſhall chance to miſs its Way,
Brings Stock enough alone to make a Sea.
Thus treble Treaſons are ſecur'd and drown'd
By lowder Crys of deeper Mouth and Sound,
And high Attempts ſwallow a puny Plot,
As Canons overwhelm the ſmaller Shot.

Whiles the deaf ſenſleſs World inur'd a while
(Like the *Catadupi* at the Fall of *Mile*)
To the fierce tumbling Wonder, think it none;
Thus Cuſtom hallows Irreligion !
And ſtrokes the patient Beaſt till he admit
The now-grown-light and neceſſary Bit.
But whether do I ramble? Gauled Times
Cannot indure a ſmart Hand o'er their Crimes.
Diſtracted Age? What Dialect or Faſhion
Shall I aſſume? To paſs the Approbation
Of thy cenſorious *Synod* ; which now ſit
High *Areopagites* to deſtroy all Wit?
I cannot ſay, I ſay, that I am one
Of th' *Church* of *Ely-houſe*, or *Abington*,
Nor of thoſe precious Spirits that can deal
The Pomegranates of Grace at every Meal.
No zealous *Hemp-dreſſer* yet dipp'd me in
The Laver of Adoption from my Sin.
But yet if Inſpiration, or a Tale
Of a long-waſted ſix Hours length prevail,
A ſmooth Certificate from the Siſter-hood,
Or to be term'd Holy before Good,
Religious Malice, or a Faith 'thout Works
Others then may proclaim us *Jews* or *Turks* :
If theſe, theſe hint at any thing, Then, then
Whoop! my diſpairing *Hope* come back agen:
For ſince the Innundation of Grace,
All Honeſty's under Water, or in Chaſe.
But 'tis the Old Worlds Dotage, thereupon
We feed on Dreams Imagination,
Humours, and croſs-gain'd Paſſions, which now reign
In the decaying Elements of the Brain.
Tis hard to coin new Fancies, when there be
So few that launch out in Diſcovery.

Nay Arts are ſo far from being cheriſhed,
There's ſcarce a *Colledge* but has loſt its *Head*,
And almoſt all its *Members*: O ſad Wound!
Where never an Artery could be judged ſound!
To what a Height is *Vice* now towred? When we
Dare not miſcall it an *Obliquity*?
So confident, and carrying ſuch an aw,
That it ſubſcribes it ſelf no leſs than *Law*!
If this be Reformation then? The great
Account purſued with ſo much Bloud and Sweat?
  In what Black Lines ſhall our ſad Story be
Deliver'd over to Poſterity?
With what a Daſh and Scar ſhall we be read?
How has Dame *Nature* in us ſuffered?
Who of all Centuries the firſt Age are
That ſunk the World for want of due Repair?
  When firſt we iſſued out in Cries and Tears,
(Thoſe ſalt Preſages of our future years)
Head-long we dropt into a quiet Calm,
Times crown'd with roſie Garlands, Spice and Balm;
Where firſt a Glorious *Church* and Mother came,
Embrac'd us in her Arms, gave us a Name
By which we live, and an indulgent Breaſt
Flowing with Stream to an Eternal Reſt.
Thus raviſh'd, the poor *Soul* could not gueſs even,
Which was more kind to her yet, Earth, or Heaven.
Or rather wrapped in a pious Doubt
Of Heaven, whether ſhe were in or out.
  Next the *Great Father* of our *Country* brings
His Bleſſing too, (even the *Beſt of Kings*)
Safe and well-grounded Laws to guard our Peace,
And nurſe our Virtues in their juſt Increaſe;
Like a pure Spring from whom all Graces come,
Whoſe Bounty made it double *Chriſtendom*.

Such and ſo ſweet were thoſe *Halcyon* Days
That roſe upon us in our Infant Rays;
Such a compoſed *State* we breathed under,
We only heard of *Jove*, ne'er felt his Thunder.
Terrors were then as ſtrange, as Love now grown,
Wrong and Revenge lived quietly at home.
The ſole Contention that we underſtood,
Was a rare Strife and War in doing good.
 Now let's reflect upon our Gratefulneſs.
How we have added, or (O!) made it leſs, (where
What are th'Improvements? what our Progreſs?
Thoſe handſom Acts that ſay that ſome men were?
He that to ancient Wreaths can bring no more
From his own Worth, dyes bankrupt on the Score.
For Fathers Creſts are crowned in the Son,
And Glory ſpreads by Propagation.
Now Virtue ſhield me! Where ſhall I begin?
To what a Labyrinth am I now ſlipp'd in,
What ſhall we anſwer them? Or what deny?
What prove? Or rather whether ſhall we fly?
When the poor widdow'd *Church* ſhall ask us where
Are all her Honours? and that filial Care
We ow'd ſo ſweet a Parent as the Spouſe
Of *Chriſt*, which here vouchſaf'd to own a Houſe?
Where are her *Bouerges*? And thoſe rare
Brave Sons of Conſolation? Which did bear
The *Ark* before our *Iſrael*, and diſpence
The Heavenly *Manna* with ſuch Diligence?
In them the prim'tive Motto's come to paſs,
Aut mortui ſunt, aut docent literas.
Bleſs'd *Virgin*! we can only ſay we have
Thy Prophets Tombs among us, and their Grave.
And here and there a Man in Colours paint,
That by thy Ruins grew a mighty *Saint*.

Next *Cæſar* ſome Accounts are due to thee,
But thoſe in Blood already written be.
So loud and laſting, in ſuch monſtrous Shapes,
So wide the never-to-be-clos'd Wound gapes;
All Ages yet to come with ſhivering ſhall
Recite the fearful Preſident of thy Fall.
Hence we confute thy Tenent *Solomon*,
Under the Sun a new thing hath been done;
A thing before all Pattern, all Pretence
Of Rule or Copy: Such a ſtrange Offence
Of ſuch Original Extract, that it bears
Date only from the *Eden* of our Years.
Laconian Agis! We have read thy Fate,
The Violence of the *Spartan* Love and Hate.
How *Pagans* trembled at the thought of thee,
And fled the Horrour of thy Tragedy;
Thyeſtes cruel Feaſt, and how the Sun
Shrunk in his Golden Beams that Sight to ſhun.
The Boſoms of all Kingdoms open lye,
Plain and emergent to th'inquiring Eye.
But when we glance upon our Native Home,
As the black *Center* to whom all Points come,
We reſt amazed, and ſilently admire
How far beyond all Spleen ours did aſpire.
All that we dare aſſert is but a Cry
Of an exchanged Peace for *Liberty*.
A ſecret Term by Inſpiration known,
A Miſt that brooks no Demonſtration;
Unleſs we dive into our Purſes, where
We quickly find *Our Freedom* purely dear.
But why exclaim you thus? May ſome Men ſay,
Againſt the times? When equal Night and Day
Keep their juſt Courſe? The Seaſons ſtill the ſame?
As ſweet as when from the firſt Hand they came?

The Influence of the *Stars* benign and free,
As at firſt *Peep up* in their Infancy?
'Tis not thoſe ſtanding Motions that divide
The ſpace of Years, nor the ſwift Hours that glide,
Thoſe little Particles of Age, that come
In thronging *Items* that make up the *Summ*,
That's here intended: But our crying Crimes,
Our Monſters that abominates the Times.
'Tis we that make the *Metonymy* good
By being bad, which like a troubled Flood
Nothing produce but ſlimy Mire and Dirt,
And Impudence that makes Shame malepert.
To travel further in theſe Wounds that lye
Rankling, though ſeeming cloſ'd, were to deny
Reſt to an o'erwatch'd World, and force freſh Tears
From ſtench'd Eyes, now alarum'd by old Fears.
Which if they thus ſhall heal and ſtop, they be
The firſt that e'er were cur'd by *Lethargy*.
This only *Axiom* from ill *Times* encreaſe
I gather, *There's a time to hold ones Peace*.

I.

The Model of new Religion.

WHoop! *Mr. Vicar* in your flying Frock?
What News at *Babel* now? how ſtands the (*Cock*?
When wags the Flood? No *Ephimerides*?
Nought but confounding of the Languages?
No more of th' Saints Arrival? Or the Chance
Of three Pipes, two Pence and an Ordinance?
How many Queer-religions? Clear your Throat,
May a man have a Peny-worth? Four a Groat?
Or do the *Junto's* leap at truſs-a-fail?
Three Tenents clap while five hang on the Tail?

No *Querpo-model*? Never a knack or wile?
To preach for Spoons and Whiſtles? Croſs or Pile?
No hints of Truth on Foot? no Sparks of Grace?
No late ſprung Light? to dance the wild-gooſe Chaſe?
No *Spiritual Dragoons* that take their Flames
From th'Inſpiration of the City Dames?
No Crumbs of Comfort to relieve our Cry?
No new dealt Mince-meat of Divinity?
  Come let's project; By the great late *Eclipſe*
We juſtly fear a Famine of the Lips.
For Sprats are roſe an *Omer* for a Souſe,
Which gripes the Conclave of the lower Houſe.
Let's therefore vote a cloſe Humiliation,
For op'ning the ſeal'd Eyes of this blind Nation;
That they may ſee confeſſingly and ſwear,
They have not ſeen at all this Fourteen Year.
And for the Splints and Spavings too, 'tis ſaid
All the Joints have the *Riffcage*, ſince the Head
Swell'd ſo prodigious, and exciz'd the Parts
From all Allegiance but in Tears and Hearts.
  But zealous Sir, what ſay to a touch at Prayer?
How *Quops* the Spirit? In what Garb or Air?
With *Souſe* erect, or Pendent, Winks, or Haws?
Sniveling? Or the extention of the Jaws?
Devotion has its mode; *Dear Sir* hold forth;
Learning's a Venture of the ſecond Worth.
For ſince the People's Riſe and its ſad Fall,
We are inſpir'd from much to none at all.
  Brother adieu! O ſee y'are cloſely girt,
A coſtive *Douch* gives the Saints the Squirt,
Hence (Reader) all our flying News contracts,
Like the State's Fleet from the Seas into Acts.
  But where's the Model all this while you'll ſay,
  'Tis like the *Reformation*, run away.

On

On Britannicus *his leap three Story high, and his eſcape from* London.

P*Aul* from *Damaſcus* in a Basket ſlides,
Cran'd by the Faithful *Brethren* down the ſides
Of their embattell'd Walls, *Britannicus*,
As loath to truſt the *Brethrens God with us*,
Slides too, but yet more deſp'rate, and yet thrives
In his deſcent; needs muſt! The Devil drives.
Their Cauſe was both the ſame, and herein meet,
Only their Fall was not with equal Feet,
Which makes the Caſe *Iambick*: Thus we ſee
How much News falls ſhort of *Divinity*.
Truth was their crying Crime: One takes the night,
Th'other th'advantage of *the New-ſprung Light*
To mantle his eſcape: How different be
The Priſtine and the *Modern Policy*?
Have *Ages* their *Antipodes*? Yet ſtill
Cloſe in the Propagation of ill:
Hence flows this Uſe and Doctrine from the thump
I laſt ſuſtain'd (belov'd) *Good Wits may jump*.

Content.

F*Air Stranger! Winged Maid, where doſt thou reſt*
Thy ſnowy Locks at Noon? Or on what Breaſt
Of Spices ſlumber o'er the ſullen Night?
Or waking whither doſt thou take thy Flight?
Shall I go ſeek ſome melancholick Grove?
The ſilent Theatre of Deſpair and Love?
There court the *Bittern* and the *Pelican*,
Thoſe *Airy Antipodes* to the Tents of Man?

Or ſitting by ſome pretty pratling Spring
Hear hoarſe *Nyctimine* her Dirges ſing?
Whiles the rough *Satyrs* dance *Corantoes* too
The chattring Sembrieſs of her *Woo hoo, hoo*?
Or ſhall I trace ſome Ice-bound Wilderneſs
Among the Caverns of abſtruſe Receſs?
Where never prying Sun, nor bluſhing Day
Could ſteal a Glimps, or interſqueeze a Ray?
  If not within this ſolitary Cell,
O whether muſt I poſt? Where doſt thou dwell?
  Shall I let looſe the Reins of blind Deſire?
And ſurfeit every ravening Sence? Give Fire
To any Train? And tire Voluptuouſneſs
In all her ſoft Varieties of Exceſs?
And make each Day a Hiſtory of Sin?
Drink the *A la mort* Sun down and up agen!
Improve my Crimes to ſuch a roaring Score,
That when I dye, where others go before
In whining venial Streams, and Quarto Pages,
My Floods may riſe in Folio, ſink all Ages?
Or ſhall I bath my ſelf in Widows Tears?
And build my Name in th'Curſe of them and theirs?
Ship-wrack whole Nature to craw out a Purſe
With th'molten Cinders of the Univerſe?
Belch nought but Ruin? And the horrid Crys
Of Fire and Sword? And ſwim in drowned Eyes?
Make Lanes to Crowns and Scepters through th'
    Heart's Veins
Of Juſtice, Law, Right, Church and Soveraigns?
No, no, I trace thee not in this dark way
Of Death, this Scarlet-ſtreak'd *Aceldama*.
  Shall I then to the Houſe of Mourning goe?
•Where the *Salt-peter Vrates* over-flow

With freſh Supplies of Grief? Freſh Tides of Brine?
Or traverſe the wide World in every Line?
Walk through the Bowels of each Realm and State
Simpling for Rules of Policy, to create
Strange Forms of Government of new Mold,& waſts
Like a French *Kickshaw* of a thouſand Taſts?
Or ſhall I dive into the Secrecy
Of Nature? Where the moſt retir'd doth lie?
Or ſhall I waſte the Taper of my Soul
In Scrutinies; where neither *Northern-pole*
Nor *Southern-conſtellation* darts a Light
To conſtitute a Latitude or Height?
Or ſhall I float into the watry Pale
Wan Kingdom of the *Moon*? And there ſet ſail
For all the *Orbs*? And keep high Holy-day
With th' *Nectar-tipling-Gods* in th' milky-way?
Swell *Bacchus* tripes with a Tun of luſty Sack?
And lay the *Plump Squire* flat upon his Back?
O no, theſe Revels are too ſhort, too ſour,
Too ſad, hugg'd and repented in an Hour.
Shall I then plough the Seas to forreign Soils?
And rake the pregnant *Indies* for hid Spoils?
Or with the *Anchorite* abhor the Eye
Of Heaven, and baniſh all Society?
Live in, and out the World? And paſs my Days
In treading out ſome ſtrange myſterious Maze;
Taſte every Humane Sweet? Lilly and Roſe?
With all the ſharp Guard that about them grows?
Climb where Deſpair would tremble to ſet Foot,
Spring new Impoſſibles and force Way to't?
Make the whole Globe a Shop of Chymiſtry
To melt down all her Atomes, and deſcry
That ſmall *Iota*, that laſt pittied Grain
Which the gull'd Sons of Men purſue in vain?

Or ſhall I graſp thoſe Meteors, Fame, and Prai
Which Breath by th'Charity of the vulgar Voice
Pile Honour upon Honourt till it crack,
The *Atlas* of my Pride, and break its back?
Hold Fancy, hold! For whither wilt thou bea
My Sun-burnt hope to Loſs? 'Tis, 'tis not here,
  Soar then (*My Soul*) above the arched Roun
Of theſe poor ſpangled Bliſſes: Here's no Groun
To fix the Sacred Foot of pure *Content*,
Her Manſion's in a higher Element.
  Haſt thou perceiv'd the Sweetneſs of a Groan?
Or try'd the Wings of Contemplation?
Or haſt thou found the Balm of Tears, that preſs
Like Amber in the Dregs of Bitterneſs?
Or haſt thou felt that ſecret Joy that flows,
Againſt the Tide of common Ove-throws?
Or haſt thou known the Dawnings of a God
Upon thee, when his Love is ſhed abroad?
Or haſt thou heard the Sacred Harmony
Of a calm Conſcience, ecchoing in thee
A *Requiem* from above? A ſealed Peace
Beyond the Power of Hell, Sin or Deceaſe?
Or haſt thou taſted that Communion
Between a reconciled God and Man?
That Holy Intercourſe? Thoſe precious Smiles
Diſſolv'd in Holy whiſp'rings between whiles?
  Here, here's the Steps lead to her bleſs'd Abod
  Her Chair of State is in the Throne of God.

May Day.

COme *Gallants*, why ſo dull? What muddy Cloud
Dwells on th' eye-brows of the day? Why ſhroud
e up your ſelves in the furl'd Sails of Night,
nd toſſing lye at *Hull*? Hark how Delight
Knocks with her ſilver Wings at every Senſe?
nd Great *Apollo Laureat* doth Commence?

Up! 'tis the golden *Jubilee* of the Year,
The *Stars* are all withdrawn from each glad *Sphear*,
Within the tyring-rooms of Heaven, unleſs
Some few that peep to ſpy our Happineſs.
Whiles *Phœbus* tugging up *Olympus* craw,
Smoaks his bright Teem along on the *Grand Plain*.

Hark how the Songſters of the ſhady Plain,
Cloſe up their Anthems in a melting Strain!
See where the glittring Nymphs whirl it away
In *Checkling Caravans* as blyth as *May*;
And th' Chriſtal-ſweating Flowers droop their heads
In bluſhing Shame to call you Slug-a-beds.

Waſt but a Glance upon *Hide-park*, and ſwear
All *Argus* Eyes are fall'n, and fixed there.
The dapled Lawns with Ladies ſhine and glow,
Whiles bubling Mounts with Springs of *Nectar* flow;
And each kind Turtle ſits and bills his Dove
Like *Venus* and *Adonis* lapp'd in Love.

Hark how *Amyntas* in melodious loud
Shrill Raptures tunes his Horn-pipe! whiles a Croud
Of

Of Snow-white-milk-maids crown'd with Garlan
Trip it to the ſoft Meaſure of his Lay.
And Fields with Curds and Cream like green-chee
This now or never is the *Gallaxie*.

If the facetious *Gods* e'er taken were
With Mortal Beauties and diſguis'd, 'tis here.
See how they mix Societies, and toſs
The tumbling Ball into a willing Loſs,
That th' twining *Ladies* on their Necks might take
The doubled Kiſſes which they firſt did ſtake.

Thoſe pretty Earneſts of a Maiden-head,
Thoſe ſugred Seals of Love, Types of the Bed,
Which to confirm the ſweet Conveyance more
They throng in thouſand times ten thouſand Score.
Such Heavenly Surfeits, as they ſporting lye,
Thus catch they from each others Lip and Eye.

The Game at beſt, the Girls *May-rold* muſt be,
Where *Croydon* and *Mopſa*, he and ſhe
Each happy Pair make one *Hermaphrodite*,
And tumbling bounce together, black and white;
Where had you ſeen the Chance, you had not kn
Whoſe Shew had lovelier been *Madam*'s or *Joan*.

Then crown the Bowl, let every Conduit run
Canary, till we lodge the reeling Sun.
Tap every Joy, let not a Pearl be ſpilt,
Till we have ſet the ringing World a Tilt.
A ſacrifice *Arabia Fœlix* in
One bone-fire, one Incenſe Offering.

'Tis *Sack*, 'tis *Sack*, that drowns the thorny Cares,
Which hedge the Pillow, and abridge our Years,

The quickning *Anima mundi* that creates
Life in Dejection, and outdares the Fates,
Makes Man look big on danger, and out-ſwell
The Fury of that Thrall that threatens Hell.

Chirp round my Boys: Let each Soul take its ſip,
Who knows what falls between the Cup and Lip?
What can a voluntary pale-Look bring
Or a deep Sigh to leſſen Suffering?
Has Miſchief any pity or regard?
The foil of Miſery is a Breaſt prepar'd.

Hence then with folded Arms, eclipſed Eyes,
And low impriſon'd *Groans*, meek Cowardiſe.
Urge not with Oars Death that in full Sail comes,
Nor walk in fore-ſtall'd Blacks to the dark Tombs:
But rather than th'Eternal Jaws ſhall gape,
Gallop with *Curtius* down the Gallant hap.

Mean time here's that ſhall make our Shackles light,
And charm the diſmal Terrors walk by Night;
'Tis this that chears the drooping Soul, revives
The benum'd Captive crampt in his cold Gives.
Kingdoms and Cottages, the *Mill* and *Throne*
Sack the *Grand Leveller* commands alone.

'Tis *Sack* that rocks the boyling Brain to reſt,
Confirms the Aged Hams, and warms the Breaſt
Of Gallantry to Action, runs half-ſhare
And Metal with the buff-fac'd Sons of War.
'Tis Wit, 'Tis Art, 'tis Strength, 'tis all and more;
Then loſe the Flood-gates *George*, wee'll pay or ſcore.

An

An Epig. to Doulus.

D*Oulus* advanc'd upon a goodly Steed,
Came mounting o'er the Plain in very De
Whereat the People cring'd and bow'd the Knee,
In Honour of my *Lord's* rich Livery.
Hence ſwell not *Doulus*, nor erect thy Creſt,
'Twas for the *Goddeſs* ſake we capp'd the Beaſt.

An Epig. on the People of England.

Sweating and chaſing hot *Ardelio* crys
A Boat a Boat, elſe farewel all the Prize.
But having once ſet Foot upon the Deep,
Hot-ſpur *Ardelio* fell faſt aſleep.
So we, on Fire with zealous Diſcontent,
Call'd out a *Parliament*, a *Parliament*;
Which being obtain'd at laſt, what did they do?
Even ſqueeze the Wool-packs, and lye ſnorting too

Another.

Brittain a lovely Orchard ſeem'd to be,
Furniſh'd with Natures choice Variety,
Temptations golden Fruit of every ſort,
Th' *Heſperian Garden* fann'd from feign'd Report:
Great Boys and ſmall together in we brake,
No matter what diſdain'd *Priapus* ſpake:
Up, up, we lift the Great Boys in the Trees,
Hoping a common Share to ſimpathize:
But they no ſooner there neglected ſtreight
The Shoulders that ſo rais'd them to this Height;

nd fell to ſtuffing of their own Bags firſt,
nd as their Treaſure grew, ſo did their Thirſt.
Whiles we in lean Expectance gaping ſtand,
or one Shake from their charitable Hand.
ut all in vain, the Dropſie of Deſire (Fire.
o ſcorch'd them, three Realms could not quench the
e wiſe then in your Ale, bold Youths, for fear
he *Gardner* catch us as *Moſs* caught his *Mare.*

A Sing-ſong on Clarinda*'s Wedding.*

Now that *Love*'s *Holyday* is come,
And *Madg* the *Maid* hath ſwept the Room
And trimm'd her Spit and Pot,

wake my merry *Muſe*, and ſing
he *Revells*, and that other thing
That muſt not be forgot.

s the gray Morning dawn'd, 'tis ſed
larinda broke out of her Bed
Like *Cynthia* in her Pride;

Where all the Maiden-*Lights* that were
ompriz'd within our *Hemiſphere*
Attended at her ſide.

ut wot you then, with much ado
hey dreſs'd the Bride from top to toe
And brought her from her Chamber,

Deck'd in her Robes and Garments gay,
ore ſumptuous than the live-long-day,
Or Stars enſhrin'd in Amber.

The ſparkling Bullies of her Eyes
Tike two eclipſed Suns did riſe
Beneath her Cryſtal Brow

To ſhew like thoſe ſtrange Accidents
Some ſudden changeable Events
Were like to hap below.

Her Cheeks beſtreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty Tell-tales of the Bed
Preſag'd the bluſt'ring Night;

With his encircling Arms and Shade
Reſolv'd to ſwallow and invade
And ſkreen her Virgin Light.

Her Lips, thoſe Threads of Scarlet dye,
Wherein Love's Charms and Quiver lye,
Legions of Sweets did crown;

Which ſmilingly did ſeem to ſay
O crop me, crop me, whiles you may,
Anon th'are not mine own.

Her Breaſt thoſe melting Alps of Snow
On whoſe fair Hills in open Show
The *God of Love* lay napping;

Like ſwelling Buts of lively Wine
Upon their Ivory Stells did ſhine
To waſt the lucky Tapping.

Her Waſte, that ſlender Type of Man,
Was but a ſmall and ſingle Span,
Yet I dare ſafely ſwear,
He

e that whole Thouſands has in Fee
Would forfeit all, ſo he might be
Lord of the Mannor there.

ut now before I paſs the Line,
ray *Reader* give me leave to dine,
And pauſe here in the Middle;

he *Bridegroom* and the *Parſon* knock,
With all the *Hymeneal* Flock,
The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*.

When as the Prieſt *Clarinda* ſees,
e ſtar'd as't had been half his Fees
To gaze upon her Face:

nd if the Spirit did not move,
is Continence was far above
Each Sinner in the Place.

With mickle Stir he joyn'd their Hands,
nd hamper'd them in Marriage Bands,
As faſt as faſt might be.

Where ſtill methinks, methinks I hear
hat ſecret Sigh in every Ear,
Once Love remember me!

hich done the Cook he knock'd amain,
nd up the Diſhes in a Train
Come ſmoaking two and two;

ith that they wip'd their Mouths and ſate,
ome fell to quaffing, ſome to prate,
Ay marry and welcome too.

In Pray'rs they thus impall'd the Meat
Roger and *Marget*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
Rafe and *Beſs*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin*

And *Valentine* eke with *Sybill* ſo ſweet,
Whoſe Cheeks on each ſide of her Snuffers did mee
As round and as plump as a Codlin

When at the laſt they had fetched their Freeze,
And mired their Stomacks quite up to the Knees
In Claret for and Good Chear

Then, then began the merry Din,
For as it were thought they were all on the Pin,
O what kiſſing and clipping was there

But as Luck would have it the *Parſon* ſaid Grace,
And to frisking and dancing they ſhuffled apace,
Each Lad took his Laſs by the Fif

And when he had ſqueez'd her, and gaum'd her unti
The Fat of her Face ran down like a Mill,
He toll'd for the reſt of the Griſt

In Sweat and in Duſt having waſted the Day,
They enter'd upon the Laſt Act of the Play;
The Bride to her Bed was convey'd

Where knee-deep each hand fell down to the Ground
And in ſeeking the Garter much pleaſure was foun
'Twould have made a Man's Arm have ſtray'd

This Clutter o'er *Clarinda* lay
Half bedded, like the peeping Day
Behind *Olympus* Cap
Whil

Whiles at her Head each twitt'ring Girl
The fatal Stocking quick did whirl
To know the lucky Hap.

The Bridegroom in at laſt did ruſtle,
All *diſappointed* in the Buſtle,
The Maidens had ſhav'd his Breeches;

But let him not complain, 'tis well
In ſuch a Storm, I can you tell
He ſav'd his other Stitches.

And now he bounc'd into the Bed,
Even juſt as if a Man had ſed
Fair Lady have at all;
Where twiſted at the Hug they lay,
Like *Venus* and the ſprightly Boy,
O who would fear the Fall?

Thus both with Love's ſweet Tapers fired,
And thouſand balmy Kiſſes tyred,
They could not wait the Reſt;
But out the Folk and Candles fled,
And to't they went, but what they did,
There lies the Cream o'th' Jeſt.

The Myrtle-Grove.

JUſt as the reeling Sun came ſliding down
Among the *Moors*, and *Tethys* in a Gown
Of Sea-green Watchet ſetled to embrace
Her great *Apollo* from his circled Race,
And the ſtreak'd Heavens did themſelves digeſt
Into a larger *Iris*, to inveſt

And canopy th'Illuſtrious lovely Pair
In a *Diaphanous* Robe of coſtly Air:
  Clarinda roſe amidſt the *Myrtle-Grove*,
Like the *Queen-mother* of the Stars above.
But that *Clarinda*'s was no borrow'd *Light*;
Nor could it, where ſhe was bedeem'd a Night.
Such was the Natural Glories ſhe put on,
Thew ow'd no Being to Reflection.
While the inſpir'd *Muſicians* of the Wood,
Raviſh'd at the new Day, powr'd out a Flood
Of quavering Melody in honyed Strains,
To court the glittering Deity of the Plains.
Thoſe pretty flow'ry Beds of Sweets, that now
Had clos'd their Heads up in an Amber Dew
Of Tears, to mourn the drowſie Sun's Good Night,
Warm'd with a nobler Ardour ſprung up-right,
And threw the Mantles of dull Sleep aſide
In a diſplay'd and Meritorious Pride,
To ſtrew with rich Perfumes her balmy Way,
Which grew more Fragrant by her active Ray.
  Thus ſweetly woo'd *Clarinda* laid her down
On a curl'd Quilt of Roſes, fondly grown
Proud of their own Oppreſſion, whiles they may
Kiſs the dear Burden which upon them lay.
Then ſkreen'd with Harmony, ſhe ſtretch'd along
Upon her *Damask Couch*, where a bright Throng
Of *Graces* hover'd o'er the Firmament
Of her pure Orbs drawn to a full Extent.
Whiles a ſoft Gale of wanton Wind that blew
Did ſport her willing Glories into view.
But I, poor dazled I, not daring here
T'attempt the Splendor of each naked Sphere,
Stood peeping through the *Opticks* of the Shade,
Which to my Sight a kind Reflection made.

He

Her Eyes half ſhut up in their Chriſtal Caſe,
Stood twinkling *Centinels* upon her Face;
Or elſe to take the Proſpect of thoſe Fields
Of Beauty which that flowing *Tempe* yields.
Her coral Lips ten thouſand Smiles enthron'd,
Like cluſtred Grapes which for a Vintage groan'd.
The Ivory Palace of her ſtately Neck,
Cloth'd with Majeſtick Aw, did ſeem to check
The looſer Paſtime of her gameſome Hair,
Which in wild Rings ran trick about the Air.
Her Amourous Breaſts ſwell'd to a lovely Riſe
Of dripping Plenty, a twinn'd *Paradiſe*
Of Milk and Honey, exhal'd my roving Eye
Into a Soul-enſnaring Extaſie.
And had I not recoil'd without Delay
I there had wandred in the Milky Way.
Her Belly like the *Ace of Clubs* ſo white,
So black, the ſtrutting Pillow of Delight,
So fired the catching Tinder of my Senſe,
That I no longer *Student* could commence,
But ſtreight weigh'd Anchor and tack'd up the Sail
To the main-yard, waiting a ſtiffer Gale
To paſs me through thoſe tickliſh Streights of *Man*,
Into the full *Mediterranean*.
At laſt I plung'd into th' *Elyſian* Charms,
Faſt claſp'd by th' arched *Zodiack* of her Arms:
Thoſe cloſer Clings of Love, where I partaked
Strong Hopes of Bliſs; but ſo, O ſo I waked!

To my honoured Friend Mr. T. C. *that aske me how I liked his Miſtreſs being an ol Widdow.*

But prethee firſt how long haſt bin
Loſt in this ſad Eſtate of Sin?
That the mild Gout, or Pox, or worſe
Serves not to expiate thy Curſe?
Some Peſtilence elſe may be thought upon,
And not ſuch abſolute Damnation.
Are Rocks and Halters grown ſo dear
That there's no periſhing but here?
Do no *Committee* yet ſurvive
Thoſe cheaper *Gregaries* of Men alive?
If thou wilt needs to Sea, O muſt it be
In an old *Galliaſſe* of ſixty three;
A Snail-crawl'd Bottom? A gray Bark
That ſtood at Font for *Noah*'s *Ark*?
Whoſe wrinckled Poop in Figures furl'd
Deſcribes her Travels round the World?
A *Nut* which when thou'ſt crack'd and fumbled o'
Thou'lt find the *Squirrel* has been there before?
Then raiſe the Siege from falling on
That old diſmantled Garriſon.
Raſh Lover ſpeak what Pleaſure hath
Thy *Spring* in ſuch an *Aftermath*!
Who, were ſhe to the beſt Advantage ſpread,
Is but the dull Husk of a Maiden-head.
How canſt thou then delight the Senſe
In Beauty's Preterperfect-tence?
And dote upon that Free-ſtone Face
Which wears but the Records of Grace?

Whoſe antick *Monaſt'ry* brags but a Cheſt
Of venerable *Reliques* at the beſt?
'O can there ſuch a Famine be
Of piping-hot Virginity,
That thou art forc'd to ſlur and cheat
Thy Stomach with the broken Meat?
Why he that wooes a Widdow does no more
Then court that *Quagmire* where one ſunk before.
Fie, prize not then thoſe *Arras Looks*,
Sullied and thumb'd like *Town-hall Books*!
I like thy Fancy well to have
Its Miſery ſo near its Grave.
And 'tis a General Shift that moſt men uſe,
But yet 'tis tedious waiting Dead Men Shoes.
If 'twere thy Plot I do confeſs
For to make *Mummie* of her Greaſe,
Or ſwop her to the Paper Mill,
This were extracting good from ill.
But if thou wedſt on any worſe Condition,
Thou'lt prove *Delinquent* for thy *Superſtition*.
But prethee hold, let me adviſe,
Perhaps ſhee's rich and ſeems a Prize,
New calk'd, new rigg'd, a ſtately Friggot;
But yet ſhe's tap'd at lower Spiggot.
Yet if no Med'cine for thy Grief be found, (drown'd.
There's ſmall odds *Tom* 'twixt being hang'd or

The Engagement ſtated.

BEgon *Expoſitor*: The *Text* is plain
No *Church*, no *Lord*, no *Law*, no *Soveraign*,
Away with Mental Reſervations, and
Senſes of Oaths in Files out-vy the *Strand*.

Here's Hell truſs'd in a Thimble, in a Breath,
Dares face the Hazard of the ſecond Death.
The Saints are grown *Laconians*, and can twiſt
Perjury up in Pills like *Leyden* griſt.
But hold, preciſe *Deponents*: Though the He
Of *Zeal* in *Cataracts* digeſts ſuch Meat,
My Cold Concoction ſhrinks, and my Advance
Drives ſlowly to approach your *Ordinance*.
The Sign's in *Cancer*, and the *Zodiack* turns
Leonick, roll'd in Curls while *Terra* burns,
What though your Fancies are ſublim'd to reach
Thoſe fatal Reins? Succeſs and Will can teach
But raſh Divinity. A ſad Renown
Where one Man fell to ſee a Million drown,
When neither Arts nor Arms can ſerve to fight,
And wreſt a *Title* from its Law and Right,
Muſt Malice piece the *Trangum*? and make clear
The Scruple? Elſe we will reſolve to ſwear?
Nay out-ſwear all that we have ſworn before;
And make good leſſer Crimes by acting more
And more ſublime? This, this extends the Line
And ſhames the puny Soul of *Cataline*.
On this Account all thoſe whoſe Fortune's croſt
And want Eſtates, may turn *Knights* of the *Poſt*.
Vaux we out-vy'd thee, ſince thy Plot fell lame,
We found a cloſer *Cellar* for the ſame;
Piling the fatal Powder in our Mouths,
Which in an Oath diſcharg'd blew up the *Houſe*.
Maugre *Mounteagle*, Aſps not throughly ſlain,
Their Poiſon in an Age may live again.
Good *Demas* cuff your Bear, then let us ſee
The Myſtery of your Iniquity.
May a Man courſe a Cur? And freely box
The Qneſtion? Or the formal Paradox?

But as in Phyſick, ſo in this Device
This quirk of Policy the Point is nice.
For he that in this Model means to thrive,
Muſt firſt ſubſcribe to the Preparative;
Like Witches compact counter-march his Faith,
And ſoak up all what ere the *Spirit* ſaith;
Then ſeal and ſign. *Scylla* threw three Bars ſhort,
He had a Sword indeed, but no *Text* for't.
Old *Rome* lament thy Infancy in Sin,
We perfect what thou trembled'ſt to begin,
Bluſh then to ſee thy ſelf out-done. But all
The World may grieve epidemical.
Heaven frowns indeed. But what makes Hell enraged,
Sweet *Pluto* be at Peace, we have engaged.

Prælegenda to the ſucceeding Poem, viz. *The Wife-hater.*

1.

Why Women were made.

WOman in the Beginning (as 'tis ſaid)
To be an Help to Man was chiefly made:
Then ought not Women much to be commended,
Who anſwer th'end for which they were intended?
Women were made to help Men, ſo they do,
Some unto Sorrow, Grief, Diſeaſes too;
Others do their kind Husbands help to ſpend
Their whole Eſtates; thus anſwer they their End.
Some help men unto more than they were born,
To have (I mean) *Actæon's* Head and Horn.

2.

Of what Woman was made.

Crooked-condition'd Nature made her, when
She form'd her of the crookedſt Parts in Men:
Nature firſt fram'd her of a Mans Rib, ſhe
Then can't chuſe but a croſs-grain'd Creature be.
And ever ſince (it may not be deny'd)
Poor Man hath Subject been t'a Stich i'th' ſide.
Yet ſome there are who in a grateful Mind,
Would ſoundly rib their Husbands, could they find
A good tough Cudgel, and make this their Anſwer,
They but reſtore what *Eve* ſtole from their Grandſire.
And 'tis a Reaſon too (as't hath been try'd)
A bad Wife ſits ſo cloſe to her Husbands ſide.

3.

What they committed ſo ſoon as they were made.

No ſooner made, but ſhe runs into all
Miſchief her ſelf, then cauſeth Man to fall:
And now that Judgment on their Sex is doubled,
They'r with a two-fold Falling-Sickneſs troubled.

4.

To what they are now likened.

Women in Love and Luſt compared be
Unto a Pumice-Stone, for that we ſee
Is full of Holes; ſo they when once in Love
Moſt hollow-hearted to their Servants prove;
In Love they like it are, 'cauſe they diſſemble,
But when they luſt moſt, they it moſt reſemble.

Play with a luſtful Girl, and you ſhall ſee,
How like unto the Pumice-ſtone ſhe'll be,
Which Way ſoe'er you do her troul,
You'll find againſt you ſtill an open Hole.

Vituperium Uxoris: or the Wife-hater.

1.

HE that intends to take a Wife,
I'll tell him what a kind of Life
He muſt be ſure to lead;
If ſhee's a young and tender Heart,
Not documented in Loves Art,
Much teaching ſhe will need.

2.

For where there is no Path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the Way,
Nay, when he's at his Treaſure;
The Gap perhaps will prove ſo ſtreight,
That he for Entrance long may wait,
And make a Toil of's Pleaſure.

3.

Or if one old, and paſt her doing,
He will the Chamber-maid be wooing,
To buy her Ware the cheaper;
But if he chuſe one moſt Formoſe,
Ripe for't, ſhee'll prove libidinous,
Argus himſelf ſha'nt keep her.

4.

For when theſe things are neatly dreſt,
They'll entertain each wanton Gueſt,
Nor for your Honour care;

If any give their Pride a Fall,
Th'have learn'd a trick to bear withal
So you their Charges bear.

5.

Or if you chance to play your Game
With a dull, fat, groſs, heavy Dame,
Your Riches to encreaſe,
Alas! She will but jear you for't,
Bid you to find out better Sport,
Lie with a Pot of Greaſe.

6.

If Meager——be thy Delight,
She'll conquer in venereal Fight,
And waſte thee to the Bones.
Such kind of Girls, like to your Mill,
The more you give, more crave they will,
Or elſe they'll grind the Stones.

7.

If black, 'tis odds ſhe's div'liſh proud,
If ſhort, Xantippe like, too loud,
If long, ſhe'll lazie be;
Fooliſh (the Proverb ſays) if fair,
If wiſe and comely, Danger's there,
Leſt ſhe do cuckold thee.

8.

If ſhe bring ſtore of Money, ſuch
Are like to domineer too much,
Prove Mrs, no good Wife;
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the Houſe with ſcolding Thunder,
What worſe than ſuch a Life?

9.
But if her Dowry only be
Beauty, farewell Felicity,
Thy Fortunes caſt away;
Thou muſt be ſure to ſatisfie her
In Belly, and in Back-deſire,
To labour Night and Day.

10.
And rather than her Pride give o'er,
She'll turn perhaps an honoured Whore,
And thoul't *Actæon*'d be;
Whileſt like *Actæon* thou maiſt weep,
To think thou forced art to keep,
Such as devour thee.

11.
If being Noble thou doſt wed
A ſervile Creature baſely bred,
Thy Family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll ſwear to exalt a Courtlike Horn,
Thy low Deſcent it Graces.

12.
If one Tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a Wife with many,
Knows not what may betide him;
She whom he did for Learning honour,
To ſcold by Book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

13.
If both her Parents living are,
To pleaſe them you muſt take great care,
Or ſpoil your future Fortune;
But

But if departed th'are this Life,
You muſt be parent to your Wife,
And Father all, be certai

14.

If bravely dreſt, fair-fac'd and witty,
Shee'll oft be gadding to the City,
Nor can you ſay her nay.
She'll tell you (if you her deny)
Since Women have Terms ſhe knows not why,
But they ſtill keep them may

15.

If you make choice of Country Ware,
Of being Cuckold, there's leſs Fear,
But ſtupid Honeſty
May teach her how to ſleep all Night,
And take a great deal more Delight,
To milk the Cows than thee

16.

Concoction makes their Blood agree
Too near, where's Conſanguinity;
Then let no Kin be choſen
He loſeth once Part of his Treaſure,
Who thus confineth all his Pleaſure,
To th'Arms of a firſt Cozen.

17.

He'll never have her at Command,
Who takes a Wife at ſecond Hand,
Then chuſe no widdow'd Mother:
The firſt Cut of that Bit you love,
If others had, why main't you prove
But Taſter to another

18. Beſides

18.

Beſides, if ſhe bring Children many,
'Tis like by thee ſhe'll not have any,
But prove a barren Doe;
Or if by them, ſhe ne'er had one,
By thee 'tis likely ſhe'll have none,
Whilſt thou for Weak-back goe.

19.

For there where other Gard'ners have been ſowing
Their Seed, but ne'er could find it growing,
You muſt expect ſo too;
And where the *Terra incognita*
So'er plow'd, you muſt it fallow lay,
And ſtill for Weak-back go.

20.

Then truſt not to a Maiden Face,
Nor Confidence in Widdows place,
Thoſe weaker Veſſels may
Spring-leak, or ſplit againſt a Rock,
And when your Fames wrapt in a Smock,
'Tis eaſily caſt away.

21.

Yet be ſhe fair, foul, ſhort, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your Soul, your Life;
And one by one them undermine,
As Courtizan, or Concubine,
But never as married Wife.

He who conſiders this, may end the Strife,
Confeſs no Trouble like unto a Wife.

To Prince Rupert.

O that I could but vote my ſelf a Poet!
Or had the Legiſlative knack to do it!
Or, like the Doctors Militant, could get
Dub'd at Adventures Verſet Banneret!
Or had I *Cacus* Trick to make my Rhimes
Their own Antipodes, and track the Times:
Faces about, ſays the *Remonſtrant* Spirit;
Allegiance is Malignant, Treaſon Merit:
Huttington-colt, that poſ'd the Sage Recorder,
Might be a Sturgeon now, and paſs by Order:
Had I but *Elſing*'s Gift (that ſplay-mouth'd Brother)
That declares one way, and yet means another:
Could I but write a-ſquint; then (Sir) long ſinc
You had been ſung, *A Great and Glorious Prince.*
I had obſerv'd the Language of the Days;
Blaſphem'd you; and then Periwigg'd the Phraſe
With Humble Service, and ſuch other Fuſtian,
Bells which ring backward in this great Combuſtio
I had revil'd you; and without Offence,
The Literal, and *Equitable Sence*
Would make it good: When all fails, that will do't
Sure that Diſtinction cleft the Devil's Foot.
This were my Dialect, would your Highneſs pleaſ
To read me but with Hebrew Spectacles;
Interpret Counter, what is Croſs rehears'd:
Libells are Commendations, when revers'd.
Juſt as an Optick Glaſs contracts the Sight
At one end, but when turn'd doth multip'y't.
But you're enchanted, Sir; you're doubly free
From the great Guns, and ſquibbing Poetry:

Whom neither Bilbo, nor Invention pierces,
Proof even'gainſt th'Artillery of Verſes.
Strange! That the Muſes cannot wound your Mail,
If not their Art, yet let their Sex prevail.
At that known Leaguer, where the *Bonny Beſſes*
Supplyed the Bow-ſtrings with their twiſted treſſes,
Your Spells could ne'er have fenc'd you; every Arrow
Had launc'd your noble Breaſt, & drunk the Marrow:
For beauty, like white Powder makes no Noiſe;
And yet the ſilent Hypocrite deſtroys.
Then uſe the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Leſt *Wharton* tell his Goſſips of the City,
That you kill Women too, nay Maids; and ſuch
Their *General* wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Eſſex*! Is it not a Shame
Our Common-wealth like to a *Turkiſh Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian? May ſhe be
Raviſh'd by *Charles*, rather than ſav'd by thee.
But why, my Muſe, like a Green-Sickneſs Girl,
Feed'ſt thou on Coals and dirt? a Gelding-Earl
Gives no more Reliſh to thy Female Palate,
Then to that Aſs did once the Thiſtle Sallate.
Then quit the barren Theme; and all at once
Thou and thy Siſters like bright *Amazons*,
Give *RUPERT* an Alarum, *RUPERT!* One
Whoſe Name is Wits Superfœtation.
Makes Fancy, like Eternity's round Womb,
Unite all Valour; preſent, paſt, to come.
He, who the old Philoſophy controuls,
That voted down Plurality of Souls.
He breaths a grand Committee; all that were
The Wonders of their Age, conſtellate here.
And as the Elder Siſters, Growth and Sence
Souls paramount themſelves) in Man commence

T But

But Faculties of Reaſons Queen; no more
Are they to him, who were compleat before.
Ingredients of his Vertue thread the Beads
Of *Caſar*'s Acts, great *Pompey*'s and the Sweeds:
And 'tis a Bracelet fit for *Rupert*'s Hand,
By which that vaſt *Triumvirate* is ſpan'd.
Here, here is Palmeſtry; here you may read
How long the world ſhall live, and when't ſhall bleed.
Whatever Man winds up, that *RUPERT* hath:
For Nature rais'd him of the *Publick Faith*,
Pandora's Brother, to make up whoſe Store,
The Gods were fain to run upon the Score.
Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* Face;
Item an Eye from *Jane*, a Lip from *Grace*.
Let *Iſaac* and his Cit'z: flea off the Plate
That tips their Antlets for the Calf of State;
Let the Zeal-twangling Noſe, that wants a Ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his Silver Bridge:
Yes; and the Goſſips Spoon augment the Summ,
Although poor *Caleb* loſe his Chriſtendom:
Rupert out-weighs that in his Sterling-ſelf,
Which their Self-wants pays in commuting Pelf.
Pardon, great Sir; for that Ignoble Crew
Gains, when made bankrupt, in the Scales with you.
As he, who in his Character of Light
Stil'd it *Gods Shadow*, made it far more bright
By an Eclipſe ſo glorious; (Light is dim,
And a black Nothing, when compar'd to him)
So 'tis Illuſtrious to be *Ruperts* Foil,
And a juſt Trophey to be made his Spoil.
I'll pin my Faith on the *Diurnals* Sleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall Creed* believe:
The Conqueſts which the Common-Council hears,
With their wide liſt'ning Mouths from the gre
Peers,

That ran away in Triumph: Such a Foe
Can make them Victors in their Overthrow.
Where Providence and Valour meet in one,
Courage ſo pois'd with Circumſpection,
That he revives the Quarrel once again
Of the Souls Throne, whether in Heart or Brain;
And leaves it a drawn Match: Whoſe Fervour can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a Man.
His Trumpet, like the Angel's at the laſt,
Makes the Soul riſe by a miraculous Blaſt.
'Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in Shape of Man
(As't was deſin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whoſe right Hand ſhould a populous Land contain,
The left ſhould be a Channel to the Main:
His Spirit might inform th' Amphibious Figure;
Yet ſtraight-lac'd Sweats for a Dominion bigger:
The Terror of whoſe Name can out of ſeven,
(Like *Falſtaffe*'s Buckram-men) may fly eleven.
Thus ſome grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
By being ſlain are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confeſs, no Loſs of Men;
For *Rupert* knocks'em til they gig agen.
They fear the Giblets of his Train, they fear
Even his Dog, that four-legg'd *Cavalier*:
He that devours the Scraps, which *Lunsford* makes,
Whoſe Picture feeds upon a Child in Stakes:
Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant Leg at *Pym*.
'Gainſt whom they've ſeveral Articles in Souſe;
Firſt, that he barks againſt the *Senſe* o'th' Houſe.
Reſolv'd Delinquent, to the Tower ſtraight;
Either to th' Lyons, or the Biſhop's Grate.
Next, for his Ceremonious Wag o'th' Tail:
But there the Siſterhood will be his Bail,

At leaſt the Counteſs will, *Luſt's Amſterdam*,
That lets in all Religious of the Game.
Thirdly, he ſmells Intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, then *Pym*'s from his own Letter:
Who's doubly pay'd (Fortune or we the blinder?)
For making Plots, and then for Fox the Finder.
Laſtly, he is a Devil without doubt;
For when he would lie down, he wheels about;
Makes Circles, and is couchant in a Ring;
And therefore ſcore up one for conjuring. (Quarter!
What canſt thou ſay, thou Wretch? O Quarter,
I'm but an Inſtrument, a meer St. *Arthur*.
If I muſt hang, O let not our Fates vary,
Whoſe Office 'tis alike to fetch, and carry.
No hopes of a Reprieve, the Mutinous Stir
That ſtrung the Jeſuit will diſpatch a Cur.
Were I a Devil as the Rebel fears,
I ſee the Houſe would try me by my Peers.
There *Jowler*, there! Ah *Jowler*? 'ſt? 'tis nought
Whate'er the Accuſers cry, they're at a Fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Then when the Glorious *Strafford* ſtood at Bay.
  Thus Labells but annex'd to him we ſee,
Enjoy a Copy-hold of Victory.
St. *Peters* Shadow heal'd, *Ruperts* is ſuch,
'Twould find St. *Peters* Work, yet wound as much.
He gags their Guns, defeats there dire Intent,
The Canons do but liſp and Complement.
Sure *Jove* deſcended in a leaden Shower
To get this *Perſeus*: Hence the fatal Power
Of Shot is ſtrangled: Bullets thus allied,
Fear to commit an Act of Parricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the World confeſs
Thou art the greater World, and that the leſs.

Scatter th'accumulative King; untruſs
That five-fold Fiend, the States *SMECTYMNUUS*;
Who place Religion in their Vellum-ears;
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradiſe, (and a modeſt Word)
Since guarded by a Cherub's flaming Sword.
Your Name can ſcare an Athieſt to his Prayers;
And cure the Chin-cough better then the Bears.
Old *Sybil* charms the Tooth-ake with you: Nurſe
Makes you ſtill Children, nay and the pond'rous curſe
The Clowns ſalute with, is deriv'd from you;
(Now RUPERT take thee, Rogue; how doſt thou do?)
In fine, the Name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

An Elegy upon Mr. John Cleveland.

Prime Wits are prun'd the Firſt; this may appear
By that high-valued Piece interred here;
Whoſe Laureat Genius rapt with Sacred Skill
Prov'd his Extraction from *Pernaſſus* Hill;
Whoſe Fame, like *Pallas* Flame, ſhone in each Clime,
Crowning his Fancy royally Divine.
Rich in Elixar'd Meaſures, and in all
That could breath Senſe in Airs Emphatical.
Pure Love his Native Influence; A Lot
Given him from Heav'n; No People ſave the *Scot*
But did affect him: ——Theſe had lov'd Him too,
Had he ſchool'd *Baſeneſs* with a ſmoother Brow;
But his refined Temper ſcorn'd t'ingage
His *Pen* to Time, or Humour any Age.
Compleat in all that might true Honour gain
Only an Enemy to *Withers* Strain:

Holding it ſtill the Prodigy of Time
To Canonize a Poet for a Rhyme.
Free in Fruition of himſelf : Content,
In what diſ-reliſh'd Servile Sp'rits, *Reſtraint.*
Now ſome will ſay, His *Vo'ume* was too ſmall,
To rear an *Hermian* Arch or Eſcural,
To his dilated Fame :——O do not put
Theſe frivolous Objections ! *Homers* Nut
Inclos'd a *living Iliad.* 'Tis not much
Perpetuates our Memory, but ſuch
As can act Wonders : And apply a Cure
To States ſurprized with a Calenture?
And with their Quill, beyond all Chymick Art,
Purge the Corruptions of a State-ſick Heart
By *rare Phlebotomy* :——This Art was His,
Which made his Name ſo precious as it is·
Such was the Practice of a *Golden Time*
To ſpare the Perſon, *but to taxe the* Crime.
Age is not ſumm'd by *Years* but *Hours* ; as *Times,*
So *Works* are ballanc'd not by *Leaf* but *Lines.*
Clitus affirm'd, and bound it with an Oath,
That *Celſus* Poems were meer Food for th'Moth.
And for thoſe *Manuſcrips* which *Mevius* writ,
They might be ſtyl'd the Surquedry of Wit.
Look home; and weigh the *Fancies* of theſe Days
And you'l conclude, they merit equal Praiſe.
A Title or a Frontiſpiece in Plate.
Drawn from a Perſon of Deſertleſs State,
Lures Legions of Admirers.——Wits muſt want
That holds a Diſtance with the Sycophant.
Timiſts be only Thrivers : But a Brain
That's freely Generous ſcorns Servile Gain.
Such was this pure *Pernaſſian,* whoſe clear Nature
To gain a World could never brook to *flatter.*

Poize this *Imparallel*; and you will find
A Mine of Treaſures in a Matchleſs Mind.
“No more! The Name of *Cleveland* ſpeaks to me
“A living Annal, dying Elegy.

Upon the pittiful Elegy writ lately on him; modeſtly taxed and freely vindicated, by the canded Cenſure of an indeared Brother.

Ince thy Remove form Earth, there came to me,
A Funeral Elegy addreſt to thee:
Elegiacks made gracious by thy Name,
But too ſhort-lung'd *to parallel thy Fame.*
Laurel *and* Bays *were the Subjects of his Pen,*
Whoſe muddy Muſe deſerved none of them,
A ſublimated Style bereft of Senſe,
Is like a Brain-ſtrapt Juſtice *on a Bench,*
Whoſe Tones are Thunder, Fury and Command,
But in a Dialect *none underſtand.*
Thy Native Fancy was no Lucian *Dream,*
Deriv'd from th' Chryſtal Rills of Hypocrene:
Thy free-born Genius *did it ſelf expreſs*
Iu Phidias *Colours without ſorreign Dreſs.*
Much like the Damask Roſe *but newly blown,*
And bluſheth in no tincture but her own.
Such was thy Poſie; *which th'* Albion State
May envy or admire, ſcarce imitate.
In pureſt Odes Bards ſhould thy *Loſs bemoan,*
And in ſurviving Meaſures, or in none.
For theſe who want Art to Imbelliſh Worth,
Wrong them whom they endeavour to ſet forth.

" Sic perit Ingenium, Genii ni pignora vitam
" Perpetuam ſtatuant, & Monumenta ſtruant.
" Aurea ſic docilem coluerunt Secula vatem,
" Ordine *Pieridum* commemorando parem.

Auſon.

An Elegy in Memory of Mr: John Cleveland.

SOon as a Verſe with Feet as ſwift as Thought,
The Stabbing News of *Cleveland*s Death had brought
To ſad *Parnaſſus*, the diſtracted Nine
Firſt in a diſmal Shriek their Voices joyn:
Which the forkt-*Hill* did eccho twice, and then
Each Eye ſeem'd chang'd into an *Hippocrene*;
As if like *Niobe* 'twere their Intent
To weep themſelves into his *Monument*;
Nor did their Grief exceed their Loſs; his Quill
More Love and Honour gain'd to th' *Muſes* Skill,
Then all thoſe *Modern Factions* of Wit,
Such as 'gainſt *Gondibert*, or for him writ;
And ſuch, whom their *Rhymes* ſo much do affect
To be eſteem'd o'th' *Court* or *Colledge Sect*;
Whoſe Lines with *Clevelands*, ſuch Proportion hold,
As the *New-Court*, and *Colledges*, with th'Old:
How lofty was his Strain, yet clear and even,
The *Center* of's *Conceptions* was *Heaven*:
'Twas not his *Muſes* toyl, but eaſe to ſoar,
He writ ſo high, 'cauſe he could write no lower;
And though the *World* in *Engliſh Poetry*,
No *Monarch* knew ſo abſolute as *He*;

Yet did he ne'er *Exciſe* the *Natives*; nor
Made *Forreign Mines* unto his *Mint* bring Oar.
He, his own *Treaſure* was; and as no Quill
Was Guide to his, ſo ſhall his *Verſe* be ſtill
Un-imitated by the beſt; and free
From meaner *Poets Petty-larceny*:
That *Plagiary* that can filch but one
Conceipt from *Him*, and keep the *Theft* unknown,
At Noon from *Phebus*, may by the ſame Sleight
Steal *Beams* and make'em paſs for his own *Light*.

W. W.

An Elegy, offered to the Memory of that Incomparable Son of Apollo, *Mr.* John Cleveland.

GRief the Souls Sables, in my Boſom lies
A true Cloſe-mourner at thy Obſequies, (ran
Whilſt Tears in Floods from my o'er-charg'd Eyes
With Grief to drown the little World of man.
He that ſurvives this Loſs, may juſtly ſay,
His Soul doth Pennance in a Sheet of Clay;
And rather welcome Death, than patient ſit
To ſolemnize the Funeral of Wit.
The Painter *Agamemnon's* Face did ſcreen,
Drawing the Sacrifice of *Iphygene*,
To ſhew his grieved Looks as well as Heart,
Did far tranſcend the humble reach of Art;
So when all's ſaid, that can be ſaid, we find
There's nothing ſaid, to what he left behind.
But his all-ſearching Soul ſcorning to be
Confin'd to th'limits of Mortality;

Shook off its clog of Fleſh, that pond'rous Maſs,
His Spirit freer than his Country was ;
For Fate his Life might circumſcribe and bound,
But in his Circle Wit, no end is found.
His Wit, Oh Miracle ! (For who is he
Dares name his Wit without an Extaſie ?)
That Wit which was to ſeveral Tenants let,
In him as in their proper Landlord met ;
For what in other petty Sparks was found,
In him's contracted as one Diamond :
His Rays ne'er darkned, but with Luſtre wun,
He with his Eagle-eyes out-ſtar'd the Sun :
He was a Fountain, whoſe pure Stream did grow
Unbounded, never us'd to ebb, but flow,
As ever new, ſtill ſtreaming freſh Delights,
And never ſo low drawn, as to run Whites ;
For in Diſcourſe his Wit did never reſt,
When others were aground with one dry Jeſt :
Nor did his meagre Looks proclaim that he
Did pine in ſtudy for his Poetry,
Like ſuch pale Apparition's Ghoſt-like Elves,
That fatten Paper, and yet ſtarve themſelves,
Whoſe *Pireskean* Pictures ſeem to be
Diſeas'd, with time decay'd Antiquity ;
Though for his ſtrongeſt Lines in Verſe and Pro
He travell'd hard, yet he no Fleſh did loſe ;
In others what comparatively's found,
In him ſuperlatively did abound :
No Vice the Anger of his Pen could ſlip,
Who did whole Nations to Repentance whip.
His honeſt Soul in Conſultation ſate,
Unmasking Vices, both of Church and State.
It was not Power, but Juſtice made him write,
No Ends could *May-like*, turn him Paraſite.

The

he Cauſe by Candles-end he did not rate,
hen others Pens did Truth aſſaſſinate:
danger heightned, and made nobly fierce,
or was his Proſe leſs biting than his Verſe.
is Rebel *Scot*, was not a ſmarter Satyr,
han his Diurnal, and Diurnal-maker:
e made the Devil blacker; dreſt in white,
roving the Zealot the worſt Hypocrite;
lling the Vail from the Reformers Face,
e left the Rebel to ſupply his place.
e that affirm'd ('gainſt Senſe) Snow Black to be
ight prove it by this Amphybology:
hings are not what they ſeem, we may ſuppreſs
ome Crimes, and raiſe the Devils Holineſs.
he Presbyterian he did un-neſt,
ith the whole Kennel o'th'two-footed Beaſt,
ed with the Biſhops and the Clergies Blood,
ight *Canabals* that made the Church their Food.
he Senate *Sir Johns* Appetite did prove,
nd paid him part of his Arrears in *Love*.
he barbarous Scots are ſtigmatiz'd by him,
or their Rebellion, our Apoſtate *Pim*;
ay, the juſt Fury of his Pen had thrown
he Nation too into Oblivion,
ad not the fam'd *Montroſs* puts Anger by,
ais'd th'*Highlands* higher in their Loyalty;
nd *Rupertiſſimus*, conſecrated Wars,
y giving *Smec* ſo many hideous Scars.

J. M.

An

An Elegy on Mr. Cleveland, *and his Verſ* *on* Smectymnuus.

POor Dablers all bemir'd, that ſpur their Lan
Pegaſus, from Shoulder to the Flank,
When Weather-beaten in a Shower of Sack,
Jogg ſtill as things bejaded ride in black,
Who t'reach the Muſes Seat, laſh and put on,
But fall ſhort, and draw Bit at *Trumpington*:
See with what Pangs they labour, and produce
A ſtill-born Poem, and then hug their Muſe.
Others like Chymiſts thrive, who fain would w
By Force what God and Nature ne'er put in,
Yet theſe bear Name and Voice: The ſmalleſt Bo
Appears if in the narrow *Thames* it float,
But vaniſheth away in the vaſt Main,
Which was before the Rivers Soveraign:
Such was the Fate of my weak Streams, that ra
To drown themſelves in th'unbound Ocean,
And loſe their Name in His, to whom the Nine
Bow down, and render up their Sacred Shrine.
We poor Retainers angle for a thin
Fancy, his like a Drag-Net ſweeps all in;
And as Gold-drivers that makes Spangles rare,
Do beat the yielding Metal into Air:
As Generals in War their Strength contrive,
To make three Troops of Men ſeem more than five
We practice frugal Wit, and play't at length,
In ſleek and ſmoother Numbers without Strength.
His like the ſwift ſure Ship is firmly built,
Of deepeſt Bottom, and moſt ſtately gilt;
If Number wants there, as in ruins, th'Face
Though rough betrays the Treaſure of the place.

We

Ve ſtrugling, Words into their Fetters frame,
s Printers uſe to fit and joyn the ſame.
is large Commands have all in Power to chuſe,
nd 'tis the greateſt Labour to refuſe:
Ve ſeldom ſhoot to make ſome Glimpſe of Day,
is thick as *Atomes* in the Sun-ſhine play ;
nd therefore (Sir) juſt is the Accuſation
ou're charg'd with, this ſtrong Accumulation
ubverts the Fundamentals, 'tis your Crime
' upbraid the State-Poeticks of this time
Vith Wit ſo inſolent, though *Phœbus* be
he Pleader, our Notes ne'er ſhall ſet you free,
or *Smec* 'tis ſure the Conqueſt all is mine.
e how the Vipers through the Amber ſhine,
nd bravely carv'd, as Indians joy to ſee
hemſelves ſo cut, although in Imag'ry.
nd tell me when *Domitian* ſlew the Fly,
id he deſerve the Laurel Victory ?
ad brawny *Hercules* the *Hydra* ſlain,
 much beneath his Strength, wer't not a Stain
o all his former Labours, and a Brand,
ch as to melt with Diſtaff in his Hand ?
'was *Smec*'s Ambition (Sir) thus to ſtand high,
nd be conſpicuous, though o'th' Pillory.
hen as you love Religion ſurceaſe,
or now the Knaves begin themſelves to pleaſe.
ince they'r vouchſaf'd the Pen, the monſtrous Fry
ike Serpents with fair Speckles ſtrike the Eye.
e ſeen a Toad by curious Art ſo dreſt,
adies have hugg'd the Venom in their Breaſt:
orbear hereafter, *Vice*, to paint ſo well,
ch Draughts may hap t'enlarge the Pow'r of Hell.
nce writ by *Ben*, inſpir'd by luſty Wine,
Ve love *Sejanus* and hold *Cataline*.

The

The Elegy made upon Mr. John Clevelan *Death cry'd i'th'Streets, he being then i good Diſpoſition of Health.*

HE whom the *Muſes* have forbid to dye
Durſt *Ignorance* (Arts Enemy) bely,
To rhyme him dead? She as well might ſay,
That he like other Men was common Clay;
Or that his Soul had nothing in it higher,
Than poor *Promethean* Poets, meer ſtol'n Fire.
But when His ſhall diſrobe it ſelf, it ſhall be ſed,
He's gone to ſleep alone in *Fames* high Bed,
B'ing both the Nations, and the Muſes Wonder,
Where all Poeticks elſe may truckle under;
For 'tis impoſſible Him to entomb,
For whoſe Fam'd-Name all *Brittains* Iſles want ro

J. Parry.

News from Newcaſtle*: Or,* Newcaſtle *Co pit.*

ENgland's a perfect World, hath *Indies* too,
Correct your Maps, *Newcaſtle* is *Peru*!
Let the Haughty Spaniard triumph till 'tis told,
Our ſooty Minerals purifie his Gold:
This will ſublime, and hatch the abortive Oar,
When the Sun tires, and Stars can do no more.
No Mines are currant, unrefin'd and groſs,
Coals make the Sterling, Nature but the Droſs.
For Mettals, *Bacchus* like, two Births approve,
Heaven heats the *Semele*, and ours the *Jove.*

Th

Thus Art doth poliſh Nature, 'tis the Trade,
o every Madam, hath her Chamber-maid.
Who'd dote on Gold, a thing ſo ſtrange and odd,
Tis moſt contemptible when made a God.
ll Sin and Miſchief hence have riſe and ſwell,
One *India* more would make another Hell.
Our Mines are Innocent, nor will the North
Tempt poor Mortality with too much Worth:
They'r not ſo precious, rich enough to fire
A Lover, yet make none Idolater.
The moderate Value of our guiltleſs Oar,
Makes no Man Atheiſt, nor no Woman Whore.
Yet why ſhould hallow'd Veſtals ſacred Shrine,
Deſerve more Honour than a flaming Mine?
Theſe pregnant Wombs of Heat would fitter be
Than a few Embers for a Deity.
Had he our *Pits*, the *Perſian* would admire
No Sun, but warm's Devotion at our Fire:
He'd leave the trotting Whipſter, and prefer
Our profound *Vulcan* 'bove that *Wagoner*.
For wants he heat? Or Light or would have Store
Or both? 'Tis here: And what can Suns give more?
Nay, what's the Sun, but in a different Name,
A *Coal-pit rampant*, or a Mine on Flame?
Then let this Truth reciprocally run,
The Sun's Heaven's Coalery, and Coals our Sun:
A Sun that ſcorcheth not, lockt up i'th' Deep,
The Lyons chain'd, the Bandog is aſleep.
That Tyrant *Fire*, which uncontroul'd doth rage
Here's calm and huſht, like *Bajazet* i'th' Cage;
For in each *Coal-pit* there doth couchant dwell,
A muzzled *Ætna*, or an innocent *Hell*.
Kindle the Cloud, you'll Lightning then deſcry,
Then will a Day break from the gloomy Sky:

Then you'll unbottom, though *December* blow,
And ſweat i'th'midſt of Iſicles and Snow;
The Dog-days then at *Chriſtmas*. Thus is all
The Year made *June*, and Equinoctial.
If Heat offends, our *Pits* affords us Shade:
Thus Summer's Winter, Winter's Summer ma
What need we baths? What need we bower, or gro
A *Coal-pit's* both a Ventiduct and Stove.
Such Pits and Caves were Palaces of old,
Poor Inns (God wot) yet in an Age of Gold;
And what would now be thought a ſtrange Deſig
To build a Houſe was then to undermine:
People liv'd under Ground, and happy Dweller
Whoſe jovial Habitations were all Cellars:
Theſe primitive Times were Innocent, for then
Man who turn'd after Fox, made but his Den.
  But ſee a Fleet of Vitals trim and fine,
To court the rich *Infanta* of our Mine,
Hundreds of Grim *Leanders* do confront,
For this lov'd *Hero*, the loud Helleſpont.
'Tis an Armado Royal doth engage
For ſome new *Hellen*, with this Equipage:
Prepared too, ſhould we their Addreſſes bar,
To force this Miſtreſs with a ten years War;
But that our Mine's a common Good, a Joy,
Made not to ruin, but enrich our *Troy*.
But oh! Theſe bring it with them, and conſpir
To pawn that Idol for our Smoke and Fire.
Silver's but Ballaſt, this they bring on Shore,
That they may treaſure up our better Oar:
For this they venture Rocks and Storms, defie
All the Extremity of Sea and Sky.
For the glad Purchaſe of this precious Mold,
Cowards dare Pyrats, Miſers part with Gold;

Hence is it when the doubtful Ship ſets forth,
The naving Needle ſtill directs it North,
And Nature's ſecret Wonder to atteſt,
Our *Indies* Worth diſcards both *Eaſt* and *Weſt*
For *Tine*: Not only Fire commends this Spring,
A *Coal-pit* is a Mine of every thing.
We ſink a Jack of all Trades, ſhop and ſound,
An inverſe Burſe, an Exchange under Ground.
This *Proteus* Earth converts to what you'll ha't,
Now you may wear't to Silk, now coin't to Plate,
And what's a Metamorphoſis more dear,
Diſſolve it, and 'twill turn to *London* Beer;
For whatſoe'er that gaudy City boaſt,
Each Month doth drive to our attractive Coaſt.
We ſhall exhauſt their Chamber, and devour
Their Treaſure of *Guild-Hall*, and Mint o'th' *Tower*.
Our *Staiths* their mortgag'd Streets will ſoon deride,
Blazon their *Cornhill-Stella*, ſhare *Cheapſide*:
Thus ſhall our *Coal-pits* Charity and Pity,
t diſtance undermine and fire the City.
hould we exact, they'd pawn their Wives, and treat,
To ſwop thoſe Coolers, for our Soveraign Heat.
Bove Kiſſes and Embraces Fire controuls,
No *Venus* heightens like a Peck of Coals.
Medea was the Drug of ſome old Sire,
nd *Æſons* Bath a luſty Sea-coal Fire.
Chimneys are old Mens Miſtreſſes, their Inns,
A modern Dalliance with their meazled Shins.
To all Defects a Coal-heap gives a Cure,
ives Youth to Age and Raiment to the Poor.
ride firſt wore Cloths, Nature diſdains Attire,
he made us Naked, 'cauſe ſhe gave us Fire.
ull *Wharfs* are Wardrobes, and the *Taylor's* Charm
Belongs to th' Collier, he muſt keep us warm.

The Qailted Alderman in all's Array,
Finds but cold Comfort in a froſty Day;
Girt, wrapt, and muffled, yet with all this Stir,
Scarce warm, when ſmother'd in his drowſie Fur:
Not Proof againſt keen Winters Batteries,
Should he himſelf wear all's own Liveries,
But Chil-blain under ſilver Spurs bewails,
And in embroidered Buck-skins blows his Nails.
Rich Meadows and full Crops are elſewhere found,
We can reap Harveſt from our barren Ground.
The bald parcht Hills that circumſcribe our Tine,
Are no leſs pregnant in their hungry Mine.
Their unfledg'd Tops ſo well content our Pallats,
We envy none their Noſe-gays and their Sallets.
A gay rank Soil like a Young Gallant grows,
And ſpends it ſelf that it may wear fine Cloths,
Whilſt all its Worth is to its Back confin'd,
Our Wear's plain Out-ſide, but is richly lin'd.
Winters above, 'tis Summer underneath,
A truſty Morglay in a ruſty Sheath.
As precious Sables ſometimes interlace
A wretched Serge or Grogane Caſſock Caſe;
Rocks own no Spring, are pregnant with no Showers,
Chryſtals and Gems are there inſtead of Flowers,
Inſtead of Roſes, Beds of Rubies ſweet,
And Emeraulds recompence the Violet.
Dame Nature, not like other Madams, wears
(Where ſhe is bare) Pearls in her Breaſts and Ears.
What though our Fields preſent a naked Sight,
A Paradiſe ſhould be an Adamite?
The Northern Lad his bonny Laſs throws down,
And gives her a black Bag for a green Gown.

On the Inundation of the River Trent: *The Scene* Maſcham *and* Holm, *two oppoſite Villages on the River ſide near* Newark.

WHen Heirs and Widows hoard up freſh (ſupplies,
Bottle up Tears wrung from St. *Swithins* (Eyes,
And the Hydropick Planets empty all
Their *Experiments* into their Urinal,
With Levies of Auxilliaries, ſent
From leſſer Rivers to rendezvouz in *Trent*;
It makes an Inſurrection, and to pillage,
Quarters its Rebel-Forces in each Village.
All objects, the Inundation ſpreads ſo far,
(Like the Eye) but aggregates of Waters are;
In this *Deucalion*-Wrack let me intreat
Parnaſſus for to be my *Ararat*,
And pump a while before the Flood be gone,
What? So much Water, and no *Helicon*?
Swans ſing and dye, ſo Poets Floods inſpire,
Theſe glib *Hydriaclicks*, Water is their Fire.
Come Neighbours, let's condole what will betide us,
Maſcham and *Holm*, or *Ceſtus* and *Abidos*,
The jealous River now no more will pander,
Between our *Heroes* and the lov'd *Leander*.
Help! *Xerxes*! Help! Now *Helleſpont* diſdains
Its Fetters; ſee, it's looſe, and we in Chains,
Took Priſoners, and our Durance ſuch will be,
When Land appears, a Goal-delivery.
Newgate or *Woodſtreet*'s not a cloſer Stay,
Rocks but immure them there, and us the Sea.
And what's the Difference pray? Reſolve us what
Betwixt a Counter —— and a Water-Rat?

We muſt confeſs confin'd to Boats and Waves.
There's No Captivity to Gally-Slaves,
And though we hear no Storms nor Billows roar,
We cannot ſtir unleſs we tugg at Oar.
Our Scene's tranſlated, Fate will have it ſo,
We live in *Venice* now or *Mexico*.
Or *Amſterdam*, our Parlors ſo in pickle,
Enough to make thoſe in't a Conventicle.
Petty wrackt Strangers, toſt we know not whither,
Holm! *Holm* in *England*! Oh Sirs ſhew us thither.
Yet ſure 'tis *England* ſtill, no other Nation
Can ſhew ſo much Land under Sequeſtration.
All's ſwallow'd up and drown'd, our Fifths, and all,
Something ſweeps worſe than *Habberdaſhers-Hall*.
A guilty Tap-houſe feels the Floods Aſſault,
(Murder will out) and it had drown'd much Malt,
Muſt now it ſelf be duckt by this juſt Tide,
Becauſe it ſtood ſo nigh the Water-ſide.
See the tenth Wave into the Houſe is toſt,
And dubs a Captain Otter of mine Hoſt,
Who with a File of bowzing Comrades there,
Reſolve ſtill not to leave their *Dover* Peer:
Thus fixt, they drink until their Noſes ſhine,
A Conſtellation in this Watry Sign,
Which they *Aquarius* call; for by Degrees
Each Man perceives himſelf took up to th' Knees,
Yet ſtill they and the Flood do Brimmers vye,
At laſt it ſobs, and thus they drink him dry:
But theſe the ſpongy Leeches of the Town,
Amphibious were, good Drinkers cannot drown.
We puny Dablers are as ill beſet,
We whoſe unliquor'd Hides will turn no wet,
The Floods a Tenant too, until't retreats,
Great Rooms are Oceans; and the leſſer Streights

Tongues are confounded in a various Stile,
Our Computation runs by th' League, not Mile.
How ſoon the Earth diſſolv'd, ſo ſoon that ſome,
That journeyed out, will make a Voyage Home.
They go aboard their Dwellings, and embark;
Houſes are Ships, and *Newark*'s a *Noah*'s Ark.
The Cook miſtakes his floating Seigniories
For Sound, and ſo takes Impoſt in his Fees.
Some truck for Rumps and Kidneys, he and's Spouſe
Call them the Farmers of the Cuſtom-houſe.
Now Bedfellows do one another greet
I'th' Saylors Phraſe, *Here, ſure, more Sheet.*
Women are Syrens, for the wiſe Man wears,
When they ſtrike up their *Ele's*, wax in's Ears.
Whoſe Fate is yet peculiar in this Flood,
To ſcape the Water and retain the Mud.
The inſeparable Scum is ſo increaſt,
Another Flood will not make all clean Beaſts.
Yet ſtill their Scene and their Complexion's right,
(Place them but where they paint the Devil white)
Our Townſmen, ſince of Floods, they muſt turn
  Skippers,
Will change their Religion too, and ſo turn Dippers.
Now they diſpute, and no ſmall Doubts propound,
Some ſay the Meadows ſwim, ſome ſay they
  drown'd;
And 'tis diſputed whether yea or no.
They are Ground Chambers ſtill that overflow.
Their *Hay* is gone, and ſome the Queſtion ſtart,
How't could be fetcht away without a Cart?
But theſe ſubmit to the wits of Learned Team,
Who ſtrong'ſt conclude, it went away with Stream.
At laſt it is obſerv'd by all the Sages,
Who e'er ſet it on Work, they pay the Wages;

One

One Hotſpur ſtorms and ſwears that he and
Will ſue the Flood, Treſpaſs will bear an
Then thought on's Landlord, whom he fears
His *Water-Bayliff* thus to drive for Rent.
Haycocks to Sea are driven, where they'l
And make of *Scylla* Iſles another Cluſter,
Till vampt with more ſuch Wracks, they grow
For ſome *Columbus* new Diſcoveries.
The Stakes ſtand firm, though batter'd all the while,
Theſe Pyramids are Proof againſt this *Nile*,
And might like *Egypt* Piles enjoy a Prime,
Wer't but for fiercer Teeth than thoſe of Time.
What neither Floods nor Age can, Beaſts will mar,
Our Beaſts now ſtarved lean, like *Pharaohs* are
Strange Skeletons, for all the time of Flood,
They nothing had to chew but their own Cud;
And ſince alas! no work for Sythe or Sickle,
(Poor Cattle) all their Commons are in Pickle.
This fare muſt needs produce a Chap-faln Pala
When without Meat they only feed on Sallets;
But theſe we prize, for moſt are ſail'd away,
Who knows but to ſtock *Hiſpaniola*.
One Herd and's Flock in one kind Hill found Mercy
Like *Gideon* (and his Wool) in the Iſle of *Jerſ*
A Barber's cloſe, yet all would counter-hail,
Steept till the Corn grew Mault, and Water Ale.
Had we the *Gotham* Policy and Luck to
Hedge in the Water, as they did the Cuckow,
But oh! it ſoon retreats, and the Ebb is more
Diſaſtrous to us than the Flood before.
The Fifth day lands us, Shews each Man his Grou
But ſo much Slime, we can't ſee Ground for Grou
The Flood's a ſingle Tyrant, Both allow
No ſcape: Water and Earth both vex us now,

Til

Till the Sun our Low-Countries purge, and then
Out-drink a *Dutch-man* draining of a Fen;
Till then our *Trent* is *Acheron*, we dwell
I'th'*Stygian Lake*, the Netherlands are Hell.
Rivers are *Nymphs* they ſay, ſomething's the matter
Then ſure with ours ſhe cannot hold her Water,
Unleſs the Goſſip, (th' Room's ſo on a Float)
Went drunk to Bed, and ſpilt her Chamber-pot:
Howe'er, ſince we're deliver'd let there be,
From this Flood too another *Epoche*.

For Sleep.

Return Grief's *Antidote*, ſoft Sleep return,
Why do'ſt thy blithe Embrace adjourn?
Once more this *Garriſon* of *Senſe* ſurround,
It's wild Exorbitances *Pound*;
Lock the *Cinque-Ports*, the *Centinels* arraign,
Make Fractions in the *Royal-Train*.
2. Sleep! The Souls *Charter*, Bodies *Writ of Eaſe*,
Reaſons Reprieve, Fancies *Releaſe*;
The Senſes *Non-term*, Life's ſereneſt Shore;
A ſmooth-fac't Death, thick candied o'er:
Cataſtrophe of Care, *Time's* balmy Cloſe,
The Muſes *Eden* and *Repoſe*.
3. Sleep! The Days *Centre*, Nights *Meridian*,
Bright *Meteor* in the Sphere of Man;
A *Grand Dictator* in the Womb of Death,
Whilſt the ſtill returning Breath
Sails through Fears, Tears, and Joys at once,
With quick *Reciprocations*.
4. Sleep! The firm *cement* of unravel'd Hours,
Night uſher'd with *Ambroſial* Show'rs;

Days *Phylactery* with her *Spangles* crown'd,
Fancy ſnatch'd up at firſt *Rebound*;
Fancies *Exchequer*, *Natures* younger Son,
Times other *Jubilee* begun.
5. Sleep! The Worlds *Evenſong*, Natures *Antimaſque*;
Between the Lips of *Night* and *Morn*;
Heaven in a *Mask*, *Sunday's Farbellow*,
Preface to th' *Reſurrection*.
Nepenthe kiſſing out the wheeling Light;
Darkneſs *emparadiz'd*. *Good Night*.

Againſt Sleep.

BE gone Joy's *Lethargy*, pale Fiend, be gone,
Why this dull *Faſcination*?
No more Life's *Cittadel* invade, no more,
Raviſh its Sallies o'er and o'er;
Gag the Broad Gates, the *Court of Guard Eſſoyn*,
At theſe disjoynted thoughts rejoyn.
2. *Sleep!* The Souls *Wardſhip*, but the Bodies *God*,
Reaſon's *Aſſaſine*, Fancies *Bait*,
The Senſes *Curfew*, Life and Loyal Breath
Minc't ſmall, and blended into Death:
Joys *Explicite*, unfathom'd *Gulf* of time,
The Muſes *Fence*, and frozen *Clime*.
3. Sleep! The Night's *Winter*, Shadow of a Dream,
A *dark Fog* rampant, Horror's *Theme*;
Free Denizon of Darkneſs, Bliſſes Wane,
An untrim'd *Chaos*, Beauties Bane;
Youth's *Sepulchre*, a *Parallel* to Age,
A *Negro* fills Life's *ſecond Page*.
4. Sleep! The Days *Colon*, many Hours of Bliſs
Loſt in a wide *Parentheſis*;

Life in an *Extaſie*, bound Hand and Foot,
Spirits entomb'd, and *Time* to boot:
The *Trump* of Solitude, a ſprightly Flame,
Smother'd in Sables and made lame.
Sleep! The Worlds *Limbo*, *Nature's* Diſcord Day,
Becauſe a *Mourner* hurl'd away;
Hell pav'd with Down, a *Purgatory* skreen'd,
Death's *Counterpane* mixed with a Fiend;
Half time eclipſt, and tinctured Black as Sorrow,
Light *dungeon'd*, *manacled*: *Good Morrow*.

On a little Gentleman profoundly Learned.

MAkes Nature Maps? Since that in thee
Sh'has drawn an Univerſity:
Or ſtrives ſhe in ſo ſmall a piece,
To ſum the Arts and Sciences?
Once ſhe writ only Text-hand, when
She ſcribled Gyants, and no Men:
But now in her decrepit Years
She daſhes Dwarfs in Characters,
And makes one ſingle Farthing bear
The Creed, Commandments, and Lords Prayer:
Would ſhe turn Art and imitate
Monte-rigos flying Gnat?
Would ſhe the Golden Legend ſhut
Within the Cloyſter of a Nut?
Or elſe a Musket Bullet rear
Into a vaſt and mighty Spear?
Or pen an Eagle in the Caul
Of a ſlender Nightingale?
Or ſhews the Pigmies can create
Not too little but too great?

How comes it that ſhe thus converts
So ſmall a *Totum*, and great Parts?
Strives ſhe now to turn awry
The quick Scent of Philoſophy?
How ſo little matter can
So monſtrous big a Form contain?
What ſhall we call (it would be known)
This Gyant and this Dwarf in one?
His Age is blaz'd in ſilver Hairs,
His Limbs ſtill cry out want of Years.
So ſmall a Body in a Cage,
May chuſe a ſpacious Hermitage.
So great a Soul doth fret and fume
At th'narrow World for want of Room.
Strange Conjunction! Here is grown
A Mole-hill and the Alps in one.
In th'ſelf ſame Action we may call
Nature both Thrift and Prodigal.

On an Ugly Woman.

AS Scriveners ſometimes take Delight to ſee
Their baſeſt Writing, Nature has in thee
Eſſay'd how much ſhe can tranſgreſs at once
Appelles Draughts, *Durers* Proportions;
And for to make a Jeſt, and try a Wit,
Has not (a Woman) in thy Forehead writ;
But ſcribl'd ſo, and gone ſo far about,
Indagine would never ſmell thee out;
But might exclaim, here only Riddles be,
And Heteroclites in Phyſiognomy:
But as the myſtick Hebrew backward lies,
And Algebra's, gueſt by Abſurdities,

So muſt we ſpell thee; for who would ſuppoſe
That globous piece of Wainſcot were a Noſe;
That crookt [illegible] were Wrinkles, and
Five *Napiers* Bones glew'd to a Wriſt, and Hand;
Egyptian Antiquaries might ſurvey
Here Hieroglyphicks, time hath worn away:
And wonder at an Engliſh Face, more odd
And antick, than was e'er a Memphian God;
Eras'd with more ſtrange Letters than might ſcare
A raw and unexperienc'd Conjurer.
And tawny Afrik Bluſh, to ſee her fry
Of Monſters in one Skin ſo kennel'd lie.
Thou mayſt without a Guard her Deſerts paſs,
When Savages but look upon thy Face:
Were but ſome Pict now living, he would ſoon
Deem thee a Fragment of his Nation;
And wiſer *Ethiopians* infer
From thee, that Sable's not the only Fair;
Thou Privative of Beauty, whoſe one Eye
Doth queſtion Metaphyſicks Verity;
Whoſe many croſs Aſpects may prove upon
Foulneſs more than a meer Negation.
Blaſt one Place ſtill, and never dare t'eſcape
Abroad out of thy Mother Darkneſs Lap,
Leſt that thou make the World afraid, and be
Even hated by thy Nurſe Deformity.

To the King recovered from a Fit of Sickneſs.

Moſt Gracious Sir,

NOw that you are recover'd, and are ſeen
Neither to fright the Ladies, nor the Queen;
That you to Chappel come, and take the Air,
Makes that a Verſe, which was before my Prayer:

For Sir, as we had loſt you, or your Fate,
Not Sickneſs, had been told us, all of late
So truly mourn'd, that we did only lack
One to begin, and put us all in Black.
The Court, as quite diſſolv'd, did ſadly tell,
White-Hall was only where the King is well.
Nor griev'd the People leſs; the Commons Eyes,
Free as their Loyal Hearts, wept Subſidies.
And in this publick Woe ſome went ſo far,
To think the Danger did deſerve a Star,
Which though 'twere ſhort, as but to ſhow,
You would like one of us a Sickneſs know,
And that you could be mortal and to prove,
By Tryal of their Grief your Subjects Love,
Would keep your Bed, or Chamber, yet our Fear
Made that ſhort time we ſaw you not, a Year;
So did we Reaſon mindleſs, and to gain
Your quick Recov'ry, ſtriv'd to ſhare your Pain;
Nay, ſuch an Intereſt had we in your Health,
That in you ſick'ned Church and Commonwealth.
Alas! to miſs you was enough to bring
An Anarchy, but that your Life was King
More than your Scepter, and though you refrain'd
To come among us, yet your Actions reign'd;
They were our Pattern ſtill, and we from thence
Did in your Abſence chuſe our Rule and Prince,
And liv'd by your Example, which will ſtay,
And govern here, when you are turn'd to Clay.
For what is he, that ever heard or ſaw
Your Converſation, and not thought it Law?
Such a clean Temper, of ſo wiſe and ſweet
A Majeſty; where Power and Goodneſs meet
In juſt proportions; ſuch Religious Care
To practice what you bid, as if to wear

The Crown or Robe were not enough to free
The Prince from that which Subjects ought to be.
Laſtly (for all your Graces to rehearſe,
Is fitter for a Story, than my Verſe:)
Such a high Reverence do your Vertues win,
They teach without, and govern us within,
And ſo enlarge your Kingdoms, when they ſee
Our Minds more than our Bodies bend the Knee.
And though before you we ſtand only bare,
Theſe make your Preſence to be every where.

Upon the Birth of the Duke of York.

MAke big the Bonfires, for in this one Son,
The Queen's delivered of a Nation;
She hath brought forth a People, now we may
Confeſs our doubted Life, and boldly ſay,
This Prince compleats our Joy, becauſe he can
Already make the *Prince of Wales* a Man,
And ſo confute the Nurſe, when he ſhall ſee
Himſelf in him paſt his Minority.
Good morrow, Babe, welcome into that Air,
Which thou confirmeſt ours, which now we dare
Bequeath to our late Nephews that ſhall ſee
It always Engliſh in the Prince and thee,
And never know the doubtful Scepter ſtand
In Expectation of a choſen Hand;
Nor Danger of an armed, that may ban
The Crown from falling perpendicular,
And ſo croſs Nature: For I muſt confeſs,
I wiſh the Prince ſuch laſting Happineſs,
And do commend to Providence this Work,
That the State may not need a *Duke* of *York*.

And thinks a given and proteſted Heir,
Enough to ſilence any modeſt *Prayer*:
Yet ſince the wiſer Heavens do conceive
A way to bleſs Poſterity, to leave
So much of *Charles* to them as they ſhall ſee
Drawn to the Life in ſo much Imag'ry,
And durſt not truſt a Chronicle, but wou'd
Derive his Virtues only in his Blood,
And thinking them too vaſt for one, did try
To coyn a Partner to his Legacy:
May Heaven proceed to keep him, may he ſhine
To mock the Poorneſs of the Indian Mine,
And ſcorn the Fleet, having a Treaſure far
Above the Winds reach, or the *Hollander*.
So may he puzzle Stateſman, and put down
All Reck'nings of Revenues to the Crown,
And alter the Kings Rents, for his two Sons
Muſt go for twenty Thouſand Millions;
And ſo make *Charles* the jealous World ally,
Thus grown too potent for an Enemy;
All thoſe muſt ſtudy Leagues now, that had rathe
Seem rich in any Title than of Father:
But may he ſtill be dreadful ſo, and be
To theſe abroad fear'd as a Deity,
At home lov'd as a Father, whilſt he thus
To them is Terror, a Shield to us.

On Parſons *the great Porter.*

SIr, or Great Grandſire, whoſe vaſt Bulk ma
A Burying-place for all your Pedigree:
Thou moving Coloſſe, for whoſe goodly Face,
The *Rhyne* can hardly make a Looking-glaſs;

Wh

What piles of Victuals hadſt thou need to chew,
Ten *Woods* or *Morrets* Throats were not enow;
Dwarf was he, whoſe Wife's Bracelets fit his Thumb,
It would not on thy little Finger come.
If *Jove* in getting *Hercules* ſpent three
Nights, he might be Fifteen in getting thee.
What Name or Title ſuits thy Greatneſs, thou,
Adiboromifuſcorphornio?
When Gyants war'd with *Jove*, hadſt thou bin one,
Where other Oaks, thou wouldſt have Mountains
  thrown;
Wert thou but ſick, what help could e'er be wrought,
Unleſs Phyſicians poſted down thy Throat?
Wert thou to dye and *Xerxes* living, he
Would not pare *Athos* for to cover thee;
Wert thou t'enbalm, the Surgeons needs muſt ſcale
Thy Body, as when Labourers dig a *Whale*.
Great Sir, a People kneaded up in one,
Wee'll weigh thee by Ship-Burdens, not by th' (Stone:
What Tempeſts might thou raiſe, what Whirlwinds
  when
Thou breath'ſt, thou great Leviathan of Men:
Bend but thy Eye a Country-man would ſwear,
A Regiment of Spaniards quarter'd there;
Smooth but thy Brow they'l ſay, there were a Plain,
Taſt *York* and *Lancaſter* once o'er again!
That Pocket-piſtol of the Queens might be
Thy Pocket-piſtol, *ſans Hyperbole*:
Abſtain from Garriſons, ſince thou may'ſt eat
The *Turks*, or Moguls Titles at a Bit.
Plant ſome new Land, which ne'er will empty be,
If ſhe enjoy her Savages in thee:
Get from amongſt us, ſince we only can
Appear like Sculls marcht o'er by *Tamberlain*.

On his going by Water, by the Parliament-houſ

OH the ſad Fate of unſucceſsful Sin! (with
You ſee thoſe Heads without, there's wo

Upon coming into a Chamber called Parnaſſu *where the Gentry Arms (were depicted)* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *in* Norwich.

HEre Gallants find their Arms, and ſo it's meet,
But where they find their Arms, they loſe the
Feet.

Against ALE.

THou Juice of *Lethe*! O thou dull
Inhoſpitable Drink of *Hull*,
Not to be drunk, but in the Devils Scull;
Depriver of thoſe ſolid Joys,
Which *Sack* creates: *Author* of Noiſe
Among the roaring *Punks* and *Dammy-Boys*:
On thy Account the *Watch* do ſleep,
When they our Nightly Peace ſhould keep,
Then *Rogues* and *Cut-purſes* in at Windows creep.
2. The Jug-broke Pate doth owe to thee
Its bloody Line and Pedigree,
Now Murther, and anon the Gallow-tree:
A *Poet* once did lick thy Juice,
But oh! How his benummed Juyce
Was mix'd in Non-ſenſe, and in State abuſe.

A *Souldier* once that would have pickt
Strife with the *Devil*, thy dull Broth had lickt,
That Night this Renown'd Turdibank was kickt.
  3. The other Night the *Meal-man Will*
Did lap ſo largely of thy Swill,
Next Morn he let a *Fart* blew down his Mill:
That Lover was in pretty Caſe,
That trimm'd thee with a Ginger-face,
And after belched in his Miſtreſs Face.
More of thy Vertues I could tell,
But that to ſpeak of thee's half Hell,
Then take my Curſe by *Candle*, *Book*, and *Bell*.
  4. May *Bards* that drink thee, write a ſmall,
Inſubſtanc'd Line *pedantical*,
Inſinewy, *ænigmatical*;
Saltleſs and galleſs be thy Curſe,
Numberleſs, rugged, empty, worſe
Than the poor Poets empty Belly, Purſe.
May he that brews thee wear a Noſe
Richer than the *Lord Mayor's* Cloths,
The *Sattin* Cherry, or the *Velvet* Roſe.
  5. May he that draws thee likewiſe wear
A *Carbuncle* from Ear to Ear,
hat Thatch and Linnen may ſtand off and fear;
ay ſome old *Hag-witch* get aſtride
hy Bung, as if ſhe meant to ride,
n purpoſe ſure to lance thy yeaſty Side;
ay others be as ſick as I,
hat tope thee next; then down and dye
oor *Ale*, a Funeral-trap for Waſp, or Fly.

The Old Gill.

If you will be ſtill
Then tell you I will
Of a lovely old *Gill*
Dwelt under a Hill;
Her Locks are like Sage
That's well worn with Age,
And her Visage would ſwage
A ſtout Mans Courage.

Teeth yellow as Box,
Clean out with the Pox,
Her Breath ſmells like Lox,
Or unwiped Nocks.
She hath a deviliſh Grin,
Long Hairs on her Chin,
To the foul-footed *Fin*
She's nearly a kin.

She hath a beetle Brow,
Deep Furrows enow,
She's ey'd like a *Sow*
Flat nos'd like a *Cow*,
Lips ſwarthy and dun,
A Mouth like a Gun,
And her tattle doth run
As ſwift as the *Sun*.

On her Back ſtands a Hill,
You may place a Windmill,
And the Farts of her Gill
Will make the Sails trill.

X

Her Neck is much like
The foul Swines in the dike;
Againſt Crab-lice and Tyke;
A blew Pin is her Pike.

5.

Within this *Ano*
There dwells an *Hurricano*,
And the Rift of her *Plano*
Vomits Smoke like *Vulcano*;
But a Pox of her Twist,
It is always bepist,
And the Devil's in his List,
That to her Mill brings Grist.

6.

'Ware the dint of her Dirt,
She will give you a Flirt,
She has always the Squirt,
She is looſe and ungirt;
Want of Wine makes her pant
Till ſhe fizzle and rant,
And the hole in her Grant,
Is as deep as *&c.*

7.

Yea, as deep as a Well,
A Furnace or Kell,
A bottomleſs Cell,
Some think it is Hell.
But I have ſpoken my Fill
Of my lovely old *Gill*,
And 'tis taken ſo ill,
I'll lay down my Quill.

To the Queen upon the Birth of one of her Children.

THat Children are like Olive-branches, we
Took for a Figure, now 'twas Propheſie.
Your Births, great Queen, have made a new Account,
Who bring not forth ſome Olives, but the Mount;
And we, who wiſht your Table half Way round
Beſet with them, do now behold it crown'd.
Were there no other Court, or Nobles, yet
The King, we ſee, can his own Court beget:
Nay, in the firſt Worlds Age, he that could do
Like him, was Father of his Country too.
When in that Dearth of Subjects, Kings were fain
Firſt to beget their Kingdoms, and then reign,
When their own Off-ſpring were their People; and
One Family both fill'd, and made the Land.
But I ſpeak Treaſon, to ſay Princes Blood
Can e'er run into People, 'tis a Flood
Ev'n in the Fountain: Small Streams loſe their Name;
Such Births, like th'Ocean are ſtill the ſame.
No Number makes them private, we may call
Not all one Nation, but Nations all.
For as I've ſeen the Ark drawn like the Womb
Of the four Empires, and the World to come,
Out of whoſe Midſt hath ſprung a myſtick Tree,
With every Branch a Genealogy,
Not of ſome Houſe, but of the World, this Bough
For *Europe*, that for *Africk* we allow;
And all the other ſmaller Twigs there ſeen
Have ſtood for Iſles, or Countrys: So, great Queen,
From you, as from the Ark, nothing can be
Born leſs than Kingdoms, or a Monarchy.

Your pains are all Imperial, and your Throws
Can bring forth nought that is not Great; yet thoſe
For Daughters ſtill have thus more publick been,
That you by them to Chriſtendom lie in;
Your Sons may make us ſafe, but we the while
Muſt be a World divided, ſtill an Iſle,
We ſhall be now o'th' Continent; this Sex
Will makes't all one to conquer, or annex,
To be ally'd, will bring, what ſome in vain
Hope for by th'Sword, an univerſal Reign;
Which yet we may deſpair of, ſince we ſee
Europe to match yours, will want Progeny.

To Cloris, *a Rapture.*

COme *Julia*, Come! Let's once diſbody, what
Straight Matter ties to this, and not to that?
We'l diſingage, our bloodleſs Form ſhall fly
eyond the reach of Earth, where ne'er an Eye
hat peeps through Spectacles of Fleſh, ſhall know
Where we intend, or what we mean to do.
rom all Contagion of Fleſh remov'd,
Wee'l ſit in Judgment, on thoſe Pairs that lov'd
n old and latter times, then will we tear
heir Chaplets that did act by ſlaviſh Fear,
Who cheriſht cauſeleſs Griefs, and did deny
upids Prerogative by Doubt; or Tye;
ut they that mov'd by Confidence, and cloſ'd
one refining Flame, and never loſ'd
heir thoughts on Earth, but bravely did aſpire
nto their proper Element of Fire,
o theſe wee'l judge that Happineſs to be
he Witneſſes of our Felicity.

Thus we'll like Angels move, nor will we bind
In Words the copious Language of our Mind,
Such as we know, not to conceive, much leſs,
Without deſtroying in their Birth, expreſs:
Thus will we live, and ('t may be) caſt an Eye
How far *Elyſium* doth beneath us lye.
What need we care, though milky Currents run
Amongſt the ſilken Meadows, though the Sun
Doth ſtill preſerve by's ever walking Ray
A never diſcontinued Spring, or Day.
That Sun, though all its heat be to it brought,
Cannot exhale the Vapour of a Thought.
No, no, my Goddeſs, yet will thou and I,
Deveſted of all Fleſh, ſo folded lie,
That ne'er a bodyed Nothing ſhall perceive
How we unite, how we together cleave;
Nor think this while our feather'd Minutes may
Fall under Meaſure; Time it ſelf can ſtay
T'attend our Pleaſures; for what elſe would be
But tedious Durance in Eternity?

An Elegy upon Ben. Johnſon.

AS when the Veſtall Hearth went out, no Fire,
Leſs Holy than that Flame that did expire,
Could kindle it again: So at thy Fall
Our Wits, Great *Ben*, are too Apocryphal
To celebrate thy Laws, ſince 'tis too much
To write thy Epitaph, and not be ſuch.
What thou wert, like th' hard Oracles of old,
Without an Extaſie cannot be told:
We muſt be raviſh'd firſt; thou muſt infuſe
Thy ſelf into us both the Theme and Muſe.

Elſe, (though we all conſpir'd to make thy Herſe
Our Works) ſo that't had been but one great Verſe;
Though the Prieſt had tranſlated for that time
The Liturgy, and buried thee in Rhyme,
So that in *Meeter* we had heard it ſaid,
Poetick Duſt is to Poetick laid: (might'ſt have
And though that Duſt being *Shake-ſpear's*, thou
Not his Room, but the Poet for thy Grave;
So that as thou didſt Prince of Numbers dye,
And live, ſo thou mighteſt in Numbers lie,
'Twere frail Solemnity; Verſes on thee,
And not like thine, would but kind Libels be,
And we (not ſpeaking thy whole Worth) ſhould raiſe
Worſe Blots than they that envied thy Praiſe.
Indeed thou needſt us not, ſince above all
Invention, thou wert thine own Funeral.
Hereafter, when Time hath fed on thy Tomb,
Th'Inſcription worn out, and the Marble dumb,
So that 'twould poſe a Critick to reſtore
Half Words, and Words expir'd ſo long before;
When thy maim'd Statue hath a Sentenc'd Face,
And Looks that are the Horror of the Place;
That 'twill be Learnings and Antiquity,
And ask a *Selden* to ſay, this was thee:
Thou'lt have a whole Name ſtill, nor needſt thou fear
That will be ruin'd, or loſe Noſe, or Hair.
Let others write ſo thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten; no Poſterity
Can add to thy Works; th' had their full growth then,
When firſt born, and came Aged from thy Pen;
Whilſt living thou enjoyd'ſt the Fame and Senſe
Of all that time gives, but the Reverence:
When th'art of *Homers* years, no Man will ſay
Thy Poems are leſs worthy, but more gray.

'Tis

'Tis Baſtard Poetry, and o'th' falſe Blood,
Which can't without Succeſſion be good.
Things that will always laſt, do thus agree
With things Eternal; th'at once perfect be.
Scorn then their Cenſures, who gave out, thy Wit
As long upon a Comedy did ſit,
As Elephants bring forth; and that by Blots
And Mendings, took more time than *Fortune* plots.
That ſuch thy Draught was, and ſo great thy Thirſt,
That all thy *Plays* were drawn at th' *Mermaid* firſt.
That the Kings yearly but wore, and his Wine
Hath more Right than thou to thy *Catiline*.
Let ſuch Men keep a Diet, let their Wit
Be rackt, and while they write, ſuffer a Fit;
When th'have felt Tortures without Pain the Gout
Such, as with leſs, the State draws Treaſon out;
Though they ſhould the Length of Conſumptions lie
Sick of their Verſe, and of their Poem dye;
'Twould not be thy worſt Scene, but would at laſt
Confirm their Boaſtings, and ſhew made in haſte.
He that writes well writes quick, ſince the Rule's
Nothing is ſlowly done, that's always new; (true,
So when thy Fox had ten times acted been,
Each Day was firſt, but that 'twas cheaper ſeen;
And ſo thy Alchymiſt plaid o'er and o'er,
Was new o'th' Stage, when 'twas not at the Door.
We like the Actors did repeat, the Pit
The firſt time ſaw, the next conceiv'd thy Wit,
Which was caſt in ſuch Forms, ſuch Rules, ſuch Arts,
That but to ſome not half thy Acts were Parts,
Since of ſome ſilken Judgments we may ſay,
They fill'd a Box two hours, but ſaw no Play;
So that th'unlearned loſt their Money, and
Scholars ſav'd only, that could underſtand:

Thy Scene was free from Monſters, no hard Plot
Call'd down a God t'untie th'unlikely Knot.
The Stage was ſtill a Stage, two Entrances (Seas:
Were not two Parts o'th' World disjoyn'd by th'
Thine were Land-Tragedies, no Prince was found
To ſwim a whole Scene out, then o'th' Stage drown'd.
Pitcht Fields, as *Red-bull* Wars, ſtill felt thy Doom,
Thou laidſt no Sieges to the Muſick Room;
Nor wouldſt allow to thy beſt Comedies,
Humors that ſhould above the People riſe:
Yet was thy Language and thy Stile ſo high,
Thy Sock to th'Ancle, Buskin reach to th'Thigh;
And both ſo chaſte, ſo 'bove Dramatick clean,
That we both ſafely ſaw, and liv'd thy Scene;
No foul looſe Line did proſtitute thy Wit,
Thou wrot'ſt thy Comedies, didſt not commit.
We did the Vice arraign'd, not tempting hear,
And were made Judges, not bad Parts by th'Ear;
For thou even Sin didſt in ſuch Words array,
That ſome who came bad Parts, went out good Play;
Which ended not with th'Epilogue, the Age
Still acted, which grew Innocent from th'Stage.
'Tis true thou hadſt ſome Sharpneſs, but thy Salt
Serv'd but with Pleaſure to reform the Fault.
Men were laugh'd into Vertue, and none more
Hated Fool acted, then were ſuch before;
So did they ſting not Blood, but Humours draw,
So much did Satyr more correct than Law.
Which was not Nature in thee as ſome call,
Thy Teeth, who ſay thy Wit lay in thy Gall,
That thou didſt quarrel firſt, and then in ſpight
Didſt 'gainſt a Perſon of ſuch Vices write,
That't was Revenge, not Truth, that on thy Stage
Carlo was not preſented but thy Rage.

And that when thou in Company wert met,
Thy Meat took Notes, and thy Diſcourſe was Ne
We know thy free Vein had this Innocence,
To ſpare the Party, and to brand th'Offence,
And the juſt Indignation thou wert in
Did not expoſe but ſhift his Tricks and Gin, (the
Thou mightſt have us'd th'old Comick Freedom
Might have ſeen themſelves plaid, like Socrates,
Like *Cleon Mammon* might the Knight have been,
If as Greek Authors, thou hadſt turn'd Greek Spleen
And hadſt not choſen rather to tranſlate
Their Learning into Engliſh, not their Rate;
Indeed this laſt, if thou hadſt been bereft
Of thy Humanity, might be call'd Theft,
The other was not, whatſoe'er was ſtrange,
Or borrowed, in thee did grow thine by th'Change
Who without Latin helps hadſt been as rare
As *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, or as *Shake-ſpear* were,
And like them, from thy Native Stock couldſt ſp
Poets and Kings are not born every Day.

An Epitaph.

STay, Gentle Reader, and ſhed o'er
Thoſe ſacred Aſhes one Tear more.
Theſe ſad Accents cloathed in black,
Mourn him whom Church and State do lack,
And this weeping Marble Stone
Doth invite a parting Grean.
Here lies within this ſtony Shade
Natures Darling, whom ſhe made
Her faireſt Model, her brief Story,
In him heaping all her Glory.

Here lies one whom times of Old,
Among their Wonders had inroll'd,
Whoſe ſet Beams might well aſpire,
Kindled by Poetick Fire,
Unto a ſtarry Light, and there
For a Grave adorn a Sphere;
One ſo Valiantly ſtrong,
He fear'd to do any wrong.
Learnings Glory, who alone
Was fit to write on his own Stone;
Here Tongues lie ſpeechleſs, to be dumb
Is our beſt *Epicedium.*

Upon Wood *of* Kent.

SIr, much good do't ye, were your Table but
Pye-cruſt or *Cheeſe*, you might your Stomach ſhut;
After your ſlice of Beef, what dare you try
Your Force on an Ell-ſquare of Pudding-pye?
Perhaps 't may be a Taſt, three ſuch as you
Unbreakfaſted, might ſerve *Seraglio.*
When *Hannibal* ſcal'd th' *Alps* hadſt thou bin there
Thy Beef had drunk up all his Vinegar;
Well mightſt thou be of Gnard to *Henry* th' Eight,
Since thou canſt, like a Pidgeon, eat thy Weight;
Full wiſe was Nature that would not beſtow
Theſe Tusks of thine into a double Row;
What Womb could e'er contain thee, thou canſt ſhut
A Pond of Aviary in a Gut.
Had not thy Mother born thee toothleſs, thou
Hadſt eaten, Viper-like, a Paſſage through;
Had he that wiſh'd the Cranes long Neck to eat,
Put in thy Stomach too, 't had been compleat.

Thou *Noahs* Ark, dead Sea, thou *Golgotha*,
Monſters beyond all Men of *Africa*!
Beaſts prey on Beaſts, Fiſhes to Fiſhes fall,
Great Birds feed on the leſſer, thou on all.
Hath there been no Miſtake, why may't not be,
When *Curtius* leapt the Gulf, 'twas into thee.
Now we'l believe that Man of *China* could
Make Pills of Arrows, and the Boy that would
Chew only Stones; nor can we think it vain,
That *Doranetho* eat up th' Neighbouring Plain,
Poor *Chryſiethon*, that could only feaſt
On one poor Girl, in ſeveral Diſhes dreſt;
Thou haſt devour'd as many Sheep, as may
Cloath all the Paſtures in *Arcadia*;
Yet, O how temperate, that ne'er goes on
So far as to approach Repletion.
Thou breathing Cauldron, whoſe digeſtive heat
Might boyl the whole Proviſion of the Fleet;
Say Grace as long as Meals, and if thou pleaſe,
Breakfaſt with Iſlands, and drink Healths with Seas.

On Chriſt-Church Windows.

YOu that profane our Windows with a Tongu
Set like ſome Clock, on purpoſe to go wrong;
Who when you were at Service, ſigh'd becauſe
You heard the Organs Muſick, not the Daws;
Pitying our ſolemn State, ſhaking your Head,
To ſee not Ruins from the Floor to th' Lead:
To whoſe pure Noſe our Cedar gave Offence,
Crying, It ſmels of Papiſts Frankincenſe;
Who walking on our Marbles, ſcoffing ſaid,
Whoſe Bodies are under thoſe Tombſtones laid?

Counting our Tapers Works of Darkneſs, and
Chooſing to ſee Prieſts in blew Aprons ſtand,
Rather than in rich Copes, which ſhew the Art
Of *Siſera*'s Prey, embroider'd in each Part:
Then when you ſaw the Altars Baſon, ſaid,
Why's not the Ewer on the Cup-board laid?
Thinking our very Bibles too profane,
'Cauſe you ne'er bought ſuch Covers in *Duck-lane*:
Loathing all Decency, as if you'ld have
Altars as foul, and homely as a Grave.
Had you one ſpark of Reaſon, you would find
Your ſelves like Idols, to have Eyes, yet blind;
'Tis only ſome baſe Niggard, Hereſie,
To think Religion loves Deformity.
Glory did never yet make God the leſs,
Neither can Beauty defile Holineſs.
What's more Magnificent than Heav'n, yet where
Is there more Love and Piety than there?
My Heart doth wiſh (were't poſſible) to ſee
Pauls built with precious Stones and Porphyry;
To have our Halls and Galleries outſhine
Altars in Beauty, is to deck our Swine
With Orient Pearl, whilſt the deſerving Quire
Of God and Angels wallow in the Mire.
Our decent Copes only Diſtinction keep,
That you may know the Shepherd from the Sheep.
As gaudy Letters in the Rubrick ſhow,
How you may Holy-days from Lay-days know;
Remember *Aarons* Robe, and you will ſay,
Ladies at Maſque are not ſo rich as they.
Then are th' Prieſts Words like Thunder-claps, when (he
Is Lightning-like ray'd down with Majeſty;
May every Temple ſhine like thoſe at *Nile*,
And ſtill be free from Rat or Crocodile:

But you will urge, both Prieſt and Church ſhould
The ſolemn Partners of Humility.
Do not ſome boaſt of Rags? Cynicks deride
The pomp of Kings, but with a greater Pride.
Meekneſs conſiſts not in the Cloths, but Heart;
Nature may be Vain-glorious well as Art:
We may as lowly before God appear,
Dreſt with a Glorious Pearl, as with a Tear,
In his High Preſence, where the Stars and Sun
Do but eclipſe, there's no Ambition.
You dare admit gay Paint upon a Wall,
Why then in Glaſs that's held Apocryphal?
Our Bodies Temples are, look in the Eye,
The Window, and you needs muſt Pictures ſpy;
Moſes and *Aaron*, and the Kings Arms are
Daub'd in the Church, when you the *Wardens* wer
Yet you ne'er ſtil'd for Papiſt: Shall we ſay
Banbury is turn'd *Rome*, becauſe we may
See th' *Holy Lamb* and *Chriſtopher*? Nay more,
The Altar-ſtone ſet at the Tavern Door?
Why can't the Ox then in th' Nativity,
Be imag'd forth, but Papiſts Bulls are nigh?
Our Pictures to no other end is made,
Than is your *Time* and's Bill, your *Death* and's Spade;
To us they're but *Memento*'s which preſent
Chriſts Birth, except his Word and Sacrament.
If't were a Sin to ſet up Imag'ry,
To get a Child were flat Idolatry.
The Models of our Buildings would be thus,
Directions to our Houſes, Ruins to us.
Hath not each Creature which hath daily Breath,
Something which reſembles Heaven or Earth?
Suppoſe ſome Ignorant Heathen once did bow
To Images, may not we ſee them now?

Should we love Darkneſs, and abhor the Sun,
'Cauſe *Perſians* gave it Adoration;
And plant no Orchards, becauſe Apples firſt
Made *Adam* and his Lineal Race accurſt?
Though Wine for *Bacchus*, Bread for *Ceres* went,
Yet both are uſed in the Sacrament;
What then if theſe were Popiſh Reliques? Few
Windows are elſewhere old, but theſe are new,
And ſo exceed the former, that the Face
Of theſe come ſhort of th' outſide of our Glaſs;
Colours are here mix'd, ſo that Rain-bows be
(Compar'd) but Clouds without variety.
Art here is Natures Envy, this is he
Not *Paracelſus*, but by Chymiſtry
Can make a Man from Aſhes, if not Duſt;
Producing Off-ſprings of his Mind, not Luſt.
See how he makes his Maker, and doth draw
All that is meant i'th Goſpel, or i'th Law.
Looking upon the Reſurrection,
Methoughts I ſaw the bleſſed Viſion,
Where not his Face is meerly drawn, but Mind,
Which not with Paint, but Oyl of Gladneſs ſhin'd;
But when I view'd the next Pane, where we have
The God of Life tranſported to his Grave,
Light then is dark, all things ſo dull and dead,
As if that part o'th Window had been Lead.
Jonas his Whale did ſo Mens Eyes befool,
That they have begg'd him th' Anatomy School.
That he ſaw Ships at *Oxford* one did ſwear,
Though *Iſis* yet will Barges hardly bear:
Another ſoon as he the Trees eſpy'd,
Thought him i'th Garden on the other ſide.
See in what State (though on an Aſs) Chriſt went,
This ſhews more Glorious than the Parliament.

Then in what awe *Moſes* his Rod doth keep
The Seas, as if the Froſt had glaz'd the Deep.
The raging Waves are to themſelves a Bound,
Some cry, help, help, or Horſe and Man are drown'd.
Shadows do every where for Subſtance paſs,
You'd think the Sands were in an Hour-glaſs.
You that do live with Surgeons, have you ſeen
A Spring of Blood forc'd from a ſwelling Vein?
So from a touch of *Moſes* Rod doth jump
A Cataract, The Rock is made a Pump:
At ſight of whoſe O'er-flowings many get
Themſelves away for fear of being wet.
Here you behold a ſprightly Lady ſtand,
To have her Frame drawn by a Painters Hand:
Such lively Look and Preſence, ſuch a Dreſs
King *Pharaohs* Daughters Image doth expreſs;
Look well upon her Gown, and you will ſwear,
The Needle, not the Pencil hath been there.
At ſight of her, ſome Gallants do diſpute,
Whether i'th' Church it's lawful to ſalute?
Next *Jacob* kneeling, where his Kid-skin's ſuch,
As it may well cozen old *Iſaac*'s Touch.
A Shepherd ſee'ng how Thorns went round about
Abrahams Ram, would needs have helpt it out.
Behold the Dove deſcending to inſpire
Th' Apoſtle's Heads with cloven Tongues of Fire.
And in a Superficies there you'l ſee
The groſs Dimenſions of Profundity.
'Tis hard to judge which is beſt built, and higher
The Arch-roof in the Window, or the Quire.
All Beaſts, as in the Ark, are lively done,
Nay, you may ſee the Shadow of the Sun:
Upon a Landskip if you look a while
You'l think the Proſpect at leaſt forty Mile.

There's none needs now go travel, we may ſee
t Home *Jeruſalem* and *Nineveh*,
nd *Sodom* now in Flames: One Glance will dart
arther than *Lynces* with *Galilæus* Art.
eeing *Elijahs* Chariot, we fear
here is ſome fiery Prodigy in the Air;
hen Chriſt to purge his Temple, holds his Whip,
ow nimbly Huckſters with their Baskets skip.
t. *Peters* Fiſhes are ſo lively wrought,
ome cheapen them, and ask when they were caught.
ere's Motions painted too: Chariots ſo faſt
un, that they're never gone, though always paſt.
he Angels with their Lutes are done ſo true,
e do not only look, but hearken too,
s if their Sounds were painted: Thus the Wit
'th' Pencil hath drawn more than there can ſit.
hus (as in *Archimedes* Sphere) you may
n a ſmall Glaſs, the Univerſe ſurvey:
ch various Shapes are too i'th' Imag'ry,
s Age and Sex may their own Features ſee;
t if the Window cannot ſhew your Face,
ook under Feet, the Marble is your Glaſs;
hich too, for more then Ornament, is there,
he Stones may learn your Eyes to ſhed a Tear.
hey never work upon the Conſcience;
hey cannot make us kneel, we are not ſuch,
s think there's Balſom in the Kiſs, or Touch,
hat were groſs Superſtition we know;
here's no more Power in them than the Pope's Toe.
he Saints themſelves for us can do no good,
uch leſs their Pictures drawn in Glaſs or Wood.
hey cannot feel, but ſince they ſignifie,
hey may be worthy of a Caſt o'th' Eye;

Although no Worſhip, that is due alone,
Not to the Carpenter's, but God's own Son;
Obedience to Blocks deſerves the Rod,
The Lord may well be then a jealous God.
Why ſhould not Statues now be due to *Paul*,
As to the *Cæſars* of the Capitol?
How many Images of great Heirs, which
Had nothing but the Din of being rich,
Shine in our Temples? Kneeling always there,
Where, when they were alive, they ſcarce appea
Yet ſhall Chriſts Sepulchre have ne'er a Tomb?
Shall every Saint have a *John Baptiſts* Doom?
No Limb of *Mary* ſtand? Muſt we forget
Chriſts Croſs, as ſoon as paſt the Alphabet?
Shall not their Heads have Room i'th' Window, wh
Founded our Church and our Religion too?
We know that God's a Spirit, we confeſs
We cannot comprehend his Name, much leſs
Can a ſmall Glaſs his Nature: But ſince he
Vouchſaf'd to ſuffer his Humanity;
Why may not we (only to put's in Mind
Of's Godhead) have his Manhood thus enſhrin'd?
Is our Kings Perſon leſs eſteem'd, becauſe
We read him in our Coins as well as Laws?
  Do what we can, whether we think, or pai
All Gods Expreſſions are but weak and faint;
Yet Spots in Globes muſt not be blotted thence,
That cannot ſhew the World's Magnificence.
Nor is it fit we ſhould the Skill controul,
Becauſe the Artiſt cannot draw the Soul.
Ceaſe then your Railings and your dull Complai
To pull down Galleries, and ſet up Saints
Is no Impiety: now we may well
Say that our Church is truly Viſible:

Thoſe that before our Glaſs Scaffolds prefer
Would turn our Temple to a Theater,
Windows are Pulpits now; though unlearn'd, one
May read this Bibles new Edition.
Inſtead of here and there a Verſe adorn'd
Round with a Lace of Paint, fit to be ſcorn'd
Even by vulgar Eyes, each Page preſents
Whole Chapters with both Comment and Contents.
The cloudy Myſteries of the Goſpel here
Tranſparent as the Chryſtal do appear.
'Tis not to ſee things darkly through a Glaſs,
Here you may ſee our Saviour Face to Face.
And whereas Feaſts come ſeldom, here's deſcry'd
A conſtant *Chriſtmaſs*, *Eaſter*, *Whitſontide*:
Let the *Deaf* hither come, no matter though
Faiths Senſe be loſt, we a new Way can ſhow;
Here we can teach them to believe by th'Eye;
Theſe ſilenc'd Miniſters do edifie:
The Scriptures Rays contracted in a Glaſs,
Like Emblems do with greater Vertue paſs.
Look in the Book of Martyrs, and you'l ſee
More by the Pictures than the Hiſtory.
That Price for things in Colours oft we give,
Which we'd not take to have them while they live.
Such is the Power of painting that it makes
A loving Sympathy 'twixt Men and Snakes.
Hence then *Paul*'s Doctrine may ſeem more Divine,
As Amber though a Glaſs doth clearer ſhine:
Words paſs away, as ſoon as Head-ach gone,
We read in Books what here we dwell upon.
Thus, then there's no more Fault in Imag'ry
Than there's in the *Practice of Piety*;
Both edifie: What is in Letters there,
s writ in plainer Hieroglyphicks here;

'Tis

’’Tis not a new Religion we have choſe,
’Tis the ſame Body, but in better Cloaths:
You’l ſay they make us gaze when we ſhould pray,
And that our Thoughts do on the Figures ſtray:
If ſo, you may conclude us Beaſts; What they
Have for their Object, is to us the Way.
Did any e’er uſe Proſpective to ſee
No farther than the Glaſs? or can there be
Such lazy Travellers ſo giv’n to Sin,
As that they’l take their Dwelling at the Inn?
A Chriſtians Sight reſts in Divinity,
Signs are but Spectacles to help Faiths Eye.
God is the Center; Dwelling on theſe Words,
My Muſe a Sabbath to my Brain affords;
If their nice Wits more ſolemn Proof exact,
Know, this was meant a Poem, not a Tract.

The Anti-Platonick.

FOnd Love, what doſt thou mean
To court an idle Folly,
Platonick Love is nothing elſe
But meerly Melancholly;
’Tis active Love that makes us jolly.

2.

To dote upon a Face,
Or court a ſparkling Eye,
Or to eſteem a dimpled Cheek
Compleat Felicity;
’Tis to betray ones Liberty.

3.

Then pray be not ſo fond,
Think you that Women can
Reſt ſatisfi’d with *Complement*,

The frothy Part of Man?
No, no, they hate a *Puritan.*

4.

They care not for your Sight,
Nor your erected Eyes,
They hate to hear a Man complain,
Alas! He dies, he dies;
Believ't they love a cloſer Prize.

5.

Then venture to embrace,
'Tis but a Smack or two;
I'm confident no Woman lives,
But ſometimes ſhe will do;
The Fault lies not in her, but you.

A ſad Suit in a Petitionary Poem, ſent by a Poor Scholar to his Patron.

Wonder not why theſe Lines come to your Hand
The naked Truth you ſoon ſhall underſtand.
I have a Suit to you, that you would be
So kind as ſend another *Suit* to me:
The Spring appears, and now Beaſts, Birds, and Bees,
The fruitful Fields, gay Gardens, and tall Trees
Are covered, all things that do creep or fly,
Are putting their Apparel on, but I.
Time hath impair'd my Breeches, they ſhew, Sir,
Like the Scotch Flags that hang in *Weſtminſter*,
Round about *London* the Hedges and the Ditches,
As they catch Wool, wear Fragments of my Britches.
My Patches dangle on my tattered Trouſes,
Like Hens and Chickens which hang up in Houſes;

And having crackt out the contracting Stitches,
They look rather like Petticoats than Britches;
So that my Doublet pin'd, makes me appear
Not like a Man but a Looſe-waſtcoteer.
The Women call'd me Woman, till the Fools
Spy'd their Miſtake thorough my Pocket Holes.
My Waſte-band's waſted, and my Doublet looks
Like him that wears it, quite off o'the Hooks.
My Eyes are out, and all my Button-moulds
Drop like ripe Hazel-nuts out of their Hulls.
The Suburbs of my Jacket are ſo gone,
I have not left a Skirt to ſit upon.
My Doublet Canvas be'n worn out behind,
I put a Poem there to keep out Wind.
Two ſly Knaves follow'd me, and one or both,
Like Boys in Horn-books, read it through the Cloth.
My Belly-pieces are ſo fat, they will
If toaſted, ſerve for Belly-pieces ſtill.
Laſt *Shrove-tide* my Fore-ſkirt, as I'm a Sinner,
Fell in the Batter, and was fry'd for Dinner.
And when the Wench ſaw how my Jaws did knock,
She would have made a Pancake of my Pocket.
That which I call a Shirt, looks like a Clout
Which ſome unhappy Gibbet had worn out.
Sir, as I am a live Man, and a Scholar,
This very Spring will purge away my Choler:
My Weeds ſo plough'd and harrow'd, that I know,
Unleſs I can get new, 'tis time to ſow.
About my Neck, as you may underſtand,
By the Dimidium's a right falling Band:
I wear a pair of Cuffs withal, and they
Look like those torn which Men ſnatch in a Fray.
I had a Girdle too when I was dreſt,
Which was long ſince, but now (ungirt unbleſt)
Inſtead

Inſtead of wearing powd'red Hair, my Chief
Invention is to get me powd'red Beef.
My Hat's ſo full of Holes, I can't deviſe
A Way how I ſhould pluck it o'er my Eyes:
My Shoes and I in one Condition foul,
And both appear as if we had no Soul;
My Stocking-calves, the beſt of all my Stock,
Are paradiz'd as naked as my Nock.
I'm like a Clock my ſelf, which if fair Weather
Should ſeparate, no Art can put together:
My Books are ran away from off my Shelf,
I cannot quote my Author, nor my ſelf;
For like Sir *Will's* Heroick Verſe they be,
Heaven knows, all in the Land of *Lombardy*.
That Land of Ignorance, and full of Ills,
Where Scholars Teeth are their own Paper-mills.
Sir, I am piec'd like Cottages with Thatch,
The old and new do ſum up one grand Patch:
Then pray Sir, quickly ſend me ſome Redreſs,
Leſt my Suit falls, as a Cloud vaniſhes:
For it is now by moſt Mens Approbation,
The next Degree unto Annihilation:
Sir, to be brief, 'tis a confuſed Rude
Rag, that admits of no Similitude;
There's no Imagination that can ſtrike it,
'Tis ſo like nothing, that there's nothing like it.

The poor Cavalier, in Memory of his old Suit.

THough thou haſt laſted 'bove a thouſand Days,
Till thou art ag'd and grey through adverſe (ways;
Yet Malice in its higheſt, dare pronounce
No other, but that thou wert Scarlet once.

As in fair Beauties innocently dead,
Their very Paleneſs hath a Tinct of Red,
Under thy gray, diſcernably thin Streams
Lies, like to ſhipwrack Strawberries in Cream,
I know 'tis vain to boaſt what thou haſt been,
Yet thou wert red, when bloody Votes were green,
E'er ripe Rebellion had a full-age Power,
To commit *Laud*, and *Gowrney* to the Tower:
E're middle-ſighted Judgment underſtood,
That 'twas 'gainſt Senſe o'th' Houſes to be good,
It is no humble Honour of thy Fate,
To follow in thy Sufferings, thoſe of State:
I have obſerv'd ſince *Leſley*'s coming in,
Thou haſt been ſtill declining with the King,
Spite *Fairfax*, and the *Scots* did all agree,
To take our Sleep from us, thy Nap from thee.
But to declare thee in the State concern'd,
When *Pomfret* was relieved, then thou wert turn'd
Prove thou didſt wear new Buttons on thy Breaſt,
When baffle'd *Waller* did retreat from th' Weſt,
When taken *Leiceſter* rais'd our Thoughts & Speech,
Then wert thou reinforced in the Breech.
Thanks to my Tops and Care, which though it meet,
To rob my Legs to keep thee on thy Feet,
Nay, may I want Belief, if when the Report
Of loſt *Bridgewater* firſt arriv'd at Court,
Each Whiſper did not rend thee: I could tell
Still by new Holes, how our Diſaſters fell.
At *Langport* when the Weſt was well ago,
(A ſad Miſchance) thy Rear miſcarry'd too,
And by a ſtrong Intelligence the ſame time,
Thy Hooks and Buttons ſprung with *Sherburns* Mine.
Now Peace be with thy Duſt, whilſt I do mourn,
And Loyally Induſtrious cloſe thy Urn;

For the next motion to a Calm in th'Air,
Will thy poor Extants into peices tear:
And as the Wind when th'winged Nation pays
Their feather'd Tribute, ſend it ſeveral Ways;
One Fragment would into *Bridge-water* fall,
In *Sherburn* one, in ſeveral Garriſons all,
And th'Inſolent Rebels at that Sight be won,
To think our Thread of Life like thine be done.
No *quondam Suit*, I'l keep thee from their Claws,
Rotten as th'art, thou ſhalt be found for th'Cauſe.
Rather than to our Prejudice be diſperſt,
Thou ſhalt make *Jack-of-lents* and *Babies* firſt:
Bait Fiſhes Hooks to couzen Mackrels Lips,
Becauſe they keep the Seas with Rebels Ships:
Make good a Field of Peaſe againſt Jack-daw,
Reduce revolting Turkies into Awe;
And every part of thee ſhall be employ'd
To ſerve againſt Rebellion and Pride.
And as the pious Ancients uſe to rear
Tombs to the Bodies, which they know not where
To find, to thee pure Shade of Shades (for in
This mortal life no Ghoſt could be more thin)
This Monumental Paper I do vow,
And thank God I've another Habit now.

To the Queen.

Great Queen,

VVHom Tumults leſſen not, whoſe Womb, we ſee,
Keeps the ſame Method ſtill, the ſame Decree;
And midſt the brandiſht Swords, and Trumpets voice
Brings forth a Prince, a Conqueſt to that Noiſe.

We greet the Courage of your Births; and ſpy
Your Conſorts Spirit dancing in your Eye.
Valour he ſhrouds in Armour, you in Vail;
You wrapt in Tiffany, and he in Mail.
The faireſt Bloom might ſince the Seaſons low'r,
Loſe all its Scent and turn a common Flow'r:
A Storm might blaſt the Beauty of that Brow,
And the freſh Roſe ſhrink from its Glory now:
But there the conſtant Flower in Tempeſts gay,
As in the ſilent Whiſpers of the Day,
Can thrive in Blaſts, and alike fruitful be,
When *Charles* in Steel, or *Charles* in Robes you ſee.
You ſmile a Mother, when the juſt King ſtands,
Or with a Show'r, or Thunder in his Hands.
Thus you alone, ſeated above all Jars,
Turn Noiſe to Tunes, and Lightning into Stars.

An Elegy on Ben. Johnſon.

POet of Princes, Prince of Poets (we,
(If to *Apollo*, well may pray to thee.)
Give Glow-worms leave to peep, who till thy Night
Could not be ſeen, we darken'd were with Light;
For Stars t'appear after the Fall o'th'Sun,
Is at the leaſt modeſt Preſumption.
I've ſeen a great Lamp lighted by the ſmall
Spark of a Flint found in a Field, or Wall;
Our inner Verſe faintly may ſhadow forth
A dull Reflection of thy Glorious Worth,
And like a Statue homely faſhion'd, raiſe
Some Trophies to thy Mem'ry, though not Praiſe.
Thoſe ſhallow Sirs, who want ſharp ſight to look
On the Majeſtick Splendor of thy Book,

That rather chuſe to hear an *Archy* prate,
Then the full Senſe of a learn'd Laureate;
May, when they ſee thy Name thus plainly writ,
Admire the Solemn Meaſure of thy Wit;
And like thy Works beyond a gaudy Show
Of Boards and Canvaſe, wrought by *Inigo*.
Ploughmen, who puzzled are with Figures, come
By Tallies to the Reckoning of a Sum,
And Milk-ſop Heirs, which from their Mothers Lap
Scarce travell'd, know far Countrys by a Map.
Shakeſpear may make Griefs merry, *Beaumonts* Stile
Raviſh and melt Anger into a Smile;
In Winter Nights, or after Meals, they be,
I muſt confeſs very good Company;
But thou exact'ſt our beſt Hours Induſtry,
We may read them, we ought to ſtudy thee;
Thy Scene's are Precepts, every Verſe doth give
Counſel, and teach us, not to laugh, but live.
You that with tow'ring Thoughts preſume ſo high
(Swell'd with a vain Ambitions Tympany)
To dream on Scepters, whoſe brave Miſchief calls
The Blood of Kings to their laſt Funerals;
Learn from *Sejanus* his high Fall, to prove
To thy dread Sovereign a ſacred Love;
Let him ſuggeſt a Reverend Fear to thee,
And may his Tragedy thy Lecture be.
Learn the compendious Age of ſlippery Power,
That's built on Blood, and may one little Hour
Teach thy bold Raſhneſs, that it is not ſafe,
To build a Kingdom on a *Cæſar's* Grave.
Thy Plays were whipt and libell'd, only 'cauſe
They'r good, and ſavour of our Kingdoms Laws.
Hiſtrio-maſtix (Lightning-like) doth wound
Thoſe things alone that ſolid are and ſound.

Thus guilty Men hate Juſtice, ſo a Glaſs
Is ſometimes broke for ſhewing a foul Face.
There's none that wiſh thee Rods, inſtead of Bays,
But ſuch whoſe very Hate adds to thy Praiſe.
Let Scriblers (that write Poſt and verſifie
With no more Leaſure than we caſt a *Dye*)
Spur on their *Pegaſus* and proudly cry,
This Verſe I made i'th'twinkling of an Eye ;
Thou could'ſt have done ſo, hadſt thou thought it fit,
But 'twas the Wiſdom of thy Muſe to ſit
And weigh each Syllable, ſuffering nought to paſs,
But what could be no better than it was.
Thoſe that keep pompous State, ne'er go in haſte;
Thou went'ſt before them all, though not ſo faſt;
While their poor Cob-web-ſtuff finds as quick Fate,
As Birth, and ſells like Alm'nacks out of Date.
The marbled Glory of thy labour'd Rhyme
Shall live beyond the Calender of time,
Who will their Meteors 'bove the Sun advance;
Thine are the Works of Judgment, theirs of Chance.
How this whole Kingdom's in thy Debt, we have
From others Perriwigs and Paint, to ſave
Our ruin'd Sculls and Faces ; but to thee
We owe our Tongues, and Fancies Remedy.
Thy Poems make us Poets, we may lack
(Reading thy Book) ſtol'n Sentences and Sack.
He that can but one Speech of thine rehearſe,
Whether he will or no, muſt make a Verſe.
Thus Trees give Fruit, the Kernels of that Fruit
Do bring forth Trees, which in more Branches ſhoot.
Our Canting Engliſh of it ſelf alone,
I had almoſt ſaid a Confuſion,
Is now all Harmony ; what we did ſay
Before was tuning only, this is Play.

Strangers who cannot reach thy Senſe, will throng
To hear us ſpeak the Accents of thy Tongue,
As unto Birds that ſing: If't be ſo good
When heard alone, what is't when underſtood!
Thou ſhalt be read as Claſſick Authors; and
As Greek and Latine taught in every Land.
The cringing *Monſieur* ſhall thy Language vent,
When he would melt his Wench with Complement.
Uſing thy Phraſes, he may have his Wiſh,
Of a coy Nun, without an angry Piſh.
And yet in all thy Poems there is ſhown
Such Chaſtity, that every Line's a Zone.
Rome will confeſs that thou mak'ſt *Cæſar* talk
In greater State and Pomp than he could walk.
Cataline's Tongue is the true Edge of Swords,
We now not only feel, but hear thy Words;
Who *Tully* in thy Idiom underſtands,
Will ſwear that his Orations are Commands:
But that which could with richer Language dreſs
The higheſt Senſe, cannot thy Words expreſs.
Had I thy own Invention which affords
Words above Action, Matter above Words,
To crown thy Merits, I ſhould only be
Sumptuouſly poor, low in Hyperbole.

Another on Ben. Johnſon.

WHo firſt reform'd our Stage with juſteſt Laws,
And was the firſt beſt Judge in his own Cauſe,
Who (when his Actors trembled for Applauſe)
Could (with a Noble Confidence) prefer
His own, by Right, to a noble Theater;
From Principles, which he knew could not err.

Who to his Fable did his Perſon fit,
With all the Properties of Art and Wit,
And above all that could be acted, writ.
Who Publick Follies did to Covert drive,
Which he again could cunningly retrive,
Leaving them no Ground to reſt on and thrive.
Here *Johnſon* lies, whom had I nam'd before,
In that one Word alone I had paid more,
Than can be now, when Plenty makes me poor.

To his Miſtreſs.

Come (deareſt *Julia*) thou and I
Will knit us in ſo ſtrict a Tye,
As ſhall with greater Power ingage,
Than feeble Charms of Marriage;
We will be Friends, our Thoughts ſhall go,
Without Impeachment, to and fro;
The ſame deſires ſhall elevate
Our mingled Souls, the ſelf-ſame Hate
Shall cauſe Averſion, we will hear
One ſympathizing Hope and Fear;
And for to move more cloſe, we'll frame
Our Triumphs and our Tears the ſame;
Yet will we ne'er ſo groſly dare,
As our Ignobler ſelves to ſhare;
Let Men deſire like thoſe above,
Spiritual Forms wee'l only love;
And teach the ruder World to ſhame;
When Heat increaſeth to a Flame:
Love's like a Landskip, which doth ſtand,
Smooth at a diſtance, rough at Hand.

A Sight of the Ruins of St. Pauls.

H*Omers* vaſt Iliads found ſo ſmall a Cell,
They reclus'd were to th' Cloyſter of a Shell;
There Fate attends, there Ruin, *Pauls* muſt be
Unto it ſelf both Urn and Elegy.
But muſt the Marble from thy Carcaſe rent,
Thy Glory once, now turn thy Monument?
Can there no Sheet, nor Sear-cloth be allow'd,
But thy own Lead to be thy Funeral-ſhroud?
Since by their publick Vote this was thy Doom,
Thou and Religion are to have one Tomb,
And wrapt up in a heap of Ruins, lie
Intomb'd i'th' Center of an Anarchy.
Muſt thou thy ſelf, thy crumbled ſelf interr
And to thy ſelf, be thy own Sepulchre?
Nay, muſt thy Ruins too, in ſtead of Verſe,
Hang like dull Pendants on thy ſcatter'd Herſe?
Sure when the Eaſtern Monarchs ſhook away
The narrow Circumſcription of their Clay,
'Twas thought contracted Mankind did expire,
And mix its Aſhes with their Funeral Fire.
Such Hecatombs of dying Tribes became
Unto their Urns both Hecatomb and Flame;
So now, the unhallow'd Breath of Storms, have
This Pile into a rude Confuſion; (thrown
And from its Aged Head fierce Zeal hath torn
That Reverend Pomp which there ſo long was worn;
That now its Face appears like whither'd Care,
Or wilder than the Looks of Fevers are.
All other Churches, which like leſſer Rays,
Darted their Light, from this Sun's Nobler Blaze,

Did into Order, and fair Figure fall,
As Tranſcripts drawn from this Original;
Leſt this ſad Heap its Funeral-rite ſhould lack,
Each wears its Ruins like to ſolemn Black:
But if this will not ſerve, the Duſt of thoſe
Which ſlumber in their Silence and Repoſe
Of their cold Urns, will like an Earthquake ſwell,
And break the gloomy Cloyſter of each Cell,
That treaſures up their drowſie Clay, and make
All the Convulſed Limbs of *London* ſhake,
So long until it drop one Heap, and be
At once its Mourner, Tomb, and Obſequy.

A Relation of a Quaker, *that to the ſhame of his Profeſſion, attempted to bugger a Mare near* Colcheſter.

ALl in the Land of *Eſſex*
Near *Colcheſter* the Zealous,
On the ſide of a Bank,
Was play'd ſuch a Prank,
As would make a Stone-horſe jealous.
Help *Woodcock*, *Fox*, and *Nailor*
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion,
Now alas what Hope,
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns *Italian*.
Unto our whole Profeſſion,
A ſcandal 'twil be counted,
When 'tis talkt with Diſdain
Amongſt the profane,
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

And in the Good time of *Chriſtmas*,
Which though the Saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
Of a damn'd Cavalier
Ere plaid ſuch a *Chriſtmas* Gambal.
Had thy Fleſh, O *Green*, been pamper'd
With any Creature unhallow'd;
Hadſt thou ſweetned thy Gumbs
With Pottage of Plumbs,
Or profane minc'd Pye hadſt ſwallow'd:
Roll'd up in wanton Swines Fleſh,
The Fiend might have crept into thee,
Then Fulneſs of Gut
Might have made thee Rut,
And the Devil ſo have rid through thee.
But alas! he had been feaſted
With a Spiritual Collation
By our frugal Mayor,
Who can dine with a Prayer
And ſup with an Exhortation.
'Twas meer Impulſe of Spirit,
Though he us'd the Weapon carnal,
Filly foal, quoth he,
My Bride, thou ſhalt be:
Now how this is Lawful, learn all.
For if no Reſpect of Perſons
Be due 'mongſt the Sons of *Adam*,
In a large Extent,
Then it may be meant
That a *Mary*'s as good as a *Madam*.
Then without more Ceremony
Nor Bonnet vail'd, nor kiſt her,
He took her by Force
For better for worſe,
And he us'd her like a Siſter.

Now when in ſuch a Saddle
A Saint will needs be riding,
  Though I dare not ſay
  'Tis a falling away,
May there not be ſome Back-ſliding?
No ſurely, quoth *James Naylor*,
'Twas but an Inſurrection
Of the Carnal Part,
  For a Quaker in Heart
Can never loſe Perfection.
For ſo our Maſters teach us,
The Intent being well directed,
  Though the Devil trapan
The Adamical Man,
The Saints ſtand uninfected;
But yet a Pagan Jury
Still judges what's intended,
  Then ſay what we can,
  Brother *Greens* outward Man
I fear will be ſuſpended.
And our adopted Siſter
Will find no better Quarter,
  But when him we enroul
  For a Saint, Filly Foal
Shall paſs at leaſt for a Martyr.
Now *Rome* that ſpiritual *Sodom*,
No longer is thy Debtor,
  O *Colcheſter* now
  Who's *Sodom*, but thou,
Even according to the Letter?
Help *Woodcock*, Fox, and *Naylor*
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion
  Now alas what Hope
  Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns *Italian*

Upon a Talkative Woman.

PEace Beldam *Ugly*, thou'lt not find
M'Ears Bottles for enchanted Wind;
That Breath of thine can only raiſe
New Storms, and diſcompoſe the Seas.
It may (aſſiſted by thy Clatter)
A Pigmæan Army ſcatter;
Or move, without the ſmalleſt Strain,
Loretto's Chappel once again,
And blow St. *Goodrick* while he prays,
And knows not what it is he ſays,
And help falſe Latin with a Hem,
From *Finkley* to *Jeruſalem*;
Or in th' Pacifick Sea ſupply
The Wind that Nature doth deny.
What, doſt thou think I can retain
All this, and ſpout it out again?
As a ſurcharged Whale doth ſpew
Old Rivers to receive in new;
Thou art deceiv'd, even *Æol*'s Cave,
That can all other Blaſts receive,
Would be too ſmall to let in thine;
How then theſe narrow Ears of mine?
Defect of Organs may with me paſs,
By Chance to pillorize an Aſs;
Yet ſhould I ſtretch his Ears, they'd be
Not long enough to hearken to thee.
Yet if thou haſt a Mind to hear,
How high thy Noiſes Merits are;
Go ſerve the States, thou'lt uſeful come,
And have the Pay of every Drum;

Or trudge to *Utrecht*, there out-run
Dame *Scuermans* Score of Tongues with one.
But pray be ſtill, for I do ſwear,
No Torment's like that of the Ear.
O let me when I chance to dye
In *Vulcan*'s Anvil buried lie,
Rather than hear thy Tongue once knell,
That Tom a Lincoln and Bow-bell.

The Second part of the Scots Apoſtacy.

GO helpleſs Virgins, teach ſome calmer Brea
To ſing a *Pæan* at a Marriage-feaſt;
Inſpire ſome pewling Lover, or with ſome
Sad Friend weep forth an *Epicedium*.
To theſe you may be welcom, but God wot,
You have not Gaul enough to name a *Scot*.
I muſt invoke the Furies to awake
My Rage, and impeach Letter with a Snake;
Help, help good *Enyo*, thou who doſt delight
In Blood and Slaughter, fill my Veins with ſpight,
Prompt thou my dull Invention, and diſperſe
Some potent Venom through my Baſilisk-verſe;
That ſo my Breath may blaſt them, and each Wor
Do Execution like the Halls-man's Sword.
Were my Tongue forkt, and dipped like my Mind
In Poiſon, though I left the Sting behind,
Scots, you ſhould feel it, you my Scorpion Rhim
Should reach, though Juſtice cannot reach you
Crimes.
How my Fleſh trembles! O you curſed Brood
Of *Cain* and *Judas*, fatted with the Blood

Of Innocents, how long will Heaven permit
Your deviliſh Art, or you to practiſe it?
Sleeps the Eternal Juſtice, or forbears
Only for want of Executioners?
'Tis ſo you have eſcap'd, becauſe no Curſe
Can be ſo great, but you deſerve a worſe.
Your Sins have ſav'd you, pray you take them home
'Tis more than Innocence could do by ſome;
Yet you have got a ſtrange Prerogative,
That which condemns you, makes you now alive;
And though belike the Hang-man he can draw
No Blood, but what is forfeited by Law;
Yet 'tis no humble Honour that you deign
Obſervant of theſe *Puritans* Diſcipline.
Who dare affirm that *Scots* did never yet,
Before their Knavery, did earn their Meat;
Thus hopefully brought up, at length you got
A Way how to out-go the Powder-plot;
For had that Practice undiſcover'd ſtood,
Some bad had likewiſe periſht with the good;
But you, right Imps of Satan, only bent
Your Malice to betray the Innocent,
Making the Jews your Pattern, letting paſs
Sentence on Chriſt, and ſparing *Barabbas*.
Nor could the meaner Rank of Men ſuffice
Your Treachery, thence Profit none could riſe;
For what you had you'd ſeem to have forgot
The deviliſh Maxims of *Iſcariot*.
The Grand Profeſſor of your Doctrine, you,
As he ſold his, have ſold your Maſter too.
May be you thought like *Joſephs* Brethren, thus
By ſelling him to make him Glorious:
Hell take your Craft, 'twas *Judas* taught you this,
How to betray your Maſter with a Kiſs;

This

This is a Sin could not be pattern'd by
The worſt Examples of fell Tyranny.
When as incenſed *Catiline*, whoſe Breath
Breathed it, preſcrib'd the City nought but Death:
When in his proud Conceit Rome ſeem'd to burn,
And did all really drop into his Urn.
The raviſht Virgins hand, beaſtly Deſire
Was quencht with Blood, to quench that Godl
Yet her Impious Thoughts did not prevail (Fire,
So far, to ſet the Senators to Sale.
I muſt commend your plain Fore-fathers way,
Who weary of their Prince did only ſlay
His Perſon, and then ſtreight did chuſe a new,
They never murthered the Title too.
Yet were they counted Traitors in thoſe times,
But oh! What Diſproportions in your Crimes?
Their Hate was finite dying in his Fall,
They kill'd; yours infinite, and ſtrikes at all.
Not only endangering your Princes Health,
But even murthering Majeſty it ſelf.
They oft gave Money to be rid of one,
But you take Money, that you might have none.
And yet Religion muſt become the Veil
To cover your Enormities withal.
When Truth can witneſs that you never knew,
More of Religion, than the Name comes to.
Oh monſtrous times, more monſtrous Men, who fo
Heavens faireſt Child to be Sins Stalking-horſe.
Could not the ſacred Name of *King* refrain
You Avarice from ſuch impious Gain?
No, were the Name of ſo much Worth to you,
The Name had been made Mercenary too;
For to ſuch bold Attempters, as dare frame
A ſenſleſs Idol of the ſaving Name.

Of *Jeſus*: 'Twere an eaſie thing
To make a Tyrant of the Name of King;
And ſo with the ſame Colour we at once ſent
The very Title into Baniſhment.
You Bruits may do the like, and make a Room
At leaſt of this, though nothing elſe at Home.
A cruel, faithleſs Nation, never true,
But to your ſelves; I ſhould think Cowards too,
But that I ſee you dare in ſuch Deeds ſport
After this Crime, and fear no Vengeance for't.

The Definition of a Protector.

WHat's a Protector? He's a ſtately Thing,
That Apes it in the Non-age of a King:
A Tragick Actor, *Cæſar* in a Clown,
He's a braſs Farthing ſtamped with a Crown:
A Bladder blown, with other Breaths puft full;
Not the *Perillus*, but *Perillus* Bull:
Æſops proud Aſs veil'd in the Lyons Skin,
An outward Saint lin'd with a Devil within:
An Eccho whence the Royal Sound doth come,
But juſt as a Barrel-head, ſounds like a Drum:
Fantaſtick Image of the Royal Head,
The Brewers, with the Kings Arms, quartered:
He is a counterfeited Piece, that ſhows
Charles his Effigies with a Copper Noſe:
In fine, he's one we muſt Protector call,
From whom the King of Kings protect us all.

PROTECTOR. } *O Portet C. R.*
Anagram. }

Upon

Upon the new Invention of flying with Chymical Magick, with a Deſcription of his Caſtle of Comfort.

TEll us no more of *Icarus,*
Of *Hypogryph,* or *Pegaſus,*
Or of *Menippus* Journeyings
With Eagles, and with Vultures Wings;
Nor of the *Ganza*'s, which did ſoon
Tranſport *Don Diego* to the Moon.
Theſe are Inventions old and ſtale,
The dull Effects of muddy Ale;
For we have got a newer Trick Sir,
Which far out-does the fam'd *Elixir.*
Give us a Man in Bulk as vaſt,
As th' Tun at *Heidelberg* i'th' waſte,
Or greater if it well may be
Than *Garagantu*'s two or three,
We'l ſo calcine him, that he ſhall
Even become Aerial.
Give us an Hoſteſs fat and dull,
With Guts at leaſt a Dung-cart full,
Whoſe Corps appears in outward Show
Juſt like a Lump of leaven'd Dough,
We can by Spirits and by Art
Evaporate her carnal Part,
And make her mount the Welkin blew,
A Way that never any knew.
About the middle of *Long-Aker,*
(If I be not a great Miſtaker)
A noble high built Caſtle ſtands,
Which far and near the Coaſt commands:

A Lion Couchant guards the Door,
Which though he gapes, yet doth not roar,
And though his Teeth may chance to fright you,
Yet you may enter, he'l not bite you.
Here, here ſprings that Celeſtial Fount,
Which makes both Souls and Bodies mount.
The great Commander of this Fort,
Tells you in Earneſt, not in Sport,
That heretofore his total Weight
Was full three Hundred, *ſans deceit*;
But ſince he in this Place did ſit,
'Tis but two Hundred thirty ſix.
Quickly he could put off this Load,
But finding yet that his Abode
Unto the World is neceſſary,
He is content a while to tarry;
But when dull Mortals ſhall begin
By their Ingratitude and Sin
To fright him hence, then in a trice
He'l fly away by this Device.
Have you not ſeen i'th' Month of *May*,
An Egg by Force of *Phœbus* Ray
Drawn from the Earth, fill'd with a few
Collected drops of Morning-dew?
Can Dew do this, and ſhall not we
Believe more Volatility
To be in Spirit ſublimate?
Yes that we will, in ſpight of Fate.
Beſides, the Stones which *Mongibel*
Diſgorges from the Mouth of Hell,
Are ſo calcin'd, that at their Fall
They'l not in Water ſink at all.
Can *Ætna's* Flames do this to Stones?
And do we think that Fleſh and Bones

May not by a more ſubtil Fire,
Be raiſed to Perfection higher?
If Bodies all compoſed be
Of Sulphur, Salt, and Mercury,
Eaſie it is by Chymick Skill
To make the fix'd Salt volatil;
Which being done, for Company
The other will together fly.
This is the Way, and onely this,
Who ever hits it, cannot miſs.
Come then Ingenious Souls, that may
By this Diſcovery find a Way
To ſeek new Worlds above the Spheres,
And pull *Endymion* by the Ears.
Let *France* and *Spain* enjoy their Wine,
We have a Liquor more Divine,
Which by the learned Appellation
Is call'd *A Cup of Conſolation*.
This, this will make you mount the Skies,
Like nimble-winged *Mercuries*;
For who the Operation feels
Of this, hath Wings in's Head and Heels.

The Coachman of St. James's.

THe whip again? Away! 'tis too abſurd,
That thou ſhould'ſt laſh with whip-cord now,
but *Sword.*
I'm pleas'd to fancy how the glad Compact
Of *Hackney-Coachmen* ſwear at the laſt Act.
Hark how the Rolling Concourſe hence derives
The *Proverb*, needs muſt go when the Devil drives.

Yonder

Yonder a *Whipster* crys, 'tis a plain Caſe,
He turn'd us out, to put himſelf i' th' place;
But *God-a-mercy Horſes* once, for ye
Stood to't, and turn'd him out, as well as we.
Another, not behind them with his Mocks,
Crys out, *Sir, faith you were in the wrong Box*,
He did preſume to rule, becauſe forſooth
Ha's been a *Horſe-commander* from his Youth;
But he muſt know there's Difference in the Reins
Of Horſes fed with Oats, and fed with *Grains*.
I wonder at his Frolick, for be ſure
Four pamper'd Coach-horſes can *fling* a Brewer;
But *Pride* will have a Fall, ſuch the Worlds courſe is,
He that can rule three Realms, can't guide four
Horſes.
See him that trampled thouſands in their Gore,
Diſmounted by a *Party*, but of *four*.
But we have done with't, and we may him call,
In's driving *Jehu*, *Phaeton* in's Fall.
I would to *God* for these three *Kingdoms* ſake,
His *Neck*, and not the *Whip* had given the Crack.

On Black Eyes.

IN Faith, 'tis true, I am in Love,
'Tis your black Eyes have made me ſo,
My Reſolutions they remove,
And former Niceneſs overthrow.

2. Thoſe glowing Char-coals ſet on Fire
A Heart, that former Flames did ſhun,
Who as *Heretick* unto Deſire
Now's judg'd to ſuffer *Martyrdom*.

3. But Beauty, since it is thy Fate,
At distance thus to wound so sure,
Thy Vertues I will imitate,
And see if Distance prove a Cure.
4. Then farewel *Mistress*, farewel *Love*,
Those lately entertain'd Desires,
Wise Men can from that Plague remove
Farewel black Eyes, and farewel Fires.
5. If ever I my Heart acquit
Of those dull Flames, I'l bid a *Pox*
On all black Eyes, and swear they'r fit
For nothing but a *Tinderbox*.

In Nuptias Principis Auranchii & D. Ma
filiæ Regis Angliæ.

Fama Refert nostris terris hæsisse Batavos,
Atque unum quondam gentibus esse solum;
Oceanumque, dehinc qui nunc interluit Oras,
Fluctibus haud semper dissiluisse suis:
Migrat in historiam [illegible]
Oceanusque tuo jam tandem pulsus amore est;
Et cedunt flammis, pontus & unda tuis;
Dùm populus populi procus est, passusque sagittas
Nubentis simili principis igne calet,
Et tua dum nostras sociant sponsalia dextras;
Connubii tandem fœdera nomen habent.
Non sponsam, Fatum, paribus natalibus æquas,
Nec similes thalamos fers similesque thoros;
Nec te tam magnis jactasse Regibus ortum,
Nec stirpem doceant Regna tot ampla tuam;
Haud tamen accedis minor; est pro sanguine virtus,
Quodque illi Fælix, dat tibi forte genus;
Par Sceptris Patris Gladius, tibi fæmina bellis

Auxit, & ancipitis Regibus æqua dedit.
Per tua Regalis orbis in thalamis, [illegible] nobis
Majorum ſtabit Imperialis ades.
Scilicet in dotem ſponſæ non porrigis Indos,
Sed plures conjux ſervit Iberus opes;
Gallus & in thalamos [illegible] magis [illegible], & [illegible]
Ex arcâ vincat Martia multa ſua.
Tu tamen in dotem patriis clava arma miniſtrans
Ferrato in Gremium ditior Imbre ruis;
Amplior & ſors eſt Indis, ad ferre triumphos,
Et par poſſeſſo victus Iberus adeſt.
Cujus ad ereptum, plus eſt quod naſceris Aurum
Quàm natum; Gemina eſt India capta tua;
[illegible]ſque polo collatum, dives ſub utroque metallum;
Et cadit in fiſcum ſoli utrinque, tuum;
Dùm toties tibi vectas opes Hiſpania [illegible];
Cedit & in ſenſus omnia præda tuos.
Naſceris, & puerum gens ſpoliata timet,
Ætatique metas imponit, verſaque volvunt;
Atque annis fingit debita fata tuis;
Anticipatque tuos, Infantia læta, triumphos,
Dum tenero fortis Spirat in ore Parens;
Qui ſua bella, tuo cernet, ſed mollia, vultu;
Miſceturque tuis Marte cupido genis.
Hic gemina oppoſitis vibrantur vulnera telis,
Currit ad hæc conjux, hoſtis & illa fugit.

Upon the Marriage of the young Prince of O-range *with the Lady* Mary.

We are no longer Iſland, ſpeedily (mus be,
Cement theſe Hands, Prieſt, theſe our Iſth-
Nor does the Sea divide us, but's become
Our Wedding Ring, Type of our Union.

Yet Wedding's a too private Stile, for this
Not a plain mortal Match, but a League is;
A League that shall incorporate these two
Nations, and that third which shall ſpring from, y
Make haſte then, and prevent your Years, we al
Long till we may the Belgian Couſin call.
While thus you couple young, you ſeem to be
Eſpous'd; not by Conſent, but Sympathy.
And like the Vine and Elm ſecure from Strife,
Embrace as born, not as made Man and Wife.
And you may like the Vine too multiply,
That he, who ſhall ſumm up your Progeny,
May be perſwaded that you did bring forth
Not Twins, but Cluſters; whilſt their Native Wo
Antedates, breeding, and your Iſſues are
Each Babe a ſucking Hero, Infant Star.
But why do I theſe needleſs Fancies vent?
Your Marriage is an Act of Parliament.
The State's your Prieſt, your People too, who
You voted thus, thus ſign'd, think you to be
Not wedded but enacted, and do ſince
Acknowledge you are now both Law and Prince.

Another upon the ſame.

'TIs vain to wiſh them Joys; nor is it meet (feet,
Verſes ſhould pray, changing to knees the
This were thy Cry, God help you, to a Saint,
Can Fulneſs fail, or Glorious Bodies faint?
Votes are for meaner Wed-locks, where there is
Some Doubt or Hazard of a laſting Bliſs;
But now ſuch Labour's equally unwiſe,
As is the Prieſt's that prays for Deities;

Bleſſings are propitious to this Union;
As heat to Fire, as Light is to the Sun;
Nor is't a Wonder, for the Prince did woo
Not Birth, Age, Beauty, but Religion too.
Here Faith and Reaſon counſel; the Match doth prove
Wiſdom in Youth, and Policy in Love.
Some Bridegrooms (like the Days) all Nations try
And cheapen every Toy before they buy.
When one is only Worthy, and worth all
Thoſe that were Rivals for the golden Ball,
He could not look on more, without Offence;
A Thirſt of Choice had thwarted Providence.
The Theban Hearth could not divide theſe Flames,
Which burnt through all the Seas, 'twixt *Rhine* and
Thames.
Nor were their Hearts link'd by the Painters Hand,
Or Legates Voice; ſuch Bonds are Ropes of Sand;
They their own Counſel, happier Steps have trod,
Who not ſalute the Image, but the God.
Should he have had a Speaker, who (tho young)
Carries an old'red Label in his Tongue?
Or ſhould her Beauty in faint Colours lie,
When there's no Tablet worthy but his Eye?
This Sun and Moon may ſafely join their Lips,
Who by their Nearneſs baniſh all Eclipſe.
Their Flames and Flow'rs (ſtill Heſſia-like) do make
Equal Amends, and at once give and take.
Here are ſuch emulous Beauties, that ſome do
Think them united in one Body too;
So that our Eyes ſee double, as a Face,
Though ſingle in the Fleſh, is two i'th Glaſs;
And 't muſt be ſo, unleſs that's now confeſt,
Which once was Solœciſm, that both are beſt.

And each is all; which large Perfections are
Beyond our Hopes and Faiths as well as Prayers
Thus then, here's nothing wanting; yet we may,
Although not forbidden, to them humbly pray.
Grant then Illuſtrious Prince, (for we do vow
To know no Nuptial Deity but you)
Grant us our Boon, although your abler parts
Make this a truer Marriage of the Arts;
Yet throw your *Euclid* by, and only look
To th' Propoſitions of your living Book,
And you'l conclude Truth doth more clearly lie
There, than i'th' Maxims of Philoſophy.
Meaſure o'er all her Limbs, and you will ſee
No ſuch Proportions in Geometry;
Inſtead of Heavens rude Globes, ſurvey her Eyes,
There lurks no Snake, or Scorpion in thoſe Skies
You'l there find richer Sphears, and bluſhing tell
How in thoſe Points Angels, like you, do dwell.
Since ſhe to day made you a Number, try
Part of one Art alone, to multiply:
Think of no Tacticks, but of thoſe which are
Read in the martiall'd Orders of her Hair.
Though you with Victory have Armies led,
'Twas not ſo great a Triumph as to wed,
Such Fetters will encreaſe your Liberty;
Count not theſe Bonds amongſt your Armory.
Thus Priſons prove ſtrong Forts, and Foes are ſlain
The ſecond time, now by a Captive Chain.
And you (moſt gracious Lady, who alone
Are all the Goddeſſes we call upon)
Wear not too many Pearls, unleſs it be
Upon a day of ſad Humility.
When you keep Masks, or celebrate a Feaſt,
If you'd be Rich or Glorious, come undreſt.

Gems do but hide Sparks of a brighter hew;
Thoſe that are Stars to ſome, are Clouds to you;
Think of no Jewel, but the Union
That which the Prieſt, not Ladies did put on,
And then you'l find true Luſtre; Eyes are dim,
And weary with the Light, but not of him;
When you have made his Arms your Seat, be't known,
'Tis to debaſe your ſelf, to ſit i'th' Throne.

An Epitaph on Ben. Johnſon.

THe Muſes faireſt Light in no dark time,
The Wonder of a Learned Age; the Line
Which none can paſs, the moſt proportion'd Wit
To Nature, the beſt Judge of what was fit:
The deepeſt, plaineſt, higheſt, cleareſt Pen;
The Voice moſt eccho'd by conſenting Men;
The Soul which anſwer'd beſt to all, well ſaid
By others, and which moſt requital made:
Tun'd to the higheſt Key of ancient *Rome*,
Returning all her Muſick with his own:
n whom with Nature, Study claim'd a Part,
Yet who unto himſelf ow'd all this Art:
Here lies *Ben. Johnſon*, every Age will look
With Sorrow here, with Wonder on his Book.

On one that was deprived of his Teſticles.

THou Neuter Gender! Whom a Gown
Can make a Woman, Breeches none:
reated one thing, made another,
Not a Siſter, ſcarce a Brother;

Jack

Jack of both ſides, that may bear,
Or a Diſtaff, or a Spear,
If thy Fortune thither call,
Be the Grand Seignors General;
Or if thou fancy not that Trade,
Turn th' Sultana's Chamber-maid;
A Medal where grim *Mars* turn right,
Proves a ſmiling Aphtodite;
How doth Nature quibble, either
He, or ſhe, Boy, Girl, or neither.
Thou may'ſt ſerve great *Jove*, inſtead
Of *Hebe* both and *Ganymed*:
A Face both ſtern and mild, Cheeks bare,
That ſtill do only promiſe Hair.
Old *Cybele* the firſt in all
This humane predicamental Scale,
Why ſhould ſhe chuſe her Prieſts to be
Such Individuums as ye?
Such Inſecta's, added on
To Creatures by Subſtraction;
In whom Nature claims no part,
Ye only being Words of Art.

To his Miſtreſs.

WHat Myſtery is this? That I ſhould find
My Blood, in kiſſing you, to ſtay behind:
'Twas not for want of Colour, that requir'd
My Blood for Paint: no *Dye* could be deſir'd
On that fair Cheek, where Scarlet were a Spot,
And where the Juice of Lillies but a Blot:
If at the Preſence of a Murtherer,
The Wound will bleed, and tell the Cauſe is there

A touch will do much more; even ſo my Heart,
When ſecretly it felt your killing Dart,
Shew'd it in Blood, which yet doth more complain
Becauſe it cannot be ſo touch'd again.
This wounded Heart, to ſhew its Love moſt true,
Sent forth a drop, and wrote its Mind to you:
Was ever Paper half ſo white as this?
Or wax ſo yielding to the printed Kiſs?
Or ſeal ſo ſtrong? No Letter e'er was writ,
That could the Authors Mind ſo truly fit:
For though my ſelf to foreign Countrys fly,
My Blood deſires to keep you Company.
Here I could ſpill it all, thus I can free
My Enemy from Blood, though ſlain I be;
But ſlain I cannot be, nor meet with ill,
Since, but to you, I have no Blood to ſpill.

The Puritan.

VVIth Face and Faſhion to be known,
For one of ſure Election,
With Eyes all white, and many a Groan,
With Neck aſide to draw in Tone,
With Harp in's Noſe, or he is none.
See a new Teacher of the Town,
O the Town, O the Towns new Teacher.
With Pate cut ſhorter than the Brow,
With little Ruff ſtarch'd you know how,
With Cloak like *Paul* no Cape I trow.
With Surplice none; but lately now,
With Hands to thump, no Knees to bow.
See a new Teacher, &c.

With coz'ning Cough, and hollow Cheek,
To get new Gatherings every Week,
With Paltery Change of *and* to *eke*,
With ſome ſmall Hebrew, and no Greek,
To find out Words, when ſtuff's to ſeek.
See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With Shop-board Breeding, and Intruſion,
With ſome Outlandiſh Inſtitution,
With *Urſin*'s Catechiſm to muſe on,
With *Syſtems* Method for Confuſion,
With Grounds ſtrong laid of meer Illuſion.
See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With Rites indifferent all damned,
And made unlawful, if commanded,
Good Works of Popery down-banded,
And Moral Laws from him eſtranged,
Except the Sabbath ſtill unchanged.
See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With Speech unthought, quick Revelation,
With boldneſs in Predeſtination,
With threats of abſolute Damnation,
For *Yea* and *Nay* hath ſome Salvation,
For his own Tribe, not every Nation.
See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With after Licenſe coſt a Crown,
When Biſhop new had put him down,
With Tricks call'd Repetition,
And Doctrine newly brought to Town,
Of teaching Men to hang and drown.
See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With Fleſh-proviſion to keep *Lent*,
With Shelves of Sweet-meats often ſpent,
Which new Maid bought, old Lady ſent,
Though to be ſav'd a poor Preſent;
Yet Legacies aſſure the Event.
  See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With Troops expecting him at th' Door,
That would hear Sermons, and no more;
With noting Tools, and Sighs great ſtore,
With Bibles great to turn them o'er,
While he wreſts Places by the Score.
  See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With running Text, the Nam'd forſaken,
With *For* and *But*, both by Senſe ſhaken,
Cheap Doctrines forc'd, wild Uſes taken,
Both ſometimes one, by Mark miſtaken,
With any thing to any ſhapen.
  See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With new-wrought Caps, againſt the Canon,
For taking Cold, though ſure he have none;
A Sermons End, where he began one,
A new Hour long, when's Glaſs had run one,
New Uſe, new Points, new Notes to ſtand on.
  See a new Teacher *&c.*

The Flight.

My *Lelia* ſtay,
And run not thus like a young Roe away,
No Enemy
Purſues thee (fooliſh Girl) 'tis only I,
I'll keep off Harms,
If thou'lt be pleaſ'd to garriſon mine Arms;
What, doſt thou fear
I'll turn a Traytor? May theſe Roſes here
To Paleneſs ſhread,
And Lillies ſtand diſguized in new Red,
If that I lay
A Snare, wherein thou wouldſt not gladly ſtay;
See, ſee the Sun
Does ſlowly to his Azure Lodging run,
Come, ſit but here,
And preſently he'l quit our Hemiſphere;
So ſtill, among
Lovers, time is too ſhort, or elſe to long;
Here will we ſpin
Legends for them that have Loves Martyrs bin;
Here on this Plain,
We'l talk *Narciſſus* to a Flower again;
Come here, and choſe
On which of theſe proud Plats thou wouldſt repoſe:
Here may'ſt thou ſhame
The ruſty Violets with the crimſon Flame
Of either Cheek,
And Primroſes, white as thy Fingers ſeek;
Nay thou may'ſt prove,
That Mans moſt Noble Paſſion is to love.

To a Lady that wrought a Story of the Bible in Needle-work.

COuld we judge here, moſt vertuous Madam, then
Your Needle might receive Praiſe from our Pen:
But this our Want bereaves it of that part,
Whil'ſt to admire and thank is all our Art.
The Work deſerves a Shrine! I ſhould rehearſe
Its Glory in a Story not in Verſe.
Colours are mixed ſo ſubt'ly, that thereby
The Strength of Art doth take and cheat the Eye;
At once a thouſand we can gaze upon,
But are deceiv'd by their Tranſition.
What Touches is the ſame, Beam takes from Beam;
The next ſtill like, yet diff'ring in the Extream.
Here runs this Tract, whither we ſee that tends,
But cannot ſay, Here this, or there that ends;
Thus, while they creep inſenſibly we doubt,
Whether the one pours not the other out.
Faces ſo quick and lively, that we may
Fear, if we turn our Backs, they'l ſteal away.
Poſtures of Grief ſo true, that we may ſwear
Your artful Finger have wrought Paſſion there!
View we the Manger and the Babe, we thence
Believe the very Threads have Innocence;
Then on the Croſs ſuch Love, ſuch Grief we find,
As 'twere the Tranſcript of our Saviours Mind!
Each Parcel ſo expreſſive, each ſo fit,
That the whole ſeems not ſo much wrought as writ;
'Tis Sacred Text all, we may quote, and thence,
Extract what may be paſs'd in our Defence.
Bleſt Mother of the Church, be in the Liſt.
Reaſon'd with four, a She-Evangeliſt.

Nor can the Stile be Prophanation, when
The Needle may convert more than the Pen;
When Faith may come by Seeing, and each Leaf,
Rightly perus'd, prove Goſpel to the Deaf:
Had not that *Helen* haply found the Croſs,
By this your Work you had repair'd that Loſs.
Tell me not of *Penelope*, we do
See a Web here more chaſt and ſacred too.
Where are ye now, O Women, ye that ſow
Temptations, lab'ring to expreſs the Bow
Of the blind Archer? Ye that rarely ſet
To pleaſe your Loves, a *Venus* in a Net?
Turn your Skill hither, then we ſhall, no Doubt,
See the Kings Daughter Glorious too without.
Women ſow'd only Fig-leaves hitherto;
Eves Nakedneſs is only cloath'd by you.

To the King.

THe Prince hath now an Equal, and may ſee
A Fellow to his Sports, as great as he:
Nor need he leſſen Birth, or fall from State,
Or be depos'd to an Aſſociate;
Or elſe to fit Companions to his Play,
Need lay your Scepter or your Crown away.
And now you may behold Sir, by your ſide,
Your Royal ſelf grown more, and multiply'd;
And thoſe paſt Years, before and ſince your Reign,
May in your Children ſee liv'd o'er again;
Who are your Emblems; and though none be free
From Fate, yet you in them Immortal be;
And whil'ſt we may preſerve your Living thus,
When e'er you dye, you not depart from us;
Your

Your Sons will keep moſt of you from the Grave,
So, though we change, we no new King ſhall have.
You only will be varied; as a Grain
Loſt in a Harveſt, more returns again.
And though perchance we cannot ſay like thoſe,
Who are Heirs to their Fathers Eyes or Noſe,
Report his Look, and are ſo juſtly fac't
Like him, as if they were not born but caſt,
That all theſe Signs we in the Princes find,
Yet ſure, there is more likeneſs in their Mind; (who
Which you convey'd them through their Mother,
Even thus did travel with your Vertues too,
Which to deſcend to our dull Senſe and Earth,
Comes to us in their ſhapes, and ſuffer Birth,
And be your Off-ſpring, who when Chronicle
Is all we have, and Annals only tell
Your Deeds and Actions, and when Men ſhall look
And ſee the Prince and Duke do all the Book,
And live your Royal Story, and that all
Which you did well, was but prophetical;
Will not be thonght as your Poſterity,
But you in them will your Succeſſor be.

To the Queen, upon the Birth of her firſt Daughter.

After the Prince's Birth, admired Queen,
Had you prov'd barren, you had fruitful been;
And in one Heir born to his Fathers Place
And Royal Mind, had brought us forth a Race;
But we, who thought we wiſht enough to ſee
A Prince of *Wales*, have now a Progeny;
And you being perfect now, have learnt the Way
To be with Child as oft as we can pray.

So that henceforth, we need no Altars vex
With empty Vows, being heard in either Sex:
Nor have we all our Kingdoms Incenſe try'd
So many Years, only to be deny'd.
We no Deſires but thankful Off'rings bring,
That bearing many, you prefer the King,
And to us yet have but one Daughter ſhown;
Who elſe had been the Original alone,
Without a Copy: For the Shapes we ſee
In Tables of you but bright Errors be;
Nor could we hope Art could beget an Heir
To that ſweet Form, unleſs your ſelf did bear
Your Pourtraiture, and in a Daughter ſhew,
That of your ſelf, which yet no Painter drew;
Who with his ſubtle Hand, and wiſeſt Skill,
Hath hitherto but ſtriv'd to draw you ill;
And when he takes his Pencil from your Look,
Finds Colours make you but a Piece miſtook,
And ſo paints Treaſon, nor would have Pretence
To ſcape, but that he limns a fair Pretence:
But in the Princeſs you are writ ſo plain
And true, that in her you were born again.
And when we ſee you both together plac't,
You are your Daughter, only grown in haſte.
In both we may the ſelf-ſame Graces ſee,
But that they yet in her but Infant be,
Not Woman Beauties; nor will we deſpair
The Prince and Duke of *York* have equal Share
In your Perfection, which, though they divide,
Make them both Prince enough by th' Mothers ſide:
Whoſe Compoſition is ſo clear and good,
That we can ſee Diſcourſes in your Blood,
And underſtand your Body, ſo refin'd,
That of you might be born a Soul or Mind.

O may you ſtill be fruitful, and begin
Henceforth to make our Year by lying in.
May we have ſtore of Princes, and they live
Till Herauld's doubt what Titles they ſhould give.
To this, may you be young ſtill, and no other
Signs of more Age found in you, but a Mother.

Upon one that preacht in a Cloak.

SAw you the Cloak at Church to day,
The long-worn ſhort Cloak lin'd with Say?
What had the Man no Gown to wear?
Or was this ſent him from the Mayor?
Or is't the Cloak which *Nixon* brought
To trim the Tub, where *Colledge* taught?
Or can this beſt conceal his Lips,
And ſhew Communion-ſitting Hips?
Or was the Cloak St. *Pauls*? If ſo,
With it he found the Parchments too;
Yes, verily, for he hath been
With mine Hoſt *Gwin*, at the new Inn.
A Gown (God bleſs us) trails o'th' Floor,
Like th' Petticoat o'th' Scarlet Whore,
Whoſe large ſtiff Plaits, he dare confide,
Are Ribs from Antichriſts own ſide:
A mourning Cope if it look to th' Eaſt,
Is the black Surplice of the Beaſt.

A Song of S A C K.

COme let us drink away the time,
A *Pox* upon this pelting Rhime,
When *Wine* runs high, Wit's in the Prime:
Drink and ſtout Drinkers, are true Joys,
Odd *Sonnets* and ſuch little Toys,
Are Exerciſes fit for Boys.
2. The whining Lover that doth place
His Fancy on a painted Face,
And waſts his Subſtance in the Chaſe
Would ne'er in Melancholy pine;
Had he Affections ſo Divine,
As once to fall in Love with *Wine*.
3. Then to our Liquor let us ſit,
Wine makes the Soul for Action fit,
Who drinks moſt *Wine*, hath the moſt Wit:
The *Gods* themſelves do Revels keep,
And in pure *Nectar* tipple deep,
When ſloathful Mortals are aſleep.
4. They fudled me for Recreation,
In Water, which by all Relation
Did cauſe *Deucalions* Inundation;
The *Spangle Globe* had it almoſt.
Their Cups were with Salt-Water do'ſt,
The Sun-burnt Center was the Toaſt.
5. The Gods then let us imitate,
Secure from carping Care and Fate;
Wine, Wit, and Courage both create:
In Wine *Apollo* always choſe
His darkeſt *Oracles* to diſcloſe,
'Twas *Wine* gave him his Ruby-noſe.

6. Who dare's not drink, 's a wretched Wight,
Nor do I think that Man dares fight
All Day, that dares not drink all Night:
Come fill my Cup untill it ſwim
With Foam, that overlooks the Brim.
Who drinks the deepeſt? *Here's to him.*

7. Sobriety and Study breeds
Suſpicion in our Acts and Deeds,
The *down-right Drunkard* no Man heeds;
Give me but *Sack*, *Tobacco* ſtore,
A *drunken Friend*, a little *Whore*;
Provide me theſe, I'll ask no more.

A Time-Sonnet.

NOw that our Holy Wars are done
Between the Father and the Son;
And ſince we have by Righteous Fate,
Diſtreſt a *Monarch* and his *Mate*,
And forc'd their *Heirs* flee into *France*,
To weep out their Inheritance:
Let's ſet open all our Packs,
That contain ten thouſand Racks,
Caſt on the Shore of the Red Sea,
Of *Naſeby* and of *Newbery*.
If then you will come provided with *Gold*,
We dwell cloſe by *Hell*, where we'l ſell
What you will, that is ill
For Charity waxeth cold.

2. Haſt thou done Murther, or Blood ſpilt;
We can ſoon get another Name,
That will keep thee from all Blame;
But be it ſtill provided thus,
That thou haſt once been one of us;
Gold is the God that ſhall pardon the Guilt:
For we have
What ſhall ſave
Thee from th' Grave;
Since the *Law*
We can awe,
Although a famous *Prince's* Blood were ſpilt.

3. If a *Church* thou haſt bereft
Of its *Plate*, 'tis *Holy Theft*.
Or for Zeal ſake, if thou bee'ſt
Prompted on to be a *Thief*;
Gold is a ſure prevailing Advocate.
Then come, bring a Sum, *Law* is dumb,
And ſubmits to our Wits;
For it's *Policy* guides a *State*.

The Parliament.

MOſt Gracious and Omnipotent,
And Everlaſting *Parliament*,
Whoſe Power and Majeſty
Is greater, than all *Kings* by odds;
And to account you leſs then *Gods*,
Muſt needs be *Blaſphemy*.

2. *Moſes* and *Aaron* ne'er did do
More Wonder, than are wrought by you

For *Englands Iſrael*;
But though the *Red Sea* we have paſt,
If you to *Canaan* bring's at laſt,
Is't not a Miracle?

3. In ſix Years ſpace you have done more,
Than all the Parliaments before;
You have quite done the Work.
The *King*, the *Cavalier*, and *Pope*,
You have o'erthrown, and next we hope
You will confound the *Turk*.

4. By you we have Deliverance,
From the Deſign of *Spain* and *France*,
Ormond, *Montroſs*, the *Danes*;
You aided by our *Brethren Scots*,
Defeated have *Malignant Plots*,
And brought your Sword to *Cain's*.

5. What wholeſom *Laws* have you ordain'd?
Whereby our Property's maintain'd
'Gainſt thoſe would us undo;
So that our *Fortunes* and our *Lives*,
Nay, what is dearer, our own *Wives*,
Are wholly kept by you.

6. Oh! (What a flouriſhing *Church* and *State*
Have we enjoy'd e'er ſince you ſate
With a Glorious King (*God ſave him*:)
Have you now made his *Majeſty*,
Had he the Grace but to comply,
And do as you would have him?

7. Your *Directory* how to pray
By th'*Spirit*, ſhews the perfect Way.
In Zeal you have aboliſht
The *Dagon* of the *Common-prayer*,
And next we ſee you will take Care,
That *Churches* be demoliſht.

8. A Multitude in every Trade
Of painful Preachers you have made
Learned, by *Revelation*:
Cambridge and *Oxford* made poor Preachers,
Each *Shop* affordeth better Teachers,
O Bleſſed Reformation!

9. Your Godly Wiſdom hath found out
The true Religion, without Doubt;
For ſure among ſo many,
We have five Hundred at the leaſt,
Is not the *Goſpel* much increaſt?
All muſt be pure, if any.

10. Could you have done more piouſly,
Than ſell *Church-Lands* the *King* to buy,
And ſtop the *Cities* Plenty?
Paying the *Scots-Church-Militant*,
That the new *Goſpel* helpt to plant,
God knows they are Poor *Saints*.

11. Becauſe th'*Apoſtles Creed* is lame,
Th'*Aſſembly* doth a better frame,
Which ſaves us all with Eaſe;
Provided ſtill we have the Grace
To believe th'*Houſe* in the firſt Place,
Be our Works what they pleaſe.

12. 'Tis ſtrange your *Power* and *Holineſs*,
Can't the *Iriſh Devil* diſpoſſeſs,
His End is very ſtout;
But though you do ſo often pray,
And every Month keep *Faſting-day*,
You cannot caſt them out.

On the May-Pole.

THe Mighty Zeal which thou haſt late put on,
Neither by Prophet, nor by Prophets Son
As yet prevented, doth tranſport me ſo
Beyond my ſelf, that though I ne'er could go
Far in a Verſe, and have all Rhimes defi'd,
Since *Hopkins* and good *Thomas Sternhold* dy'd;
Except it were the little Pains I took,
To pleaſe Good People in a Prayer Book
That I ſet forth, or ſo; yet muſt I raiſe
My Spirits for thee, who ſhall in thy Praiſe
Gird up her Loyns, and furiouſly run
All kind of Feet, but Satans cloven one.
Such is thy Zeal, ſo well thou doſt expreſs it,
That wer't not like a Cherub I'd ſaid, God bleſs it,
I needs muſt ſay it is a ſpiritual thing,
To rail againſt the Biſhop and the King;
But theſe are private Quarrels, this doth fall
Within the Compaſs of the General;
Whether it be a Pole painted, or wrought
ar otherwiſe then from the Wood 'twas brought,
Whoſe Head the Idol-makers Hand doth crop,
Where a profane Bird tow'ring on the top,
Looks like the Calf in *Horeb*, at whoſe Root
The unyoakt Youth doth exerciſe his Foot:

Or

Or whether it preſerves its Boughs befriended
By Neighbouring Buſhes, and by them attended,
How canſt thou chuſe but ſeeing it, complain
That *Baal's* worſhip'd in the Groves again?
Tell me how curſt an egging with a Sting
Of Luſt, do theſe unwily Dances bring:
The ſimple Wretches ſay they mean no harm,
They do'nt indeed, but yet theſe Actions warm
Our purer Bloud the more: For Satan thus
Tempts us the more that are more Righteous.
Oft hath a Brother moſt ſincerely gone
Stifled with Zeal and Contemplation,
Where lighting on the Place where ſuch Repair,
He views the Nymph, and is clean out in's Prayer.
Oft hath a Siſter grounded in a Truth,
Seeing the jolly Carriage of the Youth,
Been tempted to the Way that's broad and bad,
And wer't not for our private Pleaſures, had
Renounc'd her little Ruff and goggle Eye,
And quit her ſelf of the Fraternity.
What is the Mirth, what is the Melody
That ſets them in this Gentiles Vanity?
When in our Synagogues we rail at Sin,
And tell Men of the Faults that they are in;
With Hand and Voice ſo following our Theams,
That we put out the Sides-men in their Dreams,
Sounds not the Pulpit then which we belabor
Better, and holier then doth a Tabor?
Yet ſuch is Unregenerate Mans Folly,
He loves the wicked Noiſe, and hates the Holy.
If the Sins ſweet Enticing, and the Blood
Which now begins to boyl, have thought it good
To challengo Liberty aud Recreation;
Let it be done in Holy Contemplation,

Brother and Siſter in the Field may walk,
Beginning of the Holy Word to talk,
Of *David* and *Uriah*'s lovely Wife,
Of *Thamar* and her luſtful Brothers Strife:
Then underneath the Hedge that is the next,
They may ſit down, and ſo act out the Text:
Nor do we want (how e'er we live Auſtere)
In Winter Sabbath Nights ſome luſty Chear,
And though the Paſtor's Grace which oft doth hold
Half an Hour long, make the Proviſion cold;
We can be merry thinking ne'er the worſe,
To mend the Matter at the ſecond Courſe:
Chapters are read, and Hymns are ſweetly ſung,
Joyntly commanded by the Noſe and Tongue;
Then on the Word we diverſly dilate,
Wrangling indeed for Heat of Zeal, not Hate,
When at the length an unappeaſed Doubt
Fiercely comes in, and then the Lights go out;
Darkneſs thus makes our Peace, and we contain
Our fiery Spirits till we meet again:
Till then no Voice is heard, no Tongue do's go,
Unleſs a tender Siſter ſhriek, or ſo.
Such ſhould be our Delights, grave and demure,
Not ſo abominable and impure
As thoſe thou ſeek'ſt to hinder, but I fear
Satan will be too ſtrong, his Kingdom's there:
Few are the Righteous, nor do I know
How this Idol here ſhall overthrow,
Sin our ſincereſt Patron is deceaſt,
The Number of the Righteous is decreaſt;
But we do hope theſe times will on, and breed
A Faction mighty for us, for indeed
We labour all, and every Siſter joins
To have Regenerate Babes ſpring from our Loyns.

Beſides what many carefully have done,
To get the unrighteous Man a Righteous Son.
Then ſtoutly on, let not thy Flocks range lewdly,
In their old Vanities, thou Lamp of *Bewdly*;
One thing I pray thee, do not ſo much thirſt
After Idolatries laſt fall, but firſt
Follow thy Suit more cloſe, let it not go,
Till it be thine as thou wouldſt hav't, for ſo
Thy Succeſſors upon the ſame entail,
Hereafter may take up the Whit-ſun-Ale.

To the Queen.

Moſt Gracious Queen,

IF Poets could be born, as oft as you
Bring Princes forth, ſomething might then be new;
Th'Alembicks of the Womb and Brain run croſs,
Elixars they'r more common than our Droſs.
Your fair and beautiful Soil pure Manna breeds,
When our dull Mud is barren too in Weeds:
Though then you here find nothing freſh but Names,
This Verſe being writ for *Charles* and that for *James*;
Yet may they now (like ſacred Reliques) be
Lov'd and embrac'd for their Antiquity.
Your former Teeming taught the coſtive Earth,
And barren Wives the Faſhion of a Birth;
But now (as if your wiſe Fertility,
An Extract were of all State-policy)
You give Example unto Men, and teach
Loyalty more than our Divines can reach.
You that do practiſe baſe Exactions, and
Rail at the needful Taxes of our Land,
Thinking your Money better ſpent upon
A Coach or Feaſt, or ſome new Faſhion,

Of devout Rebels, the Non-ſhips which be
Walls that impriſon us to Liberty,
Like thoſe Athenian Grandees, who to ſee
The coſtly Madneſs of one Tragedy,
Could ſcatter large Supplies, although 'twas known,
This want made them Spectators of their own.
Learn Homage now from Majeſty, the Queen
Her ſelf hath here the beſt of Subjects been;
She pays large Tribute, that it may appear,
Safety, like Heaven, is never bought too dear.
I've read of Roman Matrons, who did drown
Their Richeſt Jewels, to preſerve their Town;
Stopping the Gulf with Pearls, which grac'd their
They rather chuſe no Ornaments than Fears. (Ears,
And thoſe brave Dames of *Carthage* were content
To ſhave their dangling Treſſes, which they lent
For Cordage then, and glory'd they could ſee
What once was Pride, turn'd now to Subſidy:
Baldneſs was Beauty there, nor did they care
So they could bend their Bows, to loſe their Hair.
But you (Great Queen) contrive your Countrys good,
Not from your Locks Expence, but from your Blood.
Each parcel of the Duke, bright as his Eyes,
Proves you give Jewels of a wealthier Prize;
Who, for a General Safety, wiſh to be
Bleſt with the Pangs of your high Agony.
Whilſt the dull Lees of Man ſcarce deign to give
Poor common Service, that themſelves may live.

Upon

Upon Tom *of* Chriſt-Church.

THou that by Ruin do'ſt repair,
And by Deſtruction art a Founder:
Whoſe Art doth tell us what Men are,
Who by Corruption ſhall riſe ſounder:
In this fierce Fires intenſive Heat,
Remember this is *Tom the Great*.
And *Cyclops* think at every Stroke,
Which with thy Sledge his Side ſhall wound,
That then ſome Statute thou haſt broke,
Which long depended on his Sound;
And that our Colledge-Gates did cry,
They were not ſhut ſince *Tom* did dye.
Think what a Scourge 'tis to the City,
To drink and ſwear by *Carfax* Bell,
Which bellowing without Tune, or Pity,
The Nights and Days divides not well;
But the poor Tradeſman muſt give o'er
His Ale at Eight, or ſit till four!
We in all haſte drink off our Wine,
As if we never ſhould drink more:
So that the Reck'ning after nine
Is larger now than that before.
Releaſe this Tongue, which er'ſt could ſay,
Home Scholars; Drawer, what's to pay:
So thou of Order ſhalt be Founder,
Making a Ruler for the People,
One that ſhalt ring thy Praiſes Wonder,
Than th'other Six Bells in the Steeple:
Wherefore think, when *Tom* is running,
Our Manners wait upon thy Cunning.

Then let him raiſed be from Ground,
The ſame in Number, Weight, and Sound,
So may thy Conſcience rule thy Gain,
Or would thy Theſt might be thy Bane.

On a Burning-Glaſs.

STrange Chymiſtry! Can Duſt and Sand produce
So pure a Body, and diaphanous?
Strange kind of Courtſhip! That the Amorous Sun,
T'embrace a Min'ral, twiſts his Rays in one;
Talk of the Heavens mockt, by a Sphere, alas!
The Sun it ſelf's here in a Piece of Glaſs:
Let Magnets draw baſe Iron, this alone
Can to her Icy Boſom win the Sun.
Witches may cheat us of his Light a while,
But this can him even of himſelf beguile:
In Heaven he ſtaggers to both Tropicks, here
He keeps fixt Reſidence all times o'th' Year:
Here's a perpetual Solſtice, here he lies,
Not on a Bed of Water, but of Ice;
How well by this himſelf abridge, he might
Redeem the Scythians from their lingring Night.
How well by this Glaſs Proxy might he roul
Beyond the Eclipick, and warm either Pole;
Had but *Prometheus* been ſo wiſe, h'had ne'er
Scal'd Heaven to light his Torch, but lighted here.
Had *Archimedes* once but known this Uſe,
H'had burnt *Marcellus* from proud *Syracuſe*:
Had *Veſta*'s Maids of Honour this but ſeen,
Their Ladies Fire had ne'er extinguiſht been;
Hells Engines might have finiſht their Deſign
Of Powder (but that Heaven did countermine)

Had they but thought of this ; th'Egyptians may
Well hatch their Eggs without the Midwife Clay ;
Why do not puling Lovers this deviſe,
For a fit Emblem of their Miſtreſs Eyes ?
They call them Diamonds, and ſay th'have been
Reduc'd by them, to Aſhes all within ;
But they'l aſſume't, and ever hence 'twill paſs,
A Miſtreſs Eye is but Loves Burning-Glaſs.

Upon Sheriff Sanbourn.

FIe, Schollars, fie; have you ſuch thirſty Souls,
To ſwell, quaff and carouſe in *Sandbourn*'s Bouls ?
Tell me, mad Youngſters, what do you believe,
It coſt good *Sandbourn* nothing to be Shrieve,
To ſpend ſo many Beeves, ſo many Weathers,
Maintaining ſo many Caps, ſo many Feathers ?
Again, Is Malt ſo cheap this pinching Year,
That you ſhould make ſuch Havock of his Beer ?
I hear you are ſo many that you make
Moſt of his Men turn Tapſters, for your ſake ;
And that when he even on the Bench doth ſit,
You ſnatcht the Meat from off the hungry Spit ;
You keep ſuch Hurly-burly, that it paſſes,
Ingurgitating ſometimes whole half Glaſſes,
And ſome of you (Forſooth) are grown ſo fine
Or elſe ſo ſawcy, as to call for Wine ;
As if the Sheriff had put ſuch Men in truſt,
As durſt draw out more Wine than needs they muſt ;
In Faith, In Faith, it is not well, my Maſters,
Nor fit, that you ſhould be the Sheriffs Taſters ;
It were enough, you being ſuch Gourmandiſers,
To make the Sheriffs, henceforth, turn arrant Miſers ;

Remove th'Aſſize, to *Oxfords* foul Diſgrace,
To *Henly* on the *Thames*, or ſome ſuch Place.
He never had complained had it been
A petty Firkin, or a Kilderkin;
But when a Barrel daily is drawn out,
My Maſters, then it's time to look about.
Is this a Lie, trow ye? I tell you, No,
My Lord High-Chancellor was informed ſo.
And oh! What would not all the Bread in Town
Suffice, to drink the Sheriffs Liquor down?
But he in Hampers muſt it from hence bring,
Oh moſt prodigious, and moſt monſtrous thing!
Upon ſo many Loaves of Home-made Bread,
How long might he and his two Men have fed?
He would, no doubt, the Poor they ſhould be fed
With the ſweet Morſels of his broken Bread;
But when that they poor Souls for Bread did call,
Anſwer was made, The Scholars eat up all.
And when for broken Beer they crav'd a Cup,
Anſwer was made, the Scholars drunk it up;
And thus, I know not how they chang'd the Name
But did the Deed, and Long-tail bore the blame.

Not to travel.

WHat need I travel, ſince I may
More choicer Wonders here ſurvey?
What need I *Tyre* for Purple ſeek,
When I may find it in a Cheek?
Or ſack the Eaſtern Shores, there lies
More precious Diamonds in her Eyes?
What need I dig *Peru* for Oar,
When every Hair of her yields more?
Or toyl for *Gums* in *India*,
Since ſhe can breath more rich than they?

Or ranſack *Africk*, there will be
On either Hand more Ivory?
But look within all Vertues that
Each Nation would appropriate,
And with the Glory of them reſt,
Are in this Map at large expreſt;
That, who would travel, here might know
The little World in Folio.

The Schiſmatick.

ONce I a curious Eye did fix
To obſerve the Tricks
Of the Schiſmaticks of the Times;
Viewing which of them ſpoke the merrieſt *Theme*,
And beſt would befit my Rhimes;
Arminians I found ſolid, *Socinian* were ſtolid,
But the *Papiſt* for Learning doth ſtickle,
Ha, ha, ha, *Rotundus, Rotundus*, 'tis you that my Spleen
doth tickle.

2. Next to tell you muſt not be forgot,
How I did trot
With a great Zealot, to a Lecture,
Where I a Tub did view,
Hung with an Apron blew
'Twas the Preacher's I conjecture:
His *Vſe* and *Doctrine* too,
Was of no better Hue,
Though taught with a tone moſt mickle,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

3. He talkt among other pretty things,
That the *Book of Kings*
Small Comfort brings

To the Godly;
Beſides he had ſome Grudges
Againſt the *Book of Judges*,
And talkt of *Leviticus* odly.
But Wiſdom moſt of all
He held *Apochryphal*,
Great *Bell* and the *Dragon* like *Michael*,
His Preaching, like himſelf, was but fickle,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.
5. 'Gainſt Humane Learning he next inveighs,
And he boldly ſays,
It is that which decays
Inſpiration.
Thoſe that Preferment merit,
Are not like to wear it,
In hopes of *Reformation*;
Cut Biſhops down in haſte,
And Cathedrals as faſt,
As Corn that is fit for the Sickle,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.
5. I heard of one did touch,
He did tell as much,
Of one that would not crouch
At *Communion*;
Who thruſting up his Hand
Never made a Stand,
Till he came where her f——had Union;
She without all Terror,
Thought it no Error,
But did laugh, till the Tears down did trickle,
Ha, ha, ha, *Rotundus*, *Rotundus*, 'tis you that my
Spleen doth tickle.

A Sermon.

HEarken I beſeech you, with Fear and Reverence to theſe Words, as you may perhaps find them written in the *Apocrypha*, the Chapter and Verſe you may find out at your Leiſure; the Words to my beſt Remembrance are theſe, *A Carpenter took his Ax; and hewed the Root of the Tree, which becauſe it brought not forth good Fruit, it was inſtantly thrown into the Fire.* Beloved, inſtantly is certainly, the Axe inſtrumentally hewing, orderly ſtruck againſt the Root, effectually of the Tree, particularly of that Tree, impartially becauſe it brought not forth; put all together, my Beloved, becauſe it brought not forth good Fruit, inſtantly, effectually, particularly, inſtrumentally, orderly, proportionally, impartially, it is inevitably and fatally to be caſt irreſiſtably into the Fire Everlaſtingly, and ſo of theſe, and of all theſe, as the time ſhall permit; but the Glaſs it out, and ſo am I.

A Zealous Diſcourſe between the Perſon of the Pariſh, and Tabitha.

Perſon, HAil *Siſter* to your ſnowy Breaſt
The Word permitteth us to jeaſt,
Now *Sermon*'s done, nor ſhould you be
Stiff-necked to the *Miniſtry*,
As you may read it more at large
In *Dod*'s Commandments, or my Charge
Laſt *Sabbath* in my *Catechiſm*;
Wherein we prove they make *a Schiſm*,

Who do deny us in the Night;
To ſtrengthen you by *Candle-light*;
And truly might my Reaſons be
But wav'd according to the *Grand Committee*
For *Reformation* I would prove,
That we out of ſincere Love
Our devout *Spouſes* Room might take
Each *Sabbath* for Repetition Sake;
And verily of late 'tis ſe'd,
More Eyes have opened from the Bed
Than from the *Pulpit*, and we there
Can ſooner teach you how to bear.
Tabitha. In Truth I know not what to ſay,
Replies this zealous *Tabitha*,
But on thoſe Nights I you aſſure,
Our *Husbands* are too, too impure;
And clog our Conſciences too high
With Seed that doth not fructifie,
As you may read. *Ruth*, where's my Book?
It is in *Matthew*, *Mark*, *John*, or *Luke*.
But would it not a ſcandal be
Unto the *New Presbytery*?
Parſon. No: For all things muſt be done,
You know, for *Edification*;
Which is no more in *Engliſh*, than
The building up of Faithful *Woman*.
Tab. But hold, do theſe ſame Words proceed
From the *Beaſt*'s *Language* then indeed?
Sure the *Scotch* or *Geneva* Print
Hath no ſuch Rags of *Babel* in't.
Nay fie, *Good Sir*, what do you mean?
Introth your Hand is too obſcene;
Evil Requeſts muſt be deny'd,
Let go, my *Placket*'s on my ſide;

Why look you now; I pray be calm,
The Spirit moves to ſing a Pſalm.
The Hymn. *The Poſt, that came from* Banbury,
Riding in a Blew Rocket,
He ſwore he ſaw, when Lunſford *fell,*
A Childs Arm in his Pocket.

Parſon. I think I hear your *Husband* pray,
Liſten hark! ſo; and then why may
Not a *Siſter*, or a Brother,
Engender Grace in one another?
Tab. You preach'd againſt it, Sir. *Par.* I, ſo I muſt,
Where it is only done for Luſt;
But I proteſt 'tis Zeal indeed,
To propagate the *Holy Seed*,
That moves me. *Tab.* And indeed ſaid ſhe;
I feel that ſelf ſame *Prick* of Zeal in me,
As it were thruſting me on ſtill,
Therefore, *Good Sir*, ev'n do what you will.
Why look you now; what Hurt's in this,
I'll ſeal it with a *Holy Kiſs.*
And e'er your *Husband* ſay *Amen*,
I'll do this great Work twice agen.
Tabitha. Sir, make haſte *to riſe*;
'Tis for my Evening Exerciſe;
It will be Supper time I doubt,
E'er I ſhall read my *Chapter* out.
Beſides alas! Oh! How do I
Forget my *Practice of Piety.*

Pray rectifie my Gorget, *ſmooth my* Whisk, *that our zealous Conflicts may not be diſcerned by the Reprobate, the Children of Wrath, Firebrands of Hell, and Heirs to Deſtruction.*

On O. P. *ſick.*

Yield Periwig'd Impoſtor, yield to Fate,
Religious Whiſler, Mountebank of State,
Down to the low'ſt Abyſs, the blackeſt Shade
That Night dares own, that ſo the Earth (thou'ſt made
Loathſom by thouſand Barbariſms) may be
Deliver'd from Heavens Vengeance, and from thee.
The reeking Steam of thy freſh Villanies
Would ſpot the Stars, and menſtruate the Skies.
Force them to break the League they've made with
And with a Flood rinſe the foul World agen. (Men
Thy Bays are tarniſh'd with thy Cruelties,
Rebellions, Sacriledge, and Perjuries.
Deſcend, deſcend, thou vailed Devil, fall
Thou ſubtle Blood-ſucker, thou Cannibal;
Thy Arts are catching, cozen Satan too,
Thou haſt a trick more than he ever knew;
He ne'er was Atheiſt yet, perſwade him to't,
The Schiſmaticks will back thee Horſe and Foot.

An Anſwer to the Storm.

'TIs well he's gone, (O had he never been)
Hurry'd in Storms, loud as his crying Sin;
The Pines and Oaks fell proſtrate at his Urn,
That with his Fame his [illegible]
Winds pluck up Roots, and fixed Cedars move;
Roaring for Vengeance to the Heavens above;
From Theft, like his great *[illegible]* did grow,
And ſuch a Wind did at his Ruin blow.

Strange that the lofty Trees themſelves ſhould fell
Without the Axe, ſo *Orpheus* went to Hell;
At whoſe Deſcent the ſtouteſt Rocks were cleft,
And the whole Wood its wonted Station left;
In Battle *Hercules* wore the Lions Skin,
But our fierce *Nero* wore the Beaſt within,
Whoſe Heart was brutiſh more than Face or Eyes,
And in the Shape of Man was in Diſguiſe:
Where ever Men, where ever Pillage lyes,
Like ravenous Vultures, our wing'd Navy flys,
Under the Tropick we are underſtood,
And bring home Rapine through a Purple Flood.
New Circulations found, our Blood is hurl'd
As round the leſſer to the greater World.
    In civil Broils he did us firſt engage,
And made three Kingdoms ſubject to his Rage;
One fatal Stroke ſlew Juſtice, and the Cauſe
Of Truth, Religion, and our ſacred Laws.
So fell *Achilles* by the Trojan Band,
Though he ſtill fought with Heaven its ſelf in's hand.
Nor would Domeſtick Spoil confine his Mind,
No Limits to his Fury but Mankind.
The Bristiſh Youth, in Forreign Coaſts are ſent
Towns to deſtroy, but more to Baniſhment;
Who ſince they cannot in this Iſle abide,
Are confin'd Priſoners to the World beſide;
No Wonder then if we no Tears allow
To him that gave us Wars and Ruin too.
Tyrants, that lov'd him, griev'd, concern'd to ſee
There muſt be Puniſhment for Cruelty.
Nature her ſelf rejoyced at his Death,
And on the Waters ſung with ſuch a Breath,
As made the Sea dance higher than before,
While her glad Waves came dancing to the Shore.

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THE
Ruſtick Rampant,
OR
RURAL ANARCHY
AFFRONTING
Monarchy:
IN THE
INSURRECTION
OF
WAT TYLER.

By *J: C.*

Claudian.

Aſperius nihil eſt humili cum ſurgit in altum.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Holt*, for *Obadiah Blagrave*,
at the *Bear* in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1687.

John of Lydgate, *Lib.* 4.

A Nd ſemblably to put it at a Priſe,
And execute it by clear Experience,
One the moſt contrarious Miſchief,
Found in this Earth by notable Evidence,
Is only this by Fortunate Violence,
When that Wretches churliſh of Nature
The Eſtate of Princes unwarely doth recure.

A Crown of Gold, is nothing according,
For to be ſet upon a Knaves heed ;
A Foltiſh Clerk for to wear a Ring,
Accordeth not, who that can take hede,
And in this World there is no greater Dread,
Then Power give (if it be well ſought)
Unto ſuch one that firſt roſe up of Nought.

There is no manner juſt Convenience
A Royal Carbuncle, Ruby, or Garnet,
Nor a chaſt Emeraud of Virtues Excelence,
Nor Inde Saphirs in Copper to be ſet,
Then Kindly Power in foul Metal is let,
And ſo the State of politick Puyſance
Is ever loſt where Knaves have Governance.

For a time they may well up aſcend,
Like windy Smoaks their fumes ſpꝛede,
A cꝛowned Aſs plainly to compꝛehend,
Void of Diſcretion is moꝛe for to drede
Then is a Lyon; for that one indede
Of his Nature is Mighty and Royal,
Void of Diſcretion that other Beaſtial.

The gentle Nature of a ſtrong Lyon,
To proſtrate People of kind is merciable,
Foꝛ unto all that fall afore him down,
His Royal Puiſſaunce cannot be vengeable:
But churliſh Wolves by Rigour unreſtable,
And folty She-aſſes eke of Beaſtialty,
Failing Reaſon braid ever on Cruelty.

None is ſo pꝛoud as he that can no good.
The leuder heed the more Preſumption,
Moſt Cꝛuelty and Vengeance in low Blood
With Malapertneſs and Indiſcretion,
Of Churl and Gentle make this Diviſion
Of outhoꝛ of them I dare right well repoꝛt
Fro thence they came, thereto they wyll reſort.

To the Reader.

T*He Beginnings of the Second Ri*chard's *Reign are turmoiled with a Rebellion, which ſhook his Throne and Empire: A Rebellion, not more againſt Religion and Order, than Nature and Humanity too; a Rebellion never to be believed, but in the Age it was acted in, and our own, in which we find how terrible the Overflows of the common People (ever delighted in the Calamities of others) untyed, and hurryed on by their own Wills, and beaſtly Fury, muſt prove. Though* Maſanello *is ſhort of* Tyler, *yet if we compare that Fiſherman with our Hind, the Neapolitan Mechanicks, and our Clowns, we ſhall not find them much unlike; not in their ſudden Flouriſh and Proſperity, not in the Miſchiefs they did, and the barbarous ſavage Rudeneſs in the doing them:* Maſanello *made a Shew of fooliſh unſeaſonable Piety to the Prince and Archbiſhop, which became not his part, which made him the more imperfect Rebel, the worſe Politician; however, he might ſeem the better*

Man; but theſe too might be but counterfeit Reverence, this might be his Diſguiſe, and he might have come up to more, according to the new Lights, which we may imagine was breaking in. The Continuance and Miſ-rule of theſe Worthies were much of a Length; in a few Days the Brands themſelves had fired, broke upon their own Heads; they were pluck'd up before their full Growth, like airy fleeting Clouds, they were blown over e'er they could pour down the Storm they were big with. The Colours of theſe Tumults were fair, and taking, ſuch as their Architects Baal *and* Straw, *the Prieſts had laid, ſuch as the Maſters of theſe Schools have deliver'd in all Ages. The Weal publick, the Liberty of the free-born People pilled, and flayed by the King's Taxes, and the cruel Oppreſſion of the Gentry, Juſtice, Reformation, or Regulation of Fundamental Laws long ſubverted (conſiderable Names if we may believe them) ſet them on. The King, his Glory, his Honour, his Safety, the King and the Commons are cry'd up. But the King was compaſſed with Traitors and Malignants, they will have it ſo, and it is their Care to remove them Root and Branch; they will fire the Houſe to cleanſe it; much other Buſineſs they had, much was amiſs, much to be reformed, but in the firſt Sally all is not noiſed; what was not* *handſome, what might give a fuller Fright was lapped up in Folds, to be diſcovered as they had thriven, to be ſwallowed, but gilded with a Victory: we know Crimes carried in a happy Stream of Luck, loſe their Names in it, are Beautiful, and muſt be thought ſo: The Ordale of the Sword justified* Cæſar, *and condemned* Pompey, *not his Cauſe.* Adverſæ res etiam bonos detractant (*ſays* Saluſt.) *Good Men if they miſcarry, do not only loſe themſelves but their Integrity, their Juſtneſs, their Honeſty; they are what the Conqueror pleaſes, and the ſilly Multitude, which ever admires the gliſter of Proſperity, will hate them. Providence preſerved the Engliſh Nation from this Blow. The Lawrel of Succeſs crowned not the Rebels, they crumble to their firſt Duſt again, are ruined by their own Weight and Confuſion. They had riſen like thoſe Sons of the Dragons Teeth, in Tempeſts, without Policy or Advice. Their Leaders were meerly fantaſtical, but Goblins and Shadows; Men willing to embroyl, and daring, whoſe Courage was better than their Cauſe; and who to advance the Deſign would not boggle at a piece of Honeſty, an Oath, a Proteſtation, or Covenant, a Verſe of St.* Paul, *or St.* Peter, *a Caſe of Conſcience in the Way of brave, bold, manly Spirits; yet without Heads or Wits to* *manage the Great Work, which in ſo vaſt a Body ſuddenly compoſed like the Spawn of* Nile, *of Slime and Dirt, of ſo different Parts, ſo unequal Members, was fatal to the Whole.* Tyler *had no Brains, he could not plot, nor contrive; and thoſe about him were as heavy, as very Aſſes as himſelf: He is ſaid to be a* crafty Fellow, and of an Excellent Wit, but wanting Grace; *yet crafty enough he was not for the great and dangerous Enterprize: A* Marius (*however Impious, for ſuch he muſt be*) pace peſſimus, *fitter to remove things, to overturn overturns, than for Peace; but* (*as* Plutarch *of him*) *ſubtil, faithleſs, one who could overdo all Men in Diſſembling, in Hypocriſie, practiſed in all the Arts of Lying* (*and ſome of theſe good Sleights* Tyler *wanted not*) *one who had Senſe and Judgment, to carry things on, as well as deſperate Confidence to undertake, had become this part incomparably, had gone through with it; how eaſily under ſuch a Captain* (*if we look upon the Weakneſs of the Oppoſition, and the Villainous Baſeneſs of the Gentry*) *had the Frame of the ancient Building been raſed, the Model muſt have held.* Richard (*whoſe Endeavours of Defence or Loyalty alone ſhould have been killing*) *had not fallen by the Sword of* Lancaſter, *he had found his Grave on* Tower-hill, *or*

Smithfield, *where the faithful Lieges of his Crown were torn in peices by theſe Cannibals. The Reverence due to the Anointed Heads of Kings began to fall away; and Naked Majeſty could not guard where Innocency could not: But* Tyler *blinded by his own fatal Pride, throws himſelf fooliſhly upon the Kings Sword, and by his over-much Haſt preſerves him, whom he had vowed to deſtroy. The Heathens make it a Mark of the Divinity of their Gods, that they beſtowed Benefits upon Mortal Men, and took nothing from them. The Clowns of the Idol upon this Rule were not very Heavenly, they were the meek Ones of thoſe times, the only Inheritors of Right; the Kingdom was made a Prey by them, it was cantoned out to erect new Principalities for the Mock-Kings of the Commons; ſo their Chiefs or Captains would be called. Here, though the Title of Rebellion ſpoke fair, was ſhewn ſomewhat of Ambition, and no little of unjuſt private Intereſt, no little of Self-ſeeking, which the Good of the People (in Pretence only) was to give Way to, and no Wonder for the good of the People properly, was meerly to be intended of themſelves: and no where but amongſt thoſe was the Commonwealth. Had theſe Thiſtles, theſe Brambles flouriſhed, the whole Wood of Noble Trees had periſhed: If the violent* *caſting other Men out of their Poſſeſſions, firing their Houſes, cutting off their Heads, violating of all Rights, be thought Gods Bleſſing, any Evidence of his owning the Cauſe, thoſe Thieves and Murderers were well bleſſed, and ſufficiently owned. Such was then the Face of things; Eſtates were dangerous; Every rich Man was an Enemy; Mens Lives were taken away without either Offence or Tryal, their Reign was but a Continuation of horrible Injuries; the Laws were not only ſilent, but dead; The Idol's Fury was a Law, and Faith, and Loyalty, and Obedience to Lawful Power, were damnable; Servants had the Rule over Princes,* England *was near a Slavery, the moſt unworthy of free and ingenious Spirits of any.*

What I relate here (to ſpeak ſomething of the Story) I collect out of Sir John Froiſſart, *a French-Man, living in the Times of King* EDWARD *the Third, and his Grandchild, King* RICHARD, *who had ſeen* England *in both the Reigns, was known and eſteemed in the Court, and came laſt over after theſe Tumults were appeaſed: And out of* Thomas *of* Walſingham, *a* Monk *of St. Al*bans *in* Henry *the Sixth's Days; who (ſays* Bale *in his Centuries of him) writes many the moſt choice Paſſages of Affairs and Actions,* *ſuch as no other hath met with. In the Main, and to the Subſtance of things, I have made no Additions, no Alterations, I have faithfully followed my Authors, who are not ſo hiſtorically exact, as I could wiſh, nor could I much better what did not pleaſe me in their Order. No Man* (*ſays* Walſingham) *can recite fully the Miſcheifs, Murders, Sacriledge and Cruelty of theſe Actors; he excuſes his digeſting them, upon the Confuſion of the combuſtious Flaming in ſuch Variety of Places, and in the ſame time.* Tyler, Litſtar, *and thoſe of* Hartfordſhire *take up moſt part of the Diſcourſe;* Weſt~~brome *is brought in by the Halves*~~; *the leſſer Snakes are only named in the Chronicle: what had been more, had not been to any purpoſe: Thoſe were but Types of* Tyler *the Idol, and acted nothing but according to the Original, according to his great Example: they were Wolves alike, and he that reads one knows all.* Thomas *of* Becket, Simon *of* Montfort; *the Engliſh* Cataline, Thomas *of* Lancaſter, *Rebels and Traitors of the former years are canonized by the Monks (generally the Enemies of their Kings) Miracles make their Tombs*

Hypod. Neuſt.

Par Walſ. Weſten &c. *Per* Thomæ Sanguinem *ſalva nos Breviar. feſt. S.* Tho. Cant. Riſhang Polyd. *D'Avilla Jaques* Clem. the Paricide of *Hen.* 3. of *France* was prayed for as a Saint.

Tombs Illuſtrious and their Memories Sacred. The Idol and his Incendiaries are abhorred every where, every Hiſtory deteſts them, while Faith, Civility, Honeſty and Piety ſhall be left in the World, the Enemies of all theſe muſt neither be beloved nor pittied.

THE Ruſtick Rampant, OR RURAL ANARCHY.

THe Reign of King *Richard* the Second was but a Throw of State for ſo many Years, a Feaver to whoſe Diſtempers all pieces of the home Dominions contributed by Fits (*the forraign part only continuing faithful.) In the fourth Year of his Reign, and Fifteenth of his Age the Dregs and Off-ſcum of the Commons unite into Bodies in ſeveral parts of the Kingdom, and form a Rebellion (called the Rebellion of the *Clowns*) which lead the reſt, and ſhewed the Way of Diſobedience firſt. Of which may truly be ſaid (though amongſt other Cauſes, we may attribute it to the Indiſpoſition and Unſeaſonableneſs of the Age, that the Fruits of it did not take) it was ſtrongly begun, and had not Providence held back the Hand, the Blow had fallen, the Government had broke into Shivers then. The young King at this time had few beſides *Thomas* of *Woodſtock* his Uncle,

* *Guien.*

Earl of *Buckingham*, and after Duke of *Gloceſter*, but the Servants of his Houſe in Ordinary about him, the Lord *Edmund* of *Langley* Earl of *Cambridge*, after Duke of *York*, with the Lords *Beauchamp*, *Bottreaux*, Sir *Matthew Gourney*, with others of the Nobility and Gentry, had ſet ſail for *Portugal*, the Duke *John* of *Lancaſter*, another of his Uncles, was in *Scotland* treating a Peace, when this Commotion brake out. Though no Cauſe can be given for Seditions, thoſe, who deſign publick Troubles, can never want Pretences; *Polidore* (as much out in this Story as any) gives this Reaſon for this; the Poll-mony, ſays he (impoſed by Parliament) a Groat Sterling upon every Head was intolerable. It was juſtly impoſed, and ſo by ſome, to whom Law and Cuſtom of *England* were intolerable not to be endured; but we ſhall find in the Tyranny breaking in, not only fifteenth and twentieth Parts and Loans forced, out of Fear of Plunder and Death; but Subſidies in Troops and Regiments, by Fifties, (more than Sequeſtrations and Compoſitions) not under Foot, low Sales; for what had theſe Raſcals to give, but down-right Robbery and Violent Uſurpations of Eſtates.

Thus would *Polidore* have it in Defence of the Prieſts, who blew the Fire, and thruſt the [illegible] Rout into the midſt of it. He takes it ill that [illegible] (*Valle* he calls him) ſhould be ſuppoſed, by I know not what Flatterers of the Nobles, to have [illegible] theſe Sails, to have let theſe Winds out of their Caverns.

In the fourth Year of this King (ſays the Monk) there was a grievous Tax exacted in *Parliament*, after Cauſe of great Trouble, every Religious paid half a Mark, every ſecular Prieſt as much, every Lay-Man or Woman 12*d.* This might diſcontent the People, but who prepared the Mutineers for ſuch dangerous Impreſſions? Who fell in with them after, and puſhed them forward, will be ſoon found. *Froiſſart* complains of the Servitude of the Villains or Bond-men (now Names worn out) a miſerable ſort of Drudges, frequently known here in the *Saxon* times; excluded from any Right of Propriety, ſold, and paſſed away with the Manor or Lands to which they belonged, bound to till the Lords Ground, cut down, and carry in his Corn, cleanſe his Ditches, cover his Hall, *&c.* Theſe *Froiſſart* make the firſt Stirrers in the Inſurrection, theſe he makes look back to the Beginning of Men and things to talk of the Primitive Freedom, of the Liberties of the Creature, above Ordinances; that only Treaſon againſt the Lords could forfeit Liberty, which was the Caſe of *Lucifer*, and could not be made theirs, who were neither Angels nor Spirits, but Men of the ſame Shape, Extraction, and Souls with thoſe who proudly would be thought their Lords; which (ſay they) was an height too much, and deſerved Levelling, muſt not be endured hereafter. Equality was the Way of Peace and Love. But can Clouds fire in Thunder and Lightning, can Earth-quakes tear the Entrails of Expiring Kingdoms, without a *Muncer*, or a *Wiggington*, a *Garner*, or an *Ball* in the *Mine*?

If the Church and Government muſt be blown up, it is fit a ſanctified Hand ſhould (caſt the Balls) a Man (according to the pure Dialect) *of immediate Calling*, who has had the *Seal* of it, of *wonderful*

Zeal, *of reſolute Dealings, the Lords Meſſenger*
traordinarily gifted and exerciſed, is only fit to ad-
vance *Gods Matters*, the *Holy Cauſe*, and
And a Renegado from his Orders, an Apoſt
Church-man will beſt become this *Perſon*, a
with whom nothing elſe is Sacred but his own Am-
bition, his Innovation, and the Propagation of
Schiſm. One *Baal* the moſt ſottiſh and moſt un-
worthy, but moſt factious of the Clergy, is ſtirred
up by the Devil (who, if Rebellion be as the Sin
of Witchcraft, is the Father of both) to be the
Antichriſt of this Reign, to blaſpheme and cry
down *God* and *Cæſar* his Anointed, the Rights of
God and *Cæſar*; and who, if he knew any thing,
was certainly the very Atheiſt of that Age: *Of*
theſe Imaginations (ſo *Froiſſert* of thoſe before)
a fooliſh Prieſt in the County of Kent, *called* John Wal
(for *Baal*) and to make it plain that he was the
Father of the Uproar, he had been (ſays the
Knight) three times in the Archbiſhops Priſon (a
perſecuted Saint) for theſe Opinions, but delivered
by him, his Conſcience was ſcrupulous of proceed-
ing farther, which this Hiſtorian condemns him
for: We ſhall hereafter ſee the Archbiſhop in
John's Hands, who ſhall come ſhort of this Mercy.
John had preached (if it be not Impious to Uſe the
Word here) twenty Years, and more, ever tel-
ling thoſe things which he fancied would be Graci-
ous to the Multitude; he haunted By-places, the
Cloyſters of the Cathedral; when the Church was
ſhut againſt him, the Streets and Fields were Holy
Ground; there this excommunicated Apoſtate laid
his Nets. His Diſcourſes to the People were
partly Invectives againſt Tithes (which he allowed

not

t where the Pariſhioner was of better Life and
ſmaller Eſtate than the Parſon, whoſe Eſtate at
his rate muſt be ſmall enough) againſt Biſhops,
nd the Clergy, Nobility and Gentry; Then he
ad his Quarrels to the Government, his Doctrine
ſtruck at Propriety, and Order, the World was
mpaired with Diſeaſes, which muſt be the more
or their Age, the Criſis would be dangerous, and
here could be no Health, no Soundneſs hoped for,
ll Names, Eſtates and Things were common.
His Adviſe was to let the King know the Reſolu-
ions of the new Common-weaths-men, to tell him
where the *Supreme Power* lies, whoſe Truſtee he
was, that another Courſe muſt be taken, and if
he would not joyn with them, other Remedies
thought of: The third time he was Impriſoned, he
had his Revelations, his *Enlighte-*
ngs, was full of Divine Raptures, *Froiſſ.*
he foretold his Deliverance by 20000. Men, which
happened in the following Tumults, when his Diſ-
ciples made ſo many Goal-Deliveries. This, know-
ing what Numbers he had ſeduced and abuſed, he
might preſume upon probable Conjecture. He was
no ſooner looſe, but he incites and ſtirs up the
unruly *Clowns* to all the Miſchiefs poſſible.

He tells them they were pious and neceſſary
Exceſſes, and that the Law of Nature, which al-
lows all this for our own Preſervation, would
uſtifie them: That a mad Father, who ſeeks to
rob and deſtroy his Off-ſpring, might be reſiſted,
his Thruſts might be put by, the Son might bind
his Hands, and if there were no other way to eſ-
cape his furious Violence, kill him in his own De-
fence. The Safety of the People is the Supreme

Law.

Law. If the Prince perſiſting (after fair Warning) *to make himſelf a Shield and Defence* to wicked Inſtruments of *Miſchiefs*, *Malignants and Enemies* of the Commons, *ſecuring them from the Juſtice of the Commons, endanger himſelf and his Kingdom*, he may thank himſelf; *We* (ſays he) *are willing to hazard our ſelves* (good Men) *to preſerve him; we will never give any Impediment, or neglect any proper Means of curing the Diſtempers of the Kingdom, and of cloſing the dangerous Breaches* (made by themſelves) *according to the Truſt which lies upon us.* At *Black-heath*, where an Aſſembly of 200000 Men made their Rendezvouz, after ſome time ſpent in *ſeeking God*, he baits in Rhime,

Walſingh.

When Adam dalf and Eve ſpan,
Who was then a Gentleman?

Was his levelling lewd Text: Hence it was to be conſequent, that as Nature, and the Creation made no Diſtinction, no more ought Laws to make or ſuffer any; that Servitude is the Daughter of unjuſt Oppreſſion, introduced by wicked Men againſt Gods Will. That if it had pleaſed him to have created Slaves, in the Beginning he would have choſen, and marked out who ſhould have been the Lord, who the Vaſſal; he asks where the Word allows theſe ſweet things called Lords, verily *Knaves in Purple*, Sons of *Cain*, of *Nimrod*, of *Eſau*, of *Iſhmael*, fat by the Blood and Sweat of the poor innocent Plebeians, Honourable in nothing but the Outſide, and Noble only in Riots and Adulteries, as cruel, as ravenous, as killing (and as barbarouſly) as the Bears, the Lyons, the Tigers of their Eſcutcheons, the Dragons of their Bearing; he asks why the limber Knights, and Franklins, who are only better combed, can kiſs the Hand and lowt with more Grace, muſt eat the Capons, which the ſturdy brave Commons muſt ſtarve themſelves to cram: Nothing could be good which was great, nothing but *Independency* was Divine.

He bids them conſider, now was the time appointed them by God to caſt off the Yoak, that if they would not be wanting to themſelves, they ſhould aſſert their long-looked for Liberty, and like good Husbandmen, who love their Field, pluck up the Weeds which over-run it (which ſignified *rooting out the Wicked, and thoſe who carried the Mark of the Beaſt* (He points them out the Heads devoted, deſtined for Slaughter. * The Houſe of Lords, the Peers (as yet they ſpeak no higher) whom he would have *brought to Repentance.* Then the Lawyers, Juſtices, Judges, Jury-men, † all the Enemies of the Commonalty were to be ſwept from the Earth, there could not elſe (ſo he concludes) be any Peace or Security for the Future, *lopping off the Heads of thoſe, which were too tall, which over-topped too much, equal Nobility, equal Liberty, Dignity and Power (this was his old Doctrine) were the only Antidotes, without which the poyſoned Commonwealth muſt periſh. Whoſoever loved not the

Depoſito ſervitutis jugo, libertate, &c. *Walſ. more boni patrisfamilias excolentis agrum ſuum.*

* *Regni Majores.*

† *Quoſcunque nocivos communitatis de terra ſua tollerent.*

* *Si ſublatis Majoribus æqua libertas,* &c.

Cauſe was a Reprobate, hateful to God, and damned Body and Soul. *John* concludes with an Exhortation, that in *Order to the Security and Preſervation of Religion and Liberty of the Subject, they will never conſent to the laying down of Arms, ſo long as the evil Counſellors and Prelates arming, or in open War, ſhall by Force of Arms be protected againſt the Juſtice of the Commons.* John *adds, of long time there hath been, and now is a Traiterous Plot for the Subverſion of us* and *the Liberty of the Subject.*

No Wonder, when *Peter* the Hermits Gooſe was believed to be the Holy Ghoſt, that *John* amongſt as very Ninnyhammers could ſtrike up for a Prophet.

In the Cruſade for the Holy Land.

The baſe Crew prick up their Ears, and wonder at the new Truths, which their Paſtor *held forth*, they applaud him, he is † Archbiſhop elect, and Chancellor, the true Arch-biſhop muſt be called a Traitor, * a Traitor of the Commons and the Realm, to make him Room, is voted ſo, to be apprehended whereſoever he could be found in *England*, and his Head to be cut off.

† *Ut acclamarent eum Archiepiſcopum.*

* *Communium & regni proditorem.*

Here was a new Treaſon, and a new Way of Tryal and Sentence. But though *Baal* had more of the *Spirit*, there were other Adventurers not to be robbed of their Honours, other *Worthies*, *precious Men, called to do the Work of the Lord*; who put to their Hands, and brought Trowels and Morter toward the raiſing this *Babel*. *Jack Straw*, another Prieſt full of Life and Vigour, the Confeſſor, and Boſom-chaplain of *Tyler*, more inward with him, his ſpecial Councellor, acquainted with all his Plots, in the Contrivance of which he had a great part, beſtowed his Pains upon the *Cauſe*, and for Action next *Tyler* the Idol carried the Name; which may be one Cauſe why *Polydore* kills him in *Tylers* ſtead, with the Mayors Sword, the moſt Eminent Sticklers of the Laity, of the profane Stie, where *Wat* the *Tyler*, (a *Tyler* by Trade, not by Name, his Name was *Helier*, *an ungracious Patron*, as *Froiſſart*) was * *King of the Ribaulds*, *The Idol of the Kentiſh Clowns. John Kirkby*, *Alan Treder*, *Thomas Scot*, and *Ralph Rugg*, a *Magnifico*, who gave freely away amongſt his Fellow Scoundrels the Spoils of his Conqueſts, were Princes of the Separation of the Tribes in *Kent* and *Eſſex*. *Robert Weſtbrome* (*Wraw* his Chaplain refuſing to ſet *Crown upon Crown, and contented to be the Arch-prieſt of the Province) was King of *Suffolk*, and the Parts adjacent. St. *Edmunds-bury*, once the Palace of the Eaſt-Angle Kings, and *Milden-hall*, were the Seats of his Soveraignty. *John Litſter* a Tanner uſurps the Name and Power of a King at *North-walſham* in *Norfolk*; I may ſay the Power and more, never was any Engliſh King ſo Abſolute, nor can any juſt and legal Principality be ſo large, and Arbitrary; *Law of the Land*, with which the old Engliſhman was free enough, and contented, was here to be thrown out of Doors. The Heptarchy of the *Saxons* ſeemed to revive again, but prodigiouſly; the Blaze of theſe Comets muſt have been fatal to the Nation. To keep an Order in the Hiſtory of theſe Ruffians, who abhorred it, I will

* Walſ. *Rex ribaldorum, Idolum ruſticorum.*

* *Walſ.*

give the Van to the Idol of the *Clowns*, it is due to him, he is the firſt who lifts up his Head in the Confuſion among the *Brethren*, and deſerves the firſt Chair. He was the Dragon, and no queſtion in the Concluſion, had ſwallowed up or clipped the reſt; *Liſter Weſtbrome*, and the others mounted highly, but they muſt have been taken down ſome Pins. *Tyler* muſt have Elbow-room, he muſt have been Lord Paramount, and one ſuch Comet would have been more than enough for one Horizon. Beſides, *Kent* and *Eſſex* were the Puddle, the *Lerna* which bred this *Hydra* with the many Heads, which poyſoned moſt of the Counties, and in the Conjunction of theſe two Provinces, *Tyler* the Idol ſwayed all. And here I muſt obſerve this, that however *Walſingham* hatches the Cauſe in *Eſſex*, yet his own Relations of *Ball*, and the Letters and Sermons of this ſeducing Prophet, bring this into queſtion, and by him if *Kent* be not the Mother, yet are the Treaſons of her and *Eſſex*, Siſter-twins of the ſame Birth, *Eſſex* only ſtarted firſt.

The Fire kindled from a ſmall Spark. The *Clowns* of two Villages not named in the *Chronicle* contrive the Conſpiracy there: They ſend Warrants to the ſmaller Towns about, and rather command than intreat, all Men of what Age ſoever, without any Stay or Deliberation, to repair to a Rendezvouz ſet down. The Concluſion was terrible; It threatning plundering of Goods, burning, plucking down Houſes, and cutting off the Heads of thoſe who diſobey the *preſent Power*.

The ſummoned Villages are frighted into Obedience, which is *to rebel*; They leave their Ploughs, their Fields, their Wives and Farms, and in their firſt Riſing no leſs than 5000 of the ſink of the People meet ill armed, ſome with Staves, ſome with ruſty Swords, ſome with Bows and featherleſs Arrows, *few knowing any Cauſe of* their aſſembling, gazing upon one another, and of not finding any Enemies of their own Peace and Good but themſelves. Not one of a thouſand was provided like a Souldier, but their Number ſupplyed all things, they were highly conceited of themſelves, and believed they were invincible, not to be reſiſted. To confirm their Steps, *Baal* (watching to catch, who had long waited for ſuch an Opportunity of Imbroiling) drives them Head-long forward, he writes to them his Letters exhortatory (where to conſecrate the Enterpriſe, Gods Name is brought in; He is made to own the *Cauſe*) compoſed of a Jargon, a canting Gibridge, fit for the Deſign (to abuſe and cheat the Innocent Peaſant, who cannot pry into things, cannot look farther than the Bait) fuller of Riddles than Senſe; one of them, found in the Sleeve of one of theſe wretched Men condemned, and under the Gallows, was this.

Walſ.

John Schep, *ſometimes St.* Mary *Prieſt in* Yorke *and now of* Colcheſter *greeteth well* John *Nameleſs*, *and* John *the Miller*, *and* John Carter, *and biddeth them that they beware of* Guile in Borough (which *Stow* by a notable Miſtake calls *Gillinborough*) *and ſtand together in Gods Name*, *and biddeth* Pierſe *Plowman go to his Work*, *and chaſtiſe* Hob *the Robber*, *and take with you* John Trewman, *and all his Fellows and no mo.* John *the Miller that yground ſmal*, *ſmal*,

ſmal, The King's Sonne of Heaven ſhall pay for all. Beware or ye be woe; Know your Friend from your Foe; Have ynough, and ſay hoe. And do well and better, and flee Sinne and ſeek Peace, and hold therein; And ſo biddeth John Trewman *and all his Fellows.* A Liſt of Sanctity does well in theſe Caſes, but his *ſeeking of Peace, chaſtiſing the Robber, and fleeing of Sinne,* I muſt leave as myſtical. This ſhews the Induſtry, Carefulneſs, and Vigilancy of the Prophet in his Preparations, and his Willingneſs to hurt. He diſperſeth other Letters of this kind, in one, *he chargeth all Men in the Name of the* Trinity, &c. *to ſtand Manlike together, and help* Truth (now we have *Truth* to our Peace) *and* Truth *ſhall help them,* in his Rags of Verſes (for a *Rhimer* he would be) he is as earneſt for *Truth*. They begin,

Jack Trewman doth you to underſtand
That Falſneſs, and Guile hath reigned too long,
And Truth hath been ſet under a Lock,
And Falſneſs reigneth in every Flock,
No Man may come truth to
But he muſt ſing ſi dedero.

Many *Remonſtrances* and *Declarations* flew abroad from him. The *Kentiſhmen*, ſeaſoned by this Prieſt or Prophet of the Idol, are eaſily tempted by the *Eſſexians* to aſſociate in the Undertaking, and ſhare in the Honour of gaining *Liberty*, precious *Liberty* for the People, and taking away the evil Cuſtoms of the Kingdom; which is the Glorious Title of the Tumult. This was no more (ſays the Monk) than the *Kentiſhmen* had long wiſhed for.

ſet. They are quickly ready, and by the Arts uſed by thoſe of *Eſſex* put all the Country into a Combuſtion. That they may not appear with too much Horror at the firſt Sight, they would ſeem to pretend to an Outſide Piety; *they account* (ſo they tell the *Kingdom and the World*) *the profeſſing of any thing in the ſight of God, the ſtrongeſt Obligation that any Chriſtian, and the moſt ſolemn publick Faith, that any ſuch State, as a* Common-wealth *can give. In all Humility and Reverence they contrive a Sacred Vow and Covenant.*

Walſ.

They faſten the knot of their *Holy League* with *National Covenants* and *Oaths*, which themſelves will firſt break (than which there can be no ſtronger tie; Religion conſiſts in Faith, he who loſes his Faith hath loſt himſelf) Oaths contrary to their ſworn Allegiance, and former Oaths, which is a moſt abſurd Impiety; here God muſt be called upon to help, and witneſs the Perfidiouſneſs. Oaths uſe to end —— *ſo help me God* —— He who performs not his Oath, directly and plainly, renounces God, and all that is Sacred and Divine: To ſwear to Day againſt what we were ſworn to yeſterday, muſt be ſtrange amongſt Chriſtians; theſe Impieties being once allowed, there can be neither Peace, Society, nor Government amongſt Men ſafe and undangered. The Ways leading to *Canterbury* are beſet, the Pilgrims ſwarming thither (according to the Superſtition of thoſe Ages) are ſeized, and forced to ſwear with theſe extraordinary *Workers*. To keep Faith to King *Richard* (*whoſe moſt faithful Servants, moſt humble and Loyal Subjects, they profeſs themſelves to be*) and the *Commons according to their*

Power and Vocation. To accept no King called *John* (a Vanity thrown in for Duke *John* of *Lancaster's* Sake the Kings Uncle, and neglected by the *Norfolk* Reformers, who advanced King *John Lister* to the Soveraignty) To be ready upon Summons to aſſiſt the *Commons* (the great Wheel of the *New State*, for whom this Oath was given, and to be principally reſpected by it.) To induce their Friends and Allies to hold with them, and to allow no Tax but the Fifteenth (which ſay they falſly was the only Tax their Forefathers ever heard of, or ſubmitted to.) How Sacred in all the Parts this *Oath* will be with them (which never was to be intended more than temporary) will ſoon be diſcovered: Diverſity of Words cannot change the Nature of things. Their firſt March is to *Canterbury*, where they viſit *Thomas* of *Canterbury* who lived and dyed a Rebel to his Prince, and to uſe the Words of *Roger a Norman*, in *Cæſarius* the Monk *deſerved Death and Damnation for the Contumacy againſt his King, the Miniſter of God*, a fit Saint for ſuch Votaries; their Kindneſs was not much, they ſpoil his Church, break up the Biſhops Chamber, and make a Prey of all they find, [illegible] the Biſhop ſhall give them an Account of the Profits of his Chancery; and here they begin their [illegible]

Froiſſ.

Cæſar Dial. l. 8. c. 6.

Thus we ſee our *New Reformers* are entred, but Sacriledge ushers them in, they break upon the Priſons and free the *Saints in Bondage*, *Ball*; when they had done what they came for, the Citizens, who had entertain'd them, willingly leave their Houſes to keep them Company; a Council is called to reſolve upon what Ground the next Storm ſhould

pour

put down. *London* ever falſe to the Prince. The Wood, which no doubt would lodge the Wolves, is ſet by their Orders. *Tyler* the idol who knew his Reign would laſt no longer, than while theſe Men continued mad, thought this the only place likely to keep them ſo; *London* too was the faireſt Mark; and beſides, the *Clowns* were aſſured of a Welcome upon a private Invitation from ſome of the Citizens, whoſe Anceſtors and Predeceſſors in all Ages, in the Tumults of the Confeſſor S. *Edwards* Reign, in all the Barons Wars ſince, have gained the Renown to be Lovers of Reformation otherwiſe pure Rebellion, Enemies to Courtiers and Malignants, Enemies to the Enemies of their dear Liberties, which yet ſometimes they purſue with too much Heat and blind Zeal, ſometimes to their Coſt and Repentance, miſtaking every where both Notions and Things; the Bridles which they without Fear or Wit, provide for their Kings being often thruſt into their own Mouths by the New Riders, which themſelves lift into the Saddle, while they grown ſober Mules, dare neither kick nor fling. *Behold the common People* (ſays the Knight) *when they be up againſt their Prince, and eſpecially in* England, *among them there is no Remedy for they are the periloſeſt People of the World and moſt outrageous if they be up, and ſpecially the Londoners*; ſays the Monk, the Londoners never want Fury if they be not kept in, if Licenſe or Inſolence be permitted them. The Princeſs *Dowager* of the incomparable *Edward* the black Prince, Mother of the young King, then at *Canterbury*, hardly eſcapes theſe Savages, who rudely aſſault her Chair,

Froiſſ. Walſ. Lond. quaſi ſcaena, ergo furialis.

and put her and her Ladies in no ſmall Fear of Vil-lany to be done to their Perſons.

This Princeſs was ſo willing to be out of their reach, that notwithſtanding ſhe was very fat and unwieldy, ſhe got to *London* in a Day. *Tyler*, who had inſinuated himſelf into the good Grace of theſe Churls, by appearing the moſt ſtirring and active of the Kennel, who began and ruled the Cry, and was by I know not what Ceremony, perhaps like that Iriſh Election by caſting an old Shoe over his Head, declared Prince of the Rabble, leads them to *Rocheſter*, which will not come behind *Canterbury* in Kindneſs. The People of the Town (ſays the Knight) were of the ſame Sect, it ſeems the Caſtle (once one of the ſtrongeſt in the Kingdom,) was now neither fortified nor manned, the Governour Sir *John Newton* yields himſelf into their Hands; he was one of the Kings Family, of his Houſhold, and muſt be thought awed, as he was into the Engagement. Here the *Commons* might be thought aſhamed of their own Choice, they offer Sir *John* the General's Staff, which had he accepted, he muſt have commanded according to the Motions of *Lieutenant General Tyler's* Spirit, and when this turn had been over, at the leaſt ſtamp of his Foot have vaniſhed, ſneaked off the Stage.

They tell him, Sir *John* you muſt be our Captain, and (which ſhews the Power of *Preſs* [illegible] his Commiſſion) you ſhall do what we will have you. The Knight likes not their Company, he trys his beſt Wit and Language to be rid of them but could not prevail. They reply downright, Sir *John* if you will not doe what we will have you, you muſt dye for it; we will not be denyed, but at your Peril. E-

nough

ough was ſaid, the Knight yields, but his Charge of *Captain General* is forgotten; we ſhall ſee hereafter what Uſe they make of him, and in what manner he muſt be employed. This Example is followed in the other Countrys. The Gentry did not only loſe their Eſtates, and Honour, but their Courage and Gallantry, their Bloods were frozen, Fear had ſtifled their Spirits. The *Clowns* (as the Knight) had brought them into ſuch Obeyſance, that they cauſed them to go with them, whether they would or not, they fawned on them, humbled themſelves to them, like Dogs groveling at their Feet. The *Lord Molines*, Sir *Stephen Hales*, Sir *Thomas Gewſighen*, this Sir *John Moton*, and others were Attendants and Vaſſals to the *Idol*. Every Day new Heaps of Men flock to them, like *Catalines* Troops, all that were neceſſitous at Home, Unthrifts, broken Fellows, ſuch as for their Miſdeeds feared the Juſtice of the Laws; who *reſent the dangerous and diſtracted State of the Kingdom alike*; and will no doubt hammer out an Excellent Reformation, they will mend their own Condition, which will be enough, we muſt expect no more; and now the Confidence in their Strength made them bold enough to throw off their Mask of Hypocriſie, they began to open the Inſide. They departed from *Rocheſter* (ſays *Froiſſart*) and paſſed the River (he ſays the *Thames* at *Kingſtone*) and came to *Brentford*, (where I think he leads them out of their Way) beating down before them, and round about, the Places and Houſes of Advocates, and Procurers, and ſtriking off the Heads of diverſe

Walſ. *qui conſciaram juris timebant propter malefacta, &c.*

verſe Perſons. *Walſingham* tells us, who theſe Advocates and Procurers were; All Men (ſays he) were amuſed, ſome looked for good from the new Maſters, others feared this Inſurrection would prove the Deſtruction of the Realm. The laſt were not deceived. All the Lawyers of the Land (ſo he goes on) as well the Apprentices, Counſellors, as old Juſtices, all the Jury-men of the Country, (this was Prieſt *Ball's* Charge) they could gripe in their Clutches had their Heads chopped off.

It was a Maxim of the *Cabal*, That there could be no Liberty, while any of theſe Men were ſuffered to breath. From little to great they fell upon things which they never thought of in their firſt Overflow, which *Guicciardine* obſerves (in civil Diſcords, where the Rebellion is Fortunate and Mens Minds are puft up with Succeſs) to be Ordinary. The Statue of *Cumean Apollo* weeps for the Deſtruction of *Cumæ*, we ſhall here read of Men without Senſe or Apprehenſions; both the Stories will ſeem as Incredible. The ſtupid Nobility and Gentry ſleep in their Houſes, till they are rouſed by theſe Blood-hounds, that they might ſeem to deſerve the Calamity tumbling upon their Heads. They were becoming Tenants at Will, in Villenage, to their Vaſſals, under their Diſtreſs, their Task, and Taxes, more by the ſottiſh Baſeneſs of themſelves, than any Vertue in theſe Ruffians; ſcorned and ſleighted by every tatter'd Clown. Their Lands continually upon any Vote or Information to be ſold, or given away upon any Information of Loyalty, or Faithfulneſs. The ancient Vertues of the Gentleman, not to be found in this age, and ſerving only for a Pretenſe to Ruin; no one could form an Expectation of more than this, to be the laſt Man born, (what was *Polyphemus* his Kindneſs to *Ulyſſes*) to be devoured laſt; all which they were contented to hazard, and indure to preſerve a Shred, or jagg of an incertain ragged Eſtate (for the Health or Miſtreſſes Sake) ſubject ever to the Violence of the ſame lawleſs ſpoiling Force, which maimed and rent it before. Next (to return to this Riffraff) their Cruelty reaches to Parchment Deeds, Charters, Rolls of Courts; Evidences are caſt by them into the Fire, as if they meant to aboliſh all Remembrance of things; this was to defeat their Lords in the Claims of any ancient Rights; and to leave no Man more Title than themſelves had to their Sword and Power.

Walſ.

The *Kentiſh* and *Eſſexian* Rout, were joyned (ſays the Monk, but he tells us not where) and approached near *London*; at *Black-heath* they made an Halt, where they were near 200000 ſtrong.

Walſ.

Thither came two Knights ſent by the King to them, to inquire the Cauſe of the Commotion, and why they had amaſſed ſuch Swarms of the People. They anſwer, they met to conferr with the King concerning Buſineſs of Weight; they tell the Meſſengers they ought to go back to the King and ſhew him, that it behoves him to come to them, they would acquaint him with their Deſires (we ſhall quickly diſcover why his Preſence was required.) Upon Return of the Knights, it was debated in Council by the Lords about the King, whether he ſhould go or no; Some of the Table more willing to venture the King than themſelves, willing to throw him into the Gulph, or perhaps not ſeeing the Deſign of the *Clowns*, perſwade him to ſe them: Your Majeſty (thus they) muſt make a Tryal of theſe Men, Neceſſity now muſt be looked on above Reaſon; if any thing can give the Check to the Uproars, it muſt be your Preſence, there can be no Safety but in this Venture; it is now as dangerous to ſeem not to truſt, as to be deceived; Fate is too much feared, if it be imagined that this Tree of your Empire, which has flouriſhed ſo many Ages, can fall in an Hour.

Walſ.

The Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, *Simon Theobald* of *Sudbury*, Lord Chancellor of *England*, the moſt Eloquent, and wiſe, and moſt pious Prelate of the Age, Faithful to his Prince, and therefore odious to thoſe who conſpired againſt his Majeſty and Authority, likes not the Advice; the King ought not (ſays he) venture his Perſon among ſuch *hoſeleſs Ribaulds, but rather diſpoſe things ſo as to curb their Inſolence: Sir, (ſays he) *Your Sacred Majeſty in this Storm ought to ſhew how much of a King you can play; what you will go for hereafter; by your preſent Carriage, you will either be feared for the Future, or contemned; if you ſeriouſly conſider the Nature of theſe rough hewn Savages, you will find the gentle Ways pernicious, your Tameneſs will undoe you, Mercy will ever be in your Power, but it is not to be named without the Sword drawn; God and your Right hath placed you in your Throne, but your Courage and Reſolution muſt keep you there; your Indignation will be Juſtice; good Men will think it ſo, and if they love you, you have*

Diſcaligatos ribauldos.

enough

nough, you cannot capitulate, nor treat with your Rebels, without hazarding your Honour, and perhaps your Royal Faith; if you yield to the Force of one Sedition, your whole Life and Reign will be nothing but a Continuation of Broils, and Tumults; if you aſſert your Sovereign Authority betimes, not only theſe Dowlés, theſe Sots, but all Men elſe will reverence you. Remember Sir, God, by whom Lawful Princes Reign, whoſe Vicegerent you are, would not forgive Rebellion in Angels; you muſt not truſt the Face. Petitions delivered you upon Swords Points are fatal; if you allow this Cuſtom you are ruined; as yet Sir, you may be obeyed as much as you pleaſe. Of this Opinion was Sir *Robert Hales*, Lord *Prior* of Saint *John* of *Jeruſalem*, newly Lord Treaſurer of *England*, a Magnanimous and ſtout Knight, but not liked by the Commons. When this Reſolution was known to the *Clowns*, they grow ſtark mad, they bluſter, they ſwear to ſeek out the Kings Traitors, (for ſuch they muſt now go for; no Man was either good or honeſt, but he who pleaſed them) the Archbiſhop and Lord *Prior*; and to chop off their Heads; here they might be truſted, they were likely to keep their Words.

Hereupon, without more Conſideration they advance towards *London*, not forgetting to burn, and raze the Lawyers and Courtiers Houſes in the Way, to the Kings Honour no doubt, which they will be thought to arm for. Sir *John Froiſſart*, and others report this part thus, which probably might follow after this Refuſal.

The Rebels, ſay they, ſent their Knight (* ſo they called him, yet was he the Kings Knight, for *Tyler* came not

* *Grafton.*

up to Dubbing, we find no *Sir John*, nor Sir *Thomas* of his making,) Sir *John Moton* to the King, who was then in the Tower with his Mother, his half Brothers *Thomas Holland* Earl of *Kent*, after Duke of *Surrey*, and the Lord *Holland*, the Earls of *Salisbury*, *Warwick*, and *Oxford*, the Archbiſhop, Lord *Prior* and others. The Knight caſts himſelf down at the Kings Feet, beſeeches him, not to look upon him the worſe as in this Quality and Imployment, to conſider he is forced to do what he does: He goes on; Sir, the *Commons* of this Realm (thoſe few in Arms comparatively to the reſt would be taken for the whole) deſire you by me to ſpeak with them. Your Perſon will be ſafe, they repute you ſtill their *King* (this deſerved Thanks) but how long the Kindneſs will hold we ſhall ſoon find, they profeſs that all they had done or would do was for your Honour. *For your Glory (your Honour and Security are their great Care) they will make you a Glorious King, fearful to your Enemies, and beloved of your Subjects; they promiſe you a plentiful and unparalell'd Revenue. They will maintain your Power and Authority in Relation to the Laws, with your Royal Perſon, according to the Duty of their Allegiance, their Proteſtation, their Vow, their ſolemn League and Covenant, without diminiſhing your juſt Power and Greatneſs, and that they will all the Days of their Lives continue in this Covenant againſt all Oppoſition.* They aſſure you Sir, *That they intend faithfully the Good of your Majeſty, and of the Kingdom, and that they will not be diverted from this end by any private or Self-reſpects whatſoever.* But the Kingdom has been a long time ill governed by your Uncles, and the Clergy; eſpecially by the Arch-biſhop of *Canterbury*, of whom they would have an Account. They have found out neceſſary Counſels for you; they would warn you of many things, which hitherto you have wanted good Advice in.

The Concluſion was ſad on the Knights part. His Children were Pledges for his Return, and if he fail in that, their Lives were to anſwer it. Which moved with the King; he allows the Excuſe, ſends him back with this Anſwer, that he will ſpeak with the *Commons* the next Morning; which it ſhould ſeem the report of the Outrages done by the *Clowns* upon his Refuſal, and this Meſſage made him conſent to. At the time appointed he takes his Barge, and is rowed down to *Redriffe*, the place neareſt the Rebels; Ten thouſand of them deſcend from the Hill to ſee, and treat with him, (with a Reſolution to yield to nothing, to overcome by the Treaty; as they muſt have done, had not the Kings Fear preſerved him.) When the Barge drew nigh, the new Council of State (ſays our Knight) howled, and ſhouted, as though all the Devils of Hell had been amongſt them; Sir *John Moton* was brought toward the River guarded, they being determined to have cut him in peices, if the King had broke his Promiſe.

Froiſſ.

All the Deſires of theſe good and faithful Counſellors contracted ſuddenly into a narrow Room, they had now but one Demand. The King asks them, *What is the matter which made them ſo earneſtly ſollicite his Preſence?* They have no more to ſay, but to intreat him to land; which was to betray himſelf to them, to give his Life and Soveraignty

raignty up to thoſe fickle Beaſts, to be held of them during their good Pleaſures; which the Lords will not agree to. The Earl of *Salisbury*, of the ancient Nobility, and Illuſtrious Houſe of *Montacute*, tells them their Equipage and Order were not comely, and that the King ought not to adventure amongſt their Troops. They are now more unſatisfied, and *London* how true ſoever to the *Cauſe*, and faithleſs to the Prince, ſhall feel the Effects of their Fury. *Southwark* a friendly Borough, is taken up for their firſt Quarters. Here again they throw down the Malignants Houſes, and as a Grace of their Entrance, break up the Kings Priſons, and let out all thoſe they find under Reſtraint in them; not forgetting to ranſack the Arch-biſhops Houſe at *Lambeth*, and ſpoil all things there —— plucking down the Stews ſtanding upon the Thames *Bank*, and allowed in the former Ages. It cannot be thought but that the Idol loved Adultery well enough, but perhaps theſe publick Bawdy-houſes were too unclean, and might ſtink in his Noſtrils; we cannot find him any where quarrelling with the Bears, thoſe were no Malignants.

Wall. They knocked not long at the City-Gates, which (ſome ſay) were never ſhut againſt them, or (as others) quickly opened: The Citizens fancyed themſelves Privy Counſellors born, inſpired from their Shops for Affairs of State, and would not ſuppoſe the Reformation could be effected without them. They were rich by Lyes, and all the moſt ſordid Ways of Falſhood, and muſt be ſage and knowing; Pride the firſt Sin the Devil taught Man tickles them. The Mayor Sir *William Waleworth*, whoſe Memory (while Truth and Loyalty ſhall be thought Vertues) muſt be Honourable, and nine of the Aldermen held for King *Richard*, in vain; a proſperous wicked Chief ſhall never want wicked Inſtruments; three Aldermen, and the greateſt part of the People for the King of the *Commons*, the Idol, and his Prieſts. Thoſe, the *Confiders*, and well-affected to *Tyler*, forbid their Mayor to keep him out, own his Actions, as done for the Good of the faithful People of the Land, and the *Common-wealth*, and his Followers for their Brethren and Companions of the *Holy Cauſe. They vow to live and dye with Tyler.* Many of thoſe who had no thoughts of doing Miſchief (yet being none of the wiſeſt) were cheated into a good Belief of them, becauſe of their *Proteſtation* (which in their firſt Entrance they made ſolemnly) that they had no Intent, but this only, to ſearch and hunt out the Traitors of the Kingdom, the *Subverters of the fundamental Laws, evil Counſellors and Malignants*, and that this done they would give over, they would disband, and return home the ſame Men they were, to their Farms and Cottages, without enriching themſelves, without any other Harveſt of their Labour; *not doubting but that in the end, it ſhould appear to all the World, that their Endeavours have been moſt hearty and ſincere, for the Maintenance of Religion, the Kings juſt Prerogatives, the Laws and Liberties of the Land; in which Endeavours, by the Grace of God, they would perſiſt, though they ſhould periſh in the Work.* Which was believed. What confirmed this Faith was, they made Theft Capital (which yet was confined, all without the

Fold of the Godly were *Ægyptians*, and could not be robbed) and paid juſtly for what they had, but they paid not often, nor could their Reckonings be great.

The Citizens were their Purveyors, and made Proviſion for them; every Houſe was open to them, and Tables continually furniſhed. Their Entry was on the 14th. of *June*, 1385. on Wedneſday (a little before Midſummer) the Eve of *Corpus Chriſti* Day; they ſpend the Morning of the next Day, being the Feſtival, in Ringes, diſcourſing of the Piety, Honeſty, and Fairneſs of their Cauſe, of Liberty and the Courſes to gain it, Of ſeizing Traitors, *Of bringing Incendiaries*, *Malignants, and evil Inſtruments to condign Puniſhment*, Of the Duke *John* of *Lancaſter*, who was above all Men hated by them, but too far off for the Scratches of their Claws, being imployed in *Scotland* to treat a Peace there, whence theſe report him turned a Traytor to the *King*, and become Scottiſh: About Noon, being warmed more by their Cups, than with the Sun, for the richeſt Wines were drawn for them, and ſwallowed with that Greedineſs, that they were got to the height of Drunkenneſs and raved like Mad-men, they are for Execution; the Savoy of the Duke of *Lancaſter*, a Princely Building, the moſt ſtately Fabrick of the Kingdom was fired by them, his Servants there murthered, his Plate and Jewels broke in pieces, a Coat of his of great Value (called in that Age a Jack) in Contempt and Scorn to this Prince, was ſtuck on the top of a Launce, made a Mark for their Arrows, then cut and gaſhed to Jaggs with their Hatchets; one of them who had hid a piece of Plate, was thrown by the reſt into the Fire with it, crying out, *We be zealous of Truth and Juſtice, and not Thieves and Robbers.* The *Londoners* were here no ſlow Men, they knew themſelves guilty of receiving, and that their Condition could be no worſe; they might think too, it would be their ſhame for ever to be overdone in Miſchief, nor were they here exceeded.

Knighton.

Walſ.

The next fiery Shower is diſcharged upon the Temple and Inns of Court, or Colledges for Students of the Laws of the Nobler ſort, but belonging to the Knights of Saint *John of Jeruſalem*, to whom the Poſſeſſions of the Knights Templers were given by this Kings Grandfather. Many Men loſt there the Evidences of their Eſtates, many their Lives. From hence in Malice to the Lord *Prior*, they haſten to *Clerkenwel*, where they leave nothing of that Noble Palace of the Knights of S. *John* of *Jeruſalem*, but Rubbiſh, and Aſhes, their Church too was conſumed in the ſame wicked Flames. This Houſe was ſeven days burning down. They break open the Exchequer and rifle *Weſtminſter* the ſame day. The *Flemmings* or *Dutch* Strangers, who ſince the *Jews* were baniſhed, ſuffer their part in every Sedition, are ſought for all the Streets through, all of them maſſacred, no Sanctuary could ſave them; thirteen *Flemmirgs* were drawn out of the Church of the Friers Hermits of Saint *Auguſtine*, and beheaded in the Streets, and ſeventeen others pulled out of another parochial Church dye in the ſame manner. They had a *Shibboleth* to diſcover them, he who pronounced *Brot* and *Cawſe*, for *Bread* and *Cheeſe* had his Head lopt off; it was their Sport if they could catch any Man, who had not ſworn their *Oath*, was not of the ſide, or was hated by any of the *Commons*, to ſnatch off his Hood or Capuch (which was a part of the Cloak, or outward Garment worn then, and ſerved to cover the Head) with the accuſtomed Cry, or yelling which they uſed in beheading and overthrowing Houſes; then to ruſh into the Streets, and hack with their Fellow Jobernolls, at his Neck in Crowds, till the Head dropped down.

Our moſt Famous *Chaucer* flouriſhing then, in his Deſcription of the terrible Fright and Noiſe, at the carrying away of *Chanticlere* the Cock by *Reinold* the Fox, reflects upon theſe Crys, but in an Hyperbole of his Poetical feigned ones, and much undervaluing the Horror of the *Kentiſh* Throats, as he will have it.

They yellen as Fiends do in Hell, &c.
So hideous was the Noiſe, Ah benedicite!
Certes Jack-Straw ne his meney
Ne made Shouts half ſo ſhrill,
When they would any Flemming kill.

The *Lombards* ſcaped better, they were only robbed of what they had, their Skins were left them whole. *Wat* the Idol had long agone in *France* ſerved *Richard Lyon* a Merchant, and Lapidary, formerly Sheriff of *London*, one of the wealthieſt of the City, who had given him Blows; it was not fit this Injury ſhould be forgotten, nor was it; it was a Score now, or never to be paid; he ſtrikes off his old Maſters Head, which in Triumph is carried before him on a Spear.

This Night the King was counſelled to fall upon theſe Beaſts, for the moſt part drunk, and cut their Throats, eaſie to be deſtroyed, if any Man had had but the Courage to overcome. It was the Gallant Mayors Advice, they lay on Heaps without Senſe or Motion, tired with the Miſchiefs of the Day, drunk and aſleep, without Guards or Watch; the Earl of *Salisbury* and the Nobility, againſt whoſe Lives, Honours and Fortunes theſe Beaſts had conſpired, deſire the King to try all fair and gentle Ways of appeaſing them, which Counſel he approves. They were not ſo kind to themſelves, many loſt their Lives by the Hands and Swords of their Companions; every petty diſcontent, or grudging, being enough to provoke them. Thirty two of them being drunk in a Cellar of the *Savoy*, were immured there, finding in the ſame place Death and the Grave together. Some of them threw Barrels of Gunpowder (which was little known then) into the Fire, and are blown up with part of the Palace.

Proclamations were formerly made in *Tylers* Name, not in *Straws*, (as *Polydore* would have it.) *Straw* was this while buſied elſewhere. The Country about was by theſe Proclamations ſummoned to repair to *London* with all ſpeed, to ſpoil this *Babylon*; the cloſe Menaces (*leſt they provoke Gods Judgments*) pluck them down upon their Heads; which themſelves explain, if ye fail, *if ye and your Officers give not Obedience freely to the Protector*, we will ſend out 20000 Men (20000 of our Locuſts) who ſhall burn the Towns of the Children of Diſobedience. Thoſe of S. *Albans* and *Barnet* (whoſe Famous Deeds challenge a place in this Story by themſelves) ſtruck with the Thunder of this Edict, haſte to *London*; in their *Walſ.* Journey thither, at *Heibury*, a retiring Houſe of the Lord *Prior* of S. *John* near *Iſlington*, they find 20000. or thereabouts, caſting down the firmer parts of the Houſe, which the Fire could not conſume.

Jack Straw Captain of this *Richard.* Herd, calls theſe new Comers to him, and forces them to ſwear to adhere to King *Richard*, and the Commons. How long this *Oath* will be ſworn to we ſhall ſee, and how much the ſafer the King will be for it.

We ſhall ſee too what is loſt by this new Union of King and Commons, by the new Fellowſhip to obſerve the horrible Irreligious Hypocriſie of theſe *Clowns*, who only would be thought the *Protectors* of his Crown and Perſon. They alſo had decreed his Ruin, who ſwear thus often to prevent it, to guard him from it; *A Treaſon* not to be believed by ſome then, till it had taken. The Commons were then divided into three Bodies, this with *Jack Straw*, the ſecond at *Mile-end* under the Eſſexian Princes, *Kirkby*, *Treder*, *Scot*, and *Rogge*, the third on Tower-hill, where the Idol, and Prieſt *Baal* were in Chief.

This laſt Crue grew horribly rude, and haughty; the Commons there were not contented to be the Kings Taſters and no more, they ſnatch the Kings Proviſion violently from the Purveyors, he is to be ſtarved for his own Good, and after Harpies or Vultures, chuſe you whether, ſtrike high, like brave Birds of Prey they will kill no more Flies; this was the Way to ſecure their ſmaller

Miſchiefs. *Polydores* conceit that the Arch-biſhop and Lord Prior of S. *John*, were ſent out by the King to allay their Heat, is not probable.

Walſingham relates it thus, that they demanded theſe two (with full Crys no doubt of *Juſtice, Juſtice*) with ſome others Traitors by their *Law*, (a *Fundamental*, never to be found or heard of before) to be given up to them by the King with all the Earneſtneſs, and Violence imaginable.

They give him his Choice, bid him conſider of it, they will either have the Blood of *theſe their Traitors* or *his*; they making all thoſe *Delinquents who attended on him*, or *executed his lawful Commands*; whom ſay they, the King *with a high and forcible Hand protects*, will not be appeaſed unleſs they be delivered up, conjuring him to be wiſe in time, and *diſmiſs his extraordinary Guards*, *his Cavaliers*, *and others of that Quality*, *who ſeem to have little Intereſt*, *or Affection to the publick Good*. Whether the Tower Doors flew open at this Fright, or the Man-wolfs crowded in, at the Kings going out to appeaſe the Party at *Mile-end*, as Sir *John Froiſſart* tells it, *Wat* the Idol with Prieſt *Baal* are now Maſters of the Tower, into which on Fryday the 16th. of *June* they entred, not many more than 400 of their Company guarding them, where then were commanded ſix hundred of the Kings Men of Arms, and ſix hundred Archers, a *Guard* not ſo extraordinary as was neceſſary then, all ſo faint-hearted, ſo unmanned at the Apparition, at the ſight of theſe Goblins, they ſtood like the Stones of *Meduſa*, remembred not themſelves, their Honour, nor

Walſ. *alias ſciret ſemetipſum vita privandum.*

nor what they had been. The *Clowns* the moſt Abject of them ſingly with their Clubs, or Cudgels in their Hands, venture into all the Rooms, into the *Kings* Bedchamber, (which perhaps had been his Scaffold had he been there) ſit, lie, and tumble upon his Bed, they preſs into his Mothers Chamber, where ſome of the merry wanton Devils offer to kiſs her, others give her Blows, break her Head. She ſwoons, and is carried privately to the Wardrobe by her Servants. Some revile and threaten the Nobleſt Knights of the Houſhold, ſome ſtroke their Beards with their unclean Hands (which beyond the Roman Patience in the ſame Rudeneſs from the *Gauls* is endured) and this to claw, and ſweeten (they meant it ſo) they gloſs with ſmooth Words, and beſpeak a laſting Friendſhip for the time to come; they muſt maintain the Injuries done to themſelves; muſt not diſturb the Uſurpers of their Eſtates and Rights; muſt not ſhew any Senſe of Generoſity, of Faith, of Honour, (it concerned *Tyler* that they ſhould be the verieſt Fools and Cowards breathing) if they ſtir, make any Claims, they ſhall be reputed Seditious, Turbulent, and Breakers of the Publick (otherwiſe and plainly) *Tylers Peace*. It was never heard (ſays the Emperor *Charles* in *Sleydan*) that it ſhould be lawful to deſpoil any Man of his Eſtates and Rights, and unlawful to reſtore him: Our *Tyler* and his Anabaptiſts thought otherwiſe.

As *Walſingham*, they went in and out like Lords, who were Varlets of the loweſt Rank, and thoſe who were not Cowherds to Knights, but to *Boors*, value themſelves beyond Knights. Here was a

Hotchpotch of the Rabble, a mechanick ſordid State, compoſed as thoſe under *Kettes* Oak of *Reformation*, after,

Of Country gnoffes, Hob, Dick,
and Hick, with Clubs, and
clouted ſhoon.

Nevilli kettum.

A medley or huddle of Botchers, Coblers, Tinkers, Draymen, of Apron-men and Plough-joggers, domineering in the Kings Palace, and rooting up the Plants and wholeſome Flowers of his Kingdom in it. This place was now a vile and naſty Stye, no more a Kings Palace, who will value a ſtately Pile of Building, of Honourable Title, or Antique Memory, ſince *Conſtantine*, when it is infected with the Plague, haunted by Goblins, or poſſeſſed by Thieves. The Knights of the Court, were but Knights of the Carpet or Hangings. No Man ſeemed diſcontented, all was huſht and ſtill. White-hall was then a Biſhops Palace. The Tower was to be prepared for *Tylers* Highneſs, and his Officers but the Cement of the Stratocracy of the Government by Sword, and Club Law, could not be well tempered with vulgar Blood; a Servant of the Arch-Biſhops (who had truſted himſelf to theſe Guards and Walls) is forced to betray his Lord. He brings them into the Chappel, where the Holy Prelate was at his Prayers, where he had celebrated Maſs that Morning before the *King*, and taken the Sacred Communion; where he had ſpent the whole Night in watching and Devotion, as preſaging what followed.

Walſ. *Sacram Communionem.*

He was a Valiant Man and Pious, and expected theſe Blood-hounds with great Security and Calmneſs of Mind; when their bellowing firſt ſtruck his Ears, he tells his Servants that Death came now as a more particular Bleſſing; where the Comforts of Life were taken away, that Life was irkſome to him, (perhaps his pious Fears for the Church and Monarchy, both alike indangered, and fatally tied to the ſame Chain, might make him weary of the World) and that he could now dye with more quiet of Conſcience than ever; a Quiet which theſe Parricides will not find, when they ſhall pay the Score of this and their other Crimes. However the Flattery of Succeſs may abuſe, our Death-bed repreſents things in their own Shape, and as they are: After this the Rout of Wolves enter prophanely roaring, where is the *Traitor*, where is the Robber of the *Common People*? He anſwers, not troubled at what he ſaw or heard,

Ye are welcome, my Sons. I am the *Arch-Biſhop* whom you ſeek, neither *Traitor* nor *Robber*. Preſently theſe Limbs of the Devil griping him with their wicked Clutches, tear him out of the Chappel, neither reverencing the *Altar*, nor *Crucifix* figured on the top of his Croſier, nor the *Hoſt*, (theſe are the Monks Obſervations, for which he condemns them in the higheſt Impiety, and makes them worſe than *Devils*, and as Religion went then, well he might condemn them ſo.) They drag him by the Arms and Hood to Tower Hill without the Gates, there they howl hideouſly, which was the Sign of a Miſchief to follow.

He asks them what it is they purpoſe? what is his Offence? tells them he is their *Arch-Biſhop* (this makes him guilty, all his Eloquence, his Wiſdom are now of no Uſe) he adds the Murder of their Soveraign *Paſtor* will be ſeverely puniſhed, ſome notorious Vengeance will ſuddenly follow it. Theſe Deſtroyers will not trouble themſelves with the idle Formality of a Mock-trial or Court of their own erecting; an abominable Ceremony, which had made their Impiety more ugly; they proceed down-right and plainly, which muſt be inſtead of all things. He is commanded to lay his Neck upon the Block, as a falſe Traitor to the *Commonalty* and Realm: To deal roundly, his Life was forfeited, and any particular Charge, or Defence would not be neceſſary, his Enemies were his Accuſers, and Judges, (his Enemies who had combined and ſworn to aboliſh his Order, the Church, and ſpoil the Sacred Patrimony) and what Innocency, what Defence could ſave? Without any Reply farther, he forgives the Headſman, and bows his Body to the Axe.

Qui paſtor, &c.

After the firſt hit, he touches the Wound with his Hand and ſpeaks thus, *It is the Hand of the Lord.* The next Stroke falls upon his Hand, e'er he could remove it, cuts off the tops of his Fingers, after which he fell, but dyed not till the eighth Blow; his Body lay all that day unburied, and no Wonder, all Men were throughly Scared, under the Tyranny of theſe Monſters, all Humanity, all Piety were moſt unſafe.

Ah, ah, manus Domini.

The Arch-biſhop dyed a Martyr of Loyalty to his *King*, and has his * Miracles recorded, an Honour often beſtowed by Monks (Friends of *Regicide*, and *Regicides*,) on Traitors, ſeldom given to honeſt Men. In his Epitaph (his riming *Epitaph*, where is ſhewn the pittiful ignorant Rudeneſs of thoſe times) he goes for no leſs, he ſpeaks thus:

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* *Walſ.*

Sudburiæ natus Simon *jacet hic tumulatus*,
Martyrizatus nece pro republica ſtratus.

Sudburies Simon here intombed lies,
Who for the *Common-wealth* a Martyr dies.

It is fit (ſays *Plato*) that he who would appear a juſt Man, become Naked, that his Vertue be diſpoiled of all Ornament, that be he taken for a wicked Man by others (wicked indeed) that he be mocked, and hanged. The wiſeſt of Men tell us, † There is a Juſt Man that periſheth in his Righteouſneſs, and there is a wicked Man that prolongeth his Life in his Wickedneſs. The Seas are often calm to Pirates, and the Scourges of God, the Executioners of his Fury, the *Goths*, *Hunns* and *Vandals* heretofore, *Tartars* and *Turks* now, how happy are their Robberies, how do all things ſucceed with them beyond their Wiſhes! Our Saviours Paſſion, the great Myſtery of his Incarnation loſt him to the *Jews* his Murtherers. Whereupon *Grotius* notes, it is often permitted by God, that pious Men be not only vexed by wicked Men, but murdered too—— He gives Examples in *Abel*, *Iſaiah*, and others; the MESSIAH dyed for the Sins of the World, *Ethelbert* and Saint *Edmund* the East-Angles,

† Eccleſ. 7. 15.

Grot. *Sæpe à deo permitti, ut pii ab impiis non vexentur modo, ſed interficiantur.*

Eaſt-Angles, Saint *Oſwald* the Northumbrian, *Edward* the Monarch, &c. Saxon Kings, are Examples at Home.

Thucidides in his Narration of the Defeat and Death of *Nician* the *Athenian* in *Sicily*, ſpeaks thus: *Being the Man of all the* Grecians *of my Time, had leaſt deſerved to be brought to ſo great a Degree of Miſery.* It is too frequent to proclaim Gods Judgments in the Misfortunes of others, as if we were of the Celeſtial Council, had ſeen all the Wheels, or Orbs, upon which Providence turns, and knew all the Reaſons and Ends which direct and govern its Motions: Men love by a ſtrange Abſtraction to ſeperate Facts from their Crimes; where the Fact is Beneficial, the Advantage muſt canonize it, it muſt be of Heavenly Offſpring, a Way to juſtifie *Cain*, *Abimelech*, *Phocas*, our Third *Richard*, *Ravilliac*, every lucky Parricide whatſoever.

Alexander Severus that moſt excellent Emperor, aſſaſſinated by the Militia or Souldiery, by an ill Fate of the *Common-wealth* (for *Maximinus* a *Thracian* or Goth, *Lieutenant General* of the Army, a cruel Savage Tyrant, by Force uſurped the Empire after him) replyed, to one who pretended to foretell his End; That it troubled him not, the moſt Renowned Perſons in all Ages dye violently. This Gallant Prince condemned to Death, but a diſhoneſt fearful one. Heaven it ſelf declared on the Arch-biſhops ſide, and cleared his Innocency. *Starling* of *Eſſex*, who challenged to himſelf the Glory of being Headſman, fell mad ſuddenly after, ran through the Villages with his Sword hanging naked upon his Breaſt, and his Dagger naked behind him, came up to *London*, confeſt freely the Fact and loſt his Head there: As moſt of thoſe did, who had laid their Hand upon this Arch-biſhop, coming up ſeverally ou of their Countrys to that City, and conſtantly accuſing themſelves for the Parricide of their Spiritual Father. Nothing was now unlawful, there could be no Wickedneſs after this; they mak more Examples of barbarous Cruelty under the Name of Juſtice.

Robert Lord *Prior* of St. *John*, and Lord Treaſurer of *England*, *John Leg*, or *Leige* one of the Kings Serjeants at Arms, a *Franciſcan*, a Phyſician belonging to the Duke of *Lancaſter* (whom perhaps they hated, becauſe they had wronged his Maſter) a Friar *Carmelite*, the Kings Confeſſor were murdered there in this Fury. Whoſe Head with the Arch-biſhops, were born before them through *London* Streets, and advanced over the Bridge.

This while the *King* was ſoftning the Rebel of *Eſſex* at *Mile-end*, with the Earls of *Saliſbury*, *Warwick*, and *Oxford*, and other Lords. Thithe by Proclamation he had ſummoned them, to preſuming the *Eſſexians* to be more civilized, and b much the fairer Enemies, as indeed they were There he promiſes to grant them their Deſires. *Liberty*, *precious Liberty*, is the thing they ask, thi is given them by the *King*, but on Condition o good Behaviour. They are to ceaſe their Burning, and Deſtruction of Houſes, to return quietly to their Homes, and offend no Man in thei Way. Two of every Village were to ſtay as Agents behind for the *Kings* Charters, which coul not be got ready in time. Farther the *King* offer them his *Banners*.

Some of them were ſimple, honeſt People, of no ill Meaning, who knew not why the Garboils were begun; nor why they came thither. Theſe were won, and win others; without more Stir thoſe of *Eſſex* return whence they came. *Tyler* and *Baal* are of another Spirit, they would not part ſo eaſily; *Tyler* the future *Monarch*, who had deſigned an *Empire* for himſelf, and was now, *ſceleribus fuit ferox atque præclarus*, famous for his Villainies and haughty, would not put up ſo, he and his Kentiſh Rabble tarry. The next day being Saturday the 17th, of *June*, was ſpent as the other Days of their Tyranny, in Burning, ruining Houſes, Murthers, and Depopulations.

Froiſſ.

The Night of this Day the Idol and his Prieſt upon a new Reſolution, intended to have ſtruck at the Neck of the Nation, to have murthered the *King* (*the Achan of the Tribes*) probably by Beheading, the Death theſe Parricides had uſed hitherto, the Lords, Gentlemen, the wealthieſt and honeſtieſt part of the Citizens; then to have pillaged their Houſes, and fired the City in four parts; they intended this haſte to avoid odious Partnerſhip in the Exploit, and that thoſe of *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, and other parts might not ſhare in the Spoil. This Counſel of Deſtruction was againſt all Policy, more Profit might have been made of this City by *Exciſe*, *Aſſeſſment*, and *Taxes* upon the *Trade*; *Tyler* might ſooner have enriched himſelf, and have been as ſecure. Eſtates make Men lofty; Fear and Poverty, if we may truſt *Machiavel*, bend and ſupple; every Man had been in Danger, and obnoxious to him, one *Clown* had awed a Street. Near the Abby-Church at *Weſtminſter*, was a Chappel with an Image of the Virgin *Mary*: this Chappel was called the Chappel of our Lady, in the Piew it ſtood, near the Chappel of S. *Stephen*; ſince turned from a Chappel to the Parliament Houſe, here our Lady then (who would not believe it) did great Miracles. *Richards* Preſervation at this time was no ſmall one, being in the Hands of the Multitude, let looſe, and enraged. There he makes his Vows of Safety; after which he rides towards theſe Sons of Perdition under the Idol *Tyler*.

Tyler, who meant to conſume the Day in Cavils, proteſts to thoſe who were ſent by the *King*, to offer thoſe of *Kent* the ſame Peace, which the *Eſſex Clowns* had accepted, that he would willingly embrace a good and honeſt *Peace*, but the *Propoſitions* or *Articles* of it were only to be dictated by himſelf. He is not ſatisfied with the *Kings* Charters. Three Draughts are preſented to him, to Subſtance, no Form would pleaſe; he deſires an *Accommodation*, but he will have *Peace*, and *Truth* together. He exclaims that the *Liberty* there is deceitful, but an empty Name; that while the *King* talks of *Liberty*, he is *actually levying War*, *ſetting up his Standard* againſt his *Commons*; that the good *Commons* are abuſed to their own Ruin, and to the Miſcarriage of the great *Undertaking*; that they have with infinite Pains and Labour acquainted the *King* with their *humble Deſires*, who refuſes to joyn with them, miſled and carried away by a few *evil and rotten-hearted Lords and Delinquents*, contrary to his *Coronation Oath*; *by which he is obliged to paſs all Laws offered him by the Com-*

mons (*whoſe the Legiſlative Power is*) *which Denyal of his, if it be not a Forfeiture of his Truſt and Office* (*both which are now uſeleſs*) *it comes near it, and he is fairly dealt with, if he be not depoſed, which too might be done without any Want of Modeſty or Duty,* and with the Good of the Common-wealth, *the Happineſs of the Nation not depending on him, or any of the Regal Branches* I will *deliver the Nation from the Norman Slavery, and the World* (ſays he) *of an old ſilly Superſtition, That Kings are only the Tenants of Heaven, obnoxious to God alone, cannot be condemned and puniſhed by any Power elſe.* I will make (here he lyed not) *an wholeſome Preſident to the World, formidable to all Tyrannies.* I declare, That *Richard Plantagenet,* or *Richard* of *Bourdeaux, at this time is not in a Condition to govern, I will make no Addreſſes no Application to him, nor receive any from him*; though I am but a *dry Bone,* too unworthy for this great *Calling*, yet I will finiſh the *Work, I will ſettle the Government without the King, and againſt him, and againſt all that take part with him*, which ſufficiently juſtifies our Arms, *God with Us*, ſays he, owns them, Succeſs manifeſts the Righteouſneſs of our Cauſe, this is (ſays he) the Voice of the People, by us *their Repreſentative, and our Counſel. After the Vote of no more Addreſſes,* which with all their other *Votes of Treaſon* were to be ſtyled *the Reſolution of the whole Realm*; and while he ſwells in this Ruffle, Sir *John Newton* a Knight of the Court, is ſent to intreat rather than to invite him to come to the *King*, then in *Smithfield*; where the Idols Regiments were drawn up, and treat with him, concerning the *additional Proviſions* he deſired to be inſerted into the Charter.

No Obſervance was omitted which might be thought pleaſing to his Pride (which Pride was infinitely puffing.) Flattery was ſweet to him, and he had enough of it, that made him bow a little, when nothing elſe could do it. We may judge at the Unreaſonableneſs of his Demands, and Supplys of new *Articles out of his Inſtrument*, by one: He required of the *King a* Commiſſion to impower himſelf, and a Committee Team of his own chooſing, to cut off the Heads of Lawyers and Eſcheators, and of all thoſe, who by Reaſon of their Knowledge and Place, were any way imployed in the Law. He fancied if thoſe who were learned in the Law, were knocked i'th'Head, all things would be ordered by the Common People; either there would be no Law, or that which was ſhould be declared by him and his, ſubject to their Will, with which his Expreſſion the day before did well agree. Then, attributing all things to God (the God of War) and his conquering Arms, and ſtriking his Sword (which ſhewed the *preſent Power*) on *London-ſtone*,

The *Cyclops*, or Centaur of
Walſingh. *Kent* ſpoke theſe Words: From this Day (or within four Days) all Law (or all the Laws of *England*, as others) ſhall fall from *Wat Tylers* Mouth. The Kings indeed had bound themſelves, and were bound by the Laws. They were named in them. *Tyler* was more than a King, he was an Emperor, he was above the Laws; nor was it fit the old over-worn *Magna Charta* ſhould hold him. *The Supreme Authority and Legiſlative Power* (no one knows how derived) *were to be, and reſide in him, according to the new Eſtabliſhment. Tyler*

like *Homers Mars* λαίλαπι ἶσος was a Whirlwind; he was * *Enyalius in Patroclus* rather a Fencer, a Swash-Buckler than a Senator; his right Arm, his brutiſh Force, not Juſtice, not Reaſon muſt ſway all things. *Tylor* will not rule in Fetters, his Will, his Violence ſhall be called Law, and grievous Slavery under that Will, falſly Peace. Had thoſe, whom no Government never ſo ſweet, and gracious will pleaſe, unleſs the *Supreme Power* be given the People, ſeen the Confuſion and Dangers, the Cruelty and Tyranny of theſe few days, they would quickly have changed this Opinion.

The Knight performs his Embaſſy, he urges the Idol with great Earneſtneſs to ſee the *King*, and ſpeedily. He anſwers, if thou muſt be ſo much for Haſte, get thee back to the *King* thy Maſter I will come when I liſt, yet he follows the Knight on Horſe-back, but ſlowly. In the Way, he is met by a Citizen, who had brought ſixty Doublets for the Commons, *upon the publick Faith*. This Citizen asks him for his Money; he promiſes Payment before Night, and preſſes on ſo near the *King* that his Horſe touched the Croup of the *Kings* Horſe.

Froiſſart reports his Diſcourſe to the *King*: Sir *King* (ſays the Idol) ſeeſt thou yonder People? The *King* anſwers, Yes, and asks him what he means by the Queſtion? He replys they are all at my Command, have ſworn to me Faith, and Truth, to do what I will have them. He and they had broke their Faith and Truth to their Prince, and he thinks theſe Men will be true to him. Here though

* *Potius gladiator quam ſenator.*

though it be a Digreſſion too much, I cannot omit a paſſage of the late Civil Wars of *France*, begun and continued by the *Jeſuited* Party to extirpate the Royal Family there.

D'Avila.

Villars Governour of *Roüen* for the Holy League, tells the Duke of *Mayen*, Captain General of the Rebellion, That he would not obey him; they were both Companions and Spoilers of the State together: The King being levelled, all Men elſe ought to be equal.

The Idol, as he that demanded (ſo the Knight) nothing but Riot, continues his Diſcourſe (thus:) Believeſt thou *King*, that theſe People will depart without thy Letters? The *King* tells him, He means fairly, that he will make good his Word, his Letters are near finiſhed, and they ſhall have them. But the Glory of the Idol (which was meerly the Benefit of Fortune) began to fade, his Principality was too cruel, too violent to be laſting. Vengeance here hovered over his Head, and he who had been the Deſtruction of Multitudes haſtens, nay precipitates his own Fate, and ruins himſelf by his own Fury; he puts himſelf into the *Kings* Power, who ſhould in his firſt towring, had he been wiſely wicked, like a Vulture of the Game, have flown at his Throat. * The judicious Politick will not begin to give over; However will never venture himſelf in the Princes Hands, whom he has juſtly offended by Treaſons againſt his Government.

* *In magnis principiis injuriis non incipitur ut deſiſtatur.*

† *Charles* of *Burgundy* confeſſes this to be a great Folly; his Grandfather *Philip* loſt his Life at *Montereau* upon the *Tonne* by it, and our Idol ſhall not eſcape better.

† *Grand folio Com.*

Sir *John Newton*, the Knight imployed to fetch him, delivered his Meſſage on Horſeback, which is now remembred, and taken for an high Neglect; beſides it ſeemeth the Carriage and Words of the Knight were not very pleaſing. Every Trifle in Omiſſion was Treaſon to the Idols Perſon, and *new State.* He rails foully, draws his Dagger, and bellowing ſout, *Traitor*, menaces to ſtrike the Knight, who returns him in Exchange the Lye; and not to be behind in Blows, draws his: This the Idol takes for an intolerable Affront, but the King fearful of his Servant, cools and aſſwages the Heat; he commands the Knight to diſmount, and offer up his Dagger to the Idol, which (though unwillingly) was done.

This would not take off his Edge: The Prince who yields once to a Rebel, ſhall find Heaps of Requeſts, and muſt deny nothing. The *King* had given away his *Knights* Dagger: Now nothing will content *Tyler* but the *Kings* Sword, with which the *Militia* or Power of Arms impliedly was ſought. This he asks, then again ruſhes upon the *Knight*, vowing never to eat ſtill he have his Head.

When the Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom, whom neither Neceſſity nor Miſery could animate, lye down trampled on by theſe Villaines without Soul, or Motion; in comes the Mayor of *London*, Sir *William Walworth*, the everlaſting

Honour of the Nation, a Man who over-did Ages of the *Roman Scævolæ*, or *Curtii* in an Hours Action and ſnatches the King and Kingdom out of these Flames. He tells the King, it would be a Shame to all Poſterity, to ſuffer more Inſolences from this Hangman, this Lump of Blood. This the reſt of the Courtiers now wakened by their own Danger, (for he who deſtroys one Man contrary to Law or Juſtice, gives all Men elſe Reaſon to fear themſelves and take heed) are Ecchoes to. This puts Daring into the young *King*; he reſolves to hazard all upon this Chance: This Way he could not but dye Kingly, at leaſt, like a Gentleman, with the Sword, which God (of whoſe great Majeſty he was a Beam) gave him in his Hand. The only Way left to avoid a ſhameful Death, was to run the Danger of a brave One, and a wiſe Coward (I will not ſay an Honourable One) conſidering the Incertainty of things under that Iron Socage Tenure, would think ſo.

Grot. *Jur.* Bell. v. *l.* 1. c. 4.

The *King* commands the Mayor to arreſt the Butcher: This was Charge enough, and rightly underſtood; indeed there was then no time for Form nor Tryal, the Suſpenſion of the Courts was *Tylers* Act, his Crime, and he ought not to look for any Advantage from it: An Hiſtorian ſays, the Duke of *Guyſe*'s Power was ſo much, that the Ordinary Forms of Juſtice could not be obſerved; for Law is handſome, but it is not to be given to Wolves and Tygers. *Tyler* was a Traitor, a common Enemy; and againſt ſuch (ſays a Father long agone) every Man is a Souldier; whoſoever ſtruck too, ſtruck as much in his own Defence, in his own Preſervation, as the King's: And the Safety of the King and People, made this Courſe neceſſary; beſides, *Tylers* Crimes were publick and notorious.

The generous Lord Mayor obeys the Sentence, which was given by the ſame Power, by which the Judges of Courts ſat and acted, when Juſtice flowed down from the Fountain in the ordinary Channel, and which the Damm Head being thus troubled by this Wolf, could flow no otherwiſe, which was Authority ſufficient; by this Power *Richards* Captains muſt fight when he has them, and kill thoſe whom the Courts of Juſtice cannot deal with: *Tyler* faints and ſhrinks to what he had been, he was as cowardly as cruel, and could not ſeem a Man in any thing but that he was a Thief, and a Rebel: He asks the brave Mayor *in what he was offended by him*? This was a ſtrange Queſtion to an honeſt Man; he finds it ſo. *The Mayor* (ſays *Froiſſart*) *calls him falſe ſtinking Knave, and tells him he ſhall not ſpeak ſuch Words in the Preſence of his natural Lord the King.* The Mayor anſwers in full upon the accurſed Sacrilegious Head of the Idol with his Sword. He ſtruck heartily, and like a faithful zealous Subject. *Dagon* of the *Clowns* ſinks at his Feet. The *Kings* Followers inviron him round, *John Standiſh* an Eſquire of the Court, alights, and runs him into the Belly, which thruſt ſent him into another World, to accompany him who taught Rebellion, and Murder firſt. Event was then no Sign of a good Cauſe.

All Hiſtory now brands him for a Traitor, which by ſome will be attributed to his Miſcarriage: without Doubt had he proſpered in the *Work*, he had had all the Honours which goe along with Proſperity. The *King* had been the wrong Doer, and his Afflictions, if nothing in ſo much Youth could have been found out, had been Crimes; we muſt over-power thoſe whom we would make guilty. *Henry* the Great of *France* under the *Popes* Interdict, is told by a Gentleman, Sir, if we be overcome, we ſhall dye condemned Hereticks; if your Majeſty conquer, the Cenſures ſhall be revoked, they will fall of themſelves. He who reads the Miſchiefs of his Uſurpation, will think he periſhed too late.

Ut reus ſit vincendus eſt.

Now I come to an Act of *Richards* the moſt glorious of his Hiſtory, which the *Annals* paſt can no where parallel; here his Infancy excells his after Man-hood. Here, and in the Gallantry of his Death, he appears a full Prince, and perhaps vies with all the Bays of his Uſurpers Triumphs.

Alexander the Monarch of the World, (not more wondered at for his Victories, than for that ſuppreſſing the Sedition of his *Macedons* in *Aſia*, tired, and unable to march, whither his Ambition carried him on Wings) leaps from his Throne of State, into the Battels of his *Phalanges* enraged, ſeizes Thirteen of the Chief Malecontents, and delivers them to the Cuſtody of his Guards. *Curtius* knows not what he ſhould impute this Amazement of the Seditious to, every Man returning upon it to his old Duty, and Obedience, and ready to yield himſelf up into the ſame Hands: It might be *Lib.* (ſays he) the Veneration of the Majeſty of *Kings* which the Nations ſubmitted under, Worſhip equally with the Gods, or of himſelf which laid the Tempeſt. That Confidence too of the Duke *Aleſſandro* of *Parma*, in a Mutiny of the *German* Ruiters at *Namurs* is memorable, who made his Way with his Sword along through the Points of all their Lances, into the middeſt of their Troops, and brought thence by the Collar one of the Mutineers, whom he commanded to be hang'd to the Terror of the reſt. The Youth of *Richard* begat rather Contempt, than Reverence, of which too theſe *Clowns* Breaſts were never very full: When the Fall of the Idol was known to the Rout, they put themſelves into a Poſture of Defence, thunder out nothing but Vengeance to the *King* and his, whom they now arraign of Murder and Tyranny: He is guilty of *Innocent Blood*, a *Tyrant*, a *Traitor*, an *Homicide*, the *publick Enemy of the Commonwealth* Richard Plantagenet is indicted *in the Name of the People of* England *of Treaſon, and other heinous Crimes.* He is now become leſs than *Tylers* Ghoſt, a Traitor to the *Free-born People.*

His Treaſon was, he would not deſtroy himſelf, he would not open his Body to *Tylers* full Blow. They roar out, our *Captain General* is ſlain treacherouſly, let us ſtand to it and revenge his precious Blood, or dye with him: I cannot paſs this place without ſome little Wonder; had theſe Ruffians (with whom Kings hedged about by Holy Scripture, and Laws Humane, are neither Divine nor Sacred) been asked whether *Tyler* the Idol, of their own Clay and Hands, might have been tryed, touched or ſtruck, according to their

Walſingh. *Capitaneus noſter.*

reſenting this Blow here: Let his Tyrannies, his Exorbitances have been what they would, they would have anſwer'd no doubt in the Negative: Though *Richard* might have been ſtruck thorough and thorough, *Tyler* who had uſurped his Power, muſt have been Sacred, it muſt have been Treaſon to touch him: *Phocas* muſt not be hurt: In *Tylers* Caſe *Straw* would allow the old Text again: The Powers were to be obeyed. Their Bows were drawn when the *King* gallops up to them alone, and riding round the Throng asks them, what Madneſs it was that armed them thus againſt their own Peace, and his Life, whether they would have no end of Things or Demands.

He tells them, If Liberty be their only Aim, as hitherto they have pretended, they may aſſure themſelves of it, and that it is an extreme Folly to ſeek to make that our own with the Breach of Faith, of Laws, with Impieties, violating God and Man, which we may come by fairly. But they trod not the Path to *Liberty*; that where every Man commands, no Man can be free; the *Liberty* too they fancy cannot be had, the World cannot ſubſiſt without Order and Subjection, Men cannot be freed from Laws: If they were, there could be no Society, no Civility any where; Men muſt be ſhunned as much as Wolves or Bears, Rapine and Blood-ſhed would over-run the World; the Spoyler muſt fear the next Corner, like ſavage Beaſts, who hurt others, and know not it is ill to hurt them. Men would devour Men, the ſtronger Thief would ſwallow up the reſt; No Relations would be Sacred, where every Man has the Power of the Sword; the aged Sire (could there be any ſuch) muſt defend his ſilver Hairs from the unnatural Violence of his own Sons.

He adds, if there can be any juſt *Cauſe* of Sedition, yet is the Sedition unjuſt which outlaſts it, which continues, when the Cauſe is yielded to, and taken away; that if his Prerogative has been ſometimes grievous, his Taxes heavy, and any of thoſe they call evil Counſellors faulty, they ought to remember, in their firſt Riſings, and all along in all their *Oaths*, and *Covenants*, they ſwore continually not to *invade the Monarchy*, nor *touch the Rights of his free Crown*. You ought to remember your own Remonſtrances; you once declared, that you acknowlegded the Maxim of the Law, *The King can doe no wrong; if any ill be committed in Matters of State, the Counſellors; if in Matters of Law, the Judges muſt anſwer for it*——My Perſon was not to be violated. He expects they ſhould deal with him, as the honeſt Husbandman does in Overflows of Waters, who clears and drains his Ground, repairs the Banks, but does not uſurp upon the Stream, does not inhance within the Channel; and farther, that quarrels to his Government and Laws are unreaſonable from thoſe, who out of Ambition arm to overthrow both; that Reformation is not the Work of Sedition, which ever diſorders what is well ſetled. He conjures them to forſake theſe Furies, who, ſays he, abuſe their Lightneſs meerly for their own Ends, whoſe Companions and Maſters they were lately, now are they but their Guards; and that if they refuſe a Subjection according to all Laws Divine and Humane to his Scepter, they muſt become Slaves and Tributaries to their Iron, to the Flails and Pitch-

forks

ſorks of ſome Muſhroom of their own Dirt, and that advancing their Muſhroom, thus upon his Power by the Ways of Force, gives an Example to the next Tumults againſt themſelves.

Non eſt diuturna poſſeſſio in quam gladio inducimur. Curt.

There can be no Safety for any new Power raiſed upon this Force, the Obedience to that upon theſe Rules being limited, and annexed to the Force, and Succeſs, and to yield and give Way to the next Power viſible, which ſhall overbear it. A way to thruſt a Nation into a State of War, continual Perjury and Impiety to the Worlds End. This Realm (as he goes on) is my Inheritance, which I took Poſſeſſion of after the Death of my Grandfather being a Child, and did I claim only by your Gift (which I ſhall never grant) yet are not you free, to make a new Choice; you are bound to me by *Oaths* and *Compacts*, and no Right of new Complyance, or Submiſſion can be left you to transfer. He concludes, That Deſpair was a dangerous Sin, which would drive them head-long to Deſtruction; that whatſoever their Offences had been, they were not above his Mercy.

He bids them not trouble themſelves for *Tyler*, a baſe Fellow who thruſt them into Dangers, and blew them into a Storm, to raiſe himſelf upon the Billows, upon the Ruins of his Country. He promiſes to lead them, he will be their Captain if they will follow him, he will pleaſe them in all their Deſires. This he ſpake to draw them off farther into *Smithfield*, fearing they would again fall to burning of Houſes. They now wanted their Devil, who poſſeſſed them, and being in Doubt whether they ſhould kill the King, or return Home with his Charters, there being no Incendiary to command, follow the *King* in Suſpence; *Baal* and *Straw* about this time amazed at the Idol's Fall, loſe Courage and ſlip away. In the mean time the ſtout Mayor ſpurs to the City with one Servant, where in a few Words he acquaints the Citizens with the Kings Peril and his own, and requeſts their ſudden Aſſiſtance, if not for himſelf, for the King, who (ſays he) is in Danger now to be murthered. Some Loyal Hearts, ſome good Men of the Kings Party arm, and joyn to the Number of one Thouſand, and range themſelves in the Street, expecting ſome of the Cavaliers of the Kings Knights to conduct them, reſolved either to overcome, or not to fear the Conquerors.

Sir *Robert Knowles*, a renowned Commander in the French Wars of the King's Grandfather (called falſly *Canol* by *Polydore*, and others) undertakes this Charge. Sir *Perducas D'Albret* (called *D'Albreth*) a Noble Gaſcoign and a Commander too in thoſe Wars, *Nicholas Brembre* the Kings Draper, and other Aldermen, come in with their Levies, and march to the King in ſight of the Rebels. There the King knights the brave *Wil: Walworth*, *John Standiſh*, one of his Eſquires, *Nicholas Brembre*, *John Philpot*, a moſt generous Citizen, (famous for his faithful Service to his Prince in the times ſucceeding) and others. The Nobility about the King deſire him to ſtrike off an hundred or two of the Clowns Heads, in Revenge of the Injuries and Infamy they had received from them. Sir *Robert Knowls* would have him fall on, and cut them all to pieces. The King diſlikes both theſe Counſels;

He ſays many of theſe unhappy Men were awed to ſide, without either Malice to his Perſon or Power; and that if the firſt Advice were taken, the moſt Innocent might be puniſhed, and the Guilty ſcape: If the Second, the very Rebel and the Counterfeit (the forced one) muſt be ſwallowed up together, which was high Injuſtice. Yet were there many of theſe Rebels called to an Account, and their Acts of Blood, Rapine and Burning coſt them dear; but theſe Acts of theirs done againſt Law, were puniſhed Legally, upon the finding of Juries, when the Tumults were compoſed: Which was fair and handſome, and ſhew the Honourable Juſtice of our King. All that was done againſt them that Night, was, to forbid the Citizens by Proclamation to entertain any of theſe Men in the City, or communicate with them; and to command all Men, who had not dwelt there for one Year before, to depart.

So far was the young King from approving the Cruelty of the late Counſels, that in the next Place, he cauſes the Charters, which he had promiſed them, to be delivered: Yet ſome may ſuppoſe this but a Pardon of Shew, and the Pardon-piece of the Charters, as well as the other part, rather a Piece of Policy than any thing elſe, the Country's being yet Tumultuous, the Clowns were upon their good Behaviour, that was a Condition of their Pardon, which they would not obſerve, they commit new Outrages, break the Kings Laws, and pluck down the Vengeance of Juſtice upon their Heads afreſh; they did not give over their Miſchiefs after their Return, ſays *Walſ.* By the King and his Counſel, the Charters at extorted out of Force, and Neceſſity were recalled; and though the Meynie generally were pardoned, the King (again provoked) ſtaid but for a fit time to take Vengeance on the Ring-leaders, and puniſh particular Offenders who could not be forgiven: It being neceſſary in ſo deſperate a Revolt, for the Terror of others, to make Examples of ſome ſuch malicious Diſturbers of the Peace, as would never have been reclaimed. The King's Charters contained a Manumiſſion of the Villains, and Abolition of the Memory of what was paſt for the reſt. The Tenor, ſays *Walſingham*, of the Charters *extorted from the King by Force*, was this, (he gives us only that of *Hartfordſhire* the Province of his Monaſtery.)

RIchard, *by the Grace of God, King of* England *and of* France, *Lord of* Ireland, *To all his Bayliffs and others his Trusty, to whom theſe Letters ſhall come, greeting: Know ye that we of our ſpecial Grace have made free all our Lieges, and every of our Subjects of* Hartfordſhire, *and we free thoſe, and every of them from all* * *Bondage, and quit them by theſe Preſents; and alſo we pardon the ſame our Lieges, and Subjects, for all Fellonies, Treaſons, Treſpaſſes, and Extortions by them, or any of them, in any wiſe done, or committed, and alſo every Outlary, or Outlaries, if any againſt them, or any of them, are or ſhall be publiſhed, and our*

* *Ab omni bondagio.*

full Peace to them, or any of them, therefore we grant. In witneſs whereof theſe our Letters we have cauſed to be made Patents. Witneſs our ſelf at London *the 15th day of* June, *the 4th. Year of our Reign.*

This Charter was granted about the time the *Clowns of Eſſex* disbanded, and received theirs, it was brought into *Harfordſhire* to Saint *Albans* by *Wallingford* one of the Town. *Friday ſays *Walſingham* the day of Tribulation, *&c.* (which was the 16th. of *June*) the Townſmen of Saint *Albans* being at the time of Mattins acquainted by thoſe of *Barnet* with the Command of the Ordinance, or Act, for repairing to *London* preſently with the Eſquires of the Abbot, ſet forth; So that I conceive the Day of this Charter is miſtaken in it by the Monk.

* *Illuceſcente die Veneris.*

The *Clowns* throw down their Arms at the *Kings* Feet, ſue for Mercy, and deliver up their Chiefs; the Principal of which, Prieſt *Straw* was after drawn from his hiding Holes, and laid hold of by the Kings Officers. What became of them we ſhall ſee below, in the Viſitation made by the *King*, and his Miniſters, through the Provinces in Uproar.

The Commons of *Kent* now ſcatter and diſſolve, the Heads of the Arch-biſhop, Lord *Prior*, and the reſt, are taken down from the Bridge, and the Idols advanced there. That *Baal* ſhould now be taken in an old House is an Error of the Knights; *Baal* muſt take his

Froiſſ. fo.

his Turn, but he ſhall have a longer Run for it. That the Dagger ſhould now be given in Honour of Sir *William Walworth* as an Addition to the City Arms is Fabulous; this Dagger is the Sword of St. *Paul*, and was born by the City when *Tyler* was living.

The King now rides to *Weſtminſter*, where he gives God Thanks for his Deliverance, and preſents his Offering to the Virgin *Mary*, in her Chapel of the Piew; next he viſits the Princeſs Mother in the Tower Royal, called the Queens Wardrobe, and bids her rejoyce, for (ſays he) this Day I have recovered mine Heritage, the Realm of *England* near loſt; the Lords return to their own Houſes. The other Countries now in Combuſtion, and upon their Match to *London*, make halt; they were Thunder-ſtrucken at the Diſaſter of the Idol, they hated the Fortune not the Wickedneſs of that Monſter, and tarry to pour out thoſe Plagues at Home, if they be not checked, which before they intended to carry farther off. The Example and Succeſs of the Idol had moved with many, but his Invitation, and Sollicitation by the Emiſſaries of this Confederacy and Spirit more. The Sectaries, or Ring-leaders of the hurden ruſtick Raggamuffins in the ſeveral Provinces of the Aſſociation (while *Tyler* was thus buſied in the chief Seat of his new Dominions) promote the Cauſe, and purſue the Inſtructions of the Prince of Devils; they were all to tread his Steps, as we ſhall find in what follows.

Froiſſ.

The lewd pranks of the Clowns at Saint *Albans*.

I have before ſpoken of the Summons of the Idol to fetch the bordering Rogues into the *Line of Communication*, who were to ſerve as Auxiliaries only, to ſtrengthen *Tyler*, rather than to enrich themſelves, and likely to be caſhiered, and caſt off when he had perfected his *Works*: amongſt theſe Rake-hells were the Townſmen of Saint *Albans* with the *Abbots* Servants, ſhuffled in the Throng of purpoſe to overſee and awe the *Clowns*, from the new Fangles of our Phanaticks. Theſe, as is related, were ſworn to the *Ingagement* at *Heibury*; whence they come to *London*; whither they are no ſooner got, but the Townſmen ſeparate from the Servants of the Monaſtery, and in St. *Mary-bow*-Church does their profane Conventicle conſult how to make Advantage of the Tumult.

And what Pretences of Revolt from their Lord *Abbot* would ſeem moſt fair, and taking. Here they make not the Cauſes of their Diſobedience, they were hatched ſecretly amongſt themſelves; they deliberate how to perfect things, how to come to Effects. The enlarging the Bounds of their Common, free Fiſhing, Hunting in certain places, when they pleaſed, and Hand-mills, that the Bayliff of the Liberty ſhall no more meddle within the Precincts of the Town; the Revocation of Charters prejudicial to the *Free-born* Burgeſſes, cancelling the Bonds of their Fore-fathers made to *Abbot Richard*, are the Propoſitions firſt voted.

One, who would be wiſer than the reſt, perſwades them not to attempt things raſhly, and giddily, without Authority: He tells them, that

Wat Tyler, *Protector and Captain General* of the *Clowns* was near; that the *Protector*, was a Righter of Wrongs raiſed, and inſpired by Providence to redeem the faithful *Commons* from the Thraldom of the Wicked. *At the Suit of the Godly Party* (ſays he) *Tyler has accepted the Government, he is to govern the two Nations; The Supreme executive Power reſides in him*; from him (ſays he) and from the Keepers of the Liberties let us ſeek for Remedy.

Walſ. Ducem ribaldorum, ut acceptâ ab eo poteſtate, &c.

Let us make our Addreſſes to him, let us ſeek to his *Highneſs* for Power, and Commiſſion. This he ſaid (as *Walſingham* writes) ſuppoſing a greater than *Tyler* ſhould not be ſeen in the Kingdom, that *Tylers* Greatneſs for the time to come would only be eminent; That the Laws of the Land (the moſt ancient Engliſh Saxon Laws) would be of no Force, of no Validity, becauſe the moſt of the Lawyers were already murthered, and the reſt in their Account not long-lived, the Axes Edge was turned towards them. He concludes, let us return Home, and in the Puiſſance of *War*, and our ſelves, force the *Abbot* to Reaſon, if he deny our Requeſts, we will awe him with Burning and demoliſhing the Monaſtery, with killing the Monks, we will threaten not to leave one Stone upon another. Others conceive it more ſafe to petition the *King* (who might be ſpoken with by every Man, and durſt refuſe nothing) for his Letters under the Privy Seal, commanding the *Abbot*, to reſtore to the Townſmen the Rights, and Liberties which their Anceſtors enjoyed in the time of King *Henry* the

Walſ.

Firſt, as if the Engliſh Church had been lately endowed, the Monaſteries founded, their Royalties, Liberties, Priviledges granted by the *Norman* Princes, than which nothing could be more falſe. The moſt Chriſtian Saxon Kings of Bleſſed Memory, twelve of which dyed Martyrs of the Faith, ten ſhine Glorious Stars in the Calender of Saints, were all nurſing Fathers of the Church; ſcarcely was there one in the Illuſtrious Roll, who gave not Lands and Poſſeſſions with Exemptions, and Immunities to the Church; who erected not Biſhopricks, or Monaſterys, into which Thirty of our Crowned Heads, *Kings*, or *Queens* entred; the Superſtition of the Ages then ought not to blemiſh their Piety. The *Mercian* King *Offa*, his Son *Egfryd*, King *Ethelred*, King *Edward*, are the Founders and Donors of S. *Albans*. What King *Henry* the Firſt did for the Town I cannot ſay, nor how ample its Liberties were then. This is true, he confirms the Grants of the *Saxon* Princes, to the Monaſtery, and adds the *Norman* Seal to ſtrengthen the *Saxon* Croſſes; this is all; but Truth is not neceſſary in ſuch Uproars; the Credulity of a Light-headed Multitude is quickly abuſed, their Duty and Obedience eaſily corrupted without it.

All theſe Grants end with horrible Curſes againſt Sacriledge.

To keep our Way; Both theſe Counſels are approved; *William Greyndcob* an Hind, who had eaten the Bread of the Monaſtery for the moſt part of his Life, is elected with others, and ſent on this Errand to the King, before whom he kneels ſix times out of Zeal to prevail. This Lob too was made princi-

Walſing.

pal Prolocutor (ſays our Monk) or Speaker to the Idol: before *Walſingh.* whoſe ſordid Excellency and his unclean Counſel he complains of the grievous Tyranny of the Abbot and Prior, (ſome few Monks are thruſt in to make up the Number) of the Oppreſſures of the Commons, of witholding the Wages of poor Labourers; the Deſign was to rouze the Wolf.

Tyler meant not to leave *London*, yet he promiſes, if need be, to ſend Twenty Thouſand of the *Saints*, who ſhall not fail to ſhave the Beards of the Abbot and the reſt, which ſignified (in plain Engliſh) cutting off their Heads.

The gracious *Captain General* was yet more kind; he vows, if it be convenient, to aſſiſt them in his own Perſon. He gives them Directions and Orders to govern themſelves by, and makes their Obedience here, a Condition of his Love. Theſe Orders were generally enjoyned by our Engliſh *Mahomet*, through all the Provinces of his Conqueſt, and were framed according to the Law of his bloody *Alchoran*. He ſwears them to omit nothing either in his Commands or Doctrine. A Servant of the Abbot, one of the Spies upon the Townſmen, rides in full Career to S. *Albans* and gives Intelligence to the Abby of the Exploits of the new Maſters at *London*. He tells them in what manner that Dirt of a Captain (*Tyler*) ſullyed and polluted with the Blood of the Nobleſs, had butchered the Engliſh Patriarch, and the Lord Treaſurer. That *London*, the Den of theſe ravenous Beaſts, falſly called *the Chamber of her Kings*, was likely now to become the Charnel-houſe of *Richard*, and his Loyal Vaſſals: That theſe Fiends, who would goe for *Saints*, and the only good *Patriots* commit the Acts of Thieves, and Murtherers, neither reverencing Religion nor Laws: And that the Conquering *French*, who makes fair War, nay the barbarous Scot, broke out of the Faſtneſs of his own Deſart, mortal Enemies of the Nation, could not ſpoil nor ruin with more Cruelty and Villany. No Mercy, ſays he, (yield who will upon Mercy) no Favour, no Goodneſs can be expected from this Rout of Wolves. He bids thoſe pointed at, and named by *Greyndcob* to *Tyler*, ſhift for themſelves, which they are not long in reſolving of. The Prior, four Monks, and ſome of their Servants, one part horſed, another on Foot, fly for their Lives, not aſſuring themſelves till they got to *Tynmouth*, a Priory of this Monaſtery of Saint *Albans* in *Northumberland*. *William Greyndcob*, and *William Cadindon* a Baker, on Fryday had haſtened to S. *Albans*, that they might make the Honour of the Archievement theirs, by firſt appearing in the Action. Theſe brag aloud of the Proſperity of Affairs, that they were no more Drudges and Slaves, but Lords for the time to come; that they had brought about great and wonderful Feats againſt the Abby; they propoſe, firſt to defie the Abbot, to renounce all Amity and Peace with him, then to break down his Folds and Gates in *Fancomwood*, *Eywood*, and his other Woods, and to pull down the Under-Bowſers Houſe, ſtanding over againſt the Fiſh-market, and hindering the Proſpect of the Burgeſſes and Nobility of the Town, this is their own Style, a Nobility ſcarce to be parallel'd in the World diſcovered

Walſ. ad diffideciandum.

Sequeſtrariis.

vered, unleſs we fetch in the Man-eaters of *Braſil*, who have neither Letters nor Laws, acknowledge neither God nor Prince.

This Night the firſt Scene of the Tragedy is acted; the next day, being Saturday, fatal to the Hangman *Tyler*, the Upſtart Nobility of Clowns aſſemble and make Proclamation, That no Man able to ſerve his Country, preſume to ſlight the Lieutenants of the Idol, but that every Man furniſh himſelf with ſuch Arms as he can provide, to attend them the Lieutenants in his own Defence. The Crew ſummoned are commanded to preſs the Gentry for the Service, and to cut off the Heads of thoſe who would not joyn with them, and ſwear to be faithful to them; beheading, burning Houſes, Forfeiture of Goods were menaced to all that would not aſſiſt the Forces raiſed by *Tyler*, and fight the *Lords Barrels*, that is, for the *Cauſe*. This, ſays our Monk, was the Charge of their Lord and Maſter *Wat*, this was his Rubrick of Blood.

Next, with great Pomp they march to *Fauconwood*, to level the ſlips of their Haſte and Night-work; ſomething they feared might be left whole, upon Review; when *Root and Branch* were pared and torn up, they retire.

Cum magna pompa.

The other Growtnolls of the Neighbourhood, ſubject to the Diſtreſs, or Seigniory of Saint *Albans*, wait for them; theſe were cited upon the ſame Threats to meet, and promiſed Belly-fulls, Cart Loads of *Liberties*. Now or never for the *Liberty of the Subject*, and the *Power of Godlineſs*. This Supply ſwells them into huge Hopes, it puffs them up. *Greyndcob* and *Cadindon* more haughty now than ever; lead their Battalias, bluſtering with ſurly Pride and Diſdain, to the Gates of the Monaſtery, which with the ſame Loftineſs they command the Porter to ſet open. Some of the Company, Friends of the Houſe, had given private Intelligence to the Abbot of the Contrivances againſt him, who had inſtructed his Servants how to carry themſelves toward this Tag and Rag of Swains; they obſerve them punctually.

That they may ſeem pious in their Entrance, they free the publick Malefactors out of the Abbots Priſon; but ſo that they ſhould owe Faith hereafter, and Grace of the Benefit to the *Commons* (a Name the moſt Honourable, and which muſt ſwallow up all things elſe) and inſeparably ſtick to them. One of the Offenders, whom they ſuppoſe unworthy of *Liberty* or Life (grown Judges and Executioners by the ſame Inſpiration and Spirit) they behead on the Ground before the Gates, then fix his Head upon the Pillory, roaring with that deviliſh Cry they had learnt at *London*. This was plain Murther by the Law, whatſoever this Mans Crime was, theſe Rogues were guilty in a moſt high Nature, ſo that beſides the Baſeneſs of their Condition, they were incapable of any Juriſdiction by the ancient fundamental Laws of *England*, as being Traitors; and out of the Kings Faith: But to wave all this by theſe ancient Laws, every Priſoner might demand *Oyer*, hearing of the Judges Commiſſion, theſe Villains had neither Authority nor Commiſſion, but from *Tylers* Sword, which was but a Derivative of his Uſurpation. No Act of which can be juſt, the Foundation of his

Mir. 114.

Tyranny this Way, in being juſt, and illegal at the firſt.

From the Idols firſt Entrance no Act of Confirmation or Grant was done (could any ſuch Act be done and valid) to eſtabliſh or make a Right, by the Power which had that Right to beſtow; he asked for a Commiſſion of Life and Death, but was refuſed, and his Arbitrary Acts were only a Continuance of his Intruſion, and of the Violence upon which he began.

To fill up their tattered Regiments, their Fellow Leaguers or *Covenanters* of *Barnet*, *Luton*, *Watford*, and the Towns round enter St. *Albans* of the ſame Sacrilegious Affection to the Abby. In all theſe Conſpiracies the Church was the main Mark aimed at, about the Carcaſes of the Cathedrals and Abbys (they were now nothing elſe) did theſe Vultures gather. In the ſame Conjuncture of times enters *Richard Wallingford*, Head-borough or Conſtable of the place, who tarried at *London* for the Kings Letter of Manumiſſion and Pardon, (which *Greyndcob* had been ſo earneſt for) bearing the Kings Banner or Pennon of the Arms of St. *George*, being the red Croſs before him, according to the Faſhion of the *Clowns* of *London*. The *Commons* hearing of his coming, pour themſelves out in Heaps to meet him. He alights, ſtrikes the Penon into the Earth, and bids them keep cloſe and encircle it like a Standard. He intreats them to continue about it, and expect his Return, and the Lieutenants, who were reſolved with all Speed to treat with the Abbot, and would ſuddenly bring them an Anſwer to their Propoſitions. Which ſaid, he and they enter the Church, and ſend for the Abbot to appear before them, and anſwer the *Commons* (only Sacred then , and to whom all Knees were to bow.) The Abbot was at firſt reſolute to dye for the Liberty of his Church; (a pious Gallantry which will be admirable) but overcome with the Prayers of his Monks; who told him, as things ſtood, his Death could advantage nothing; that theſe ſtinking Knaves, theſe Hell-hounds were determined to murder the Monks, and burn the Monaſtery, if they had the Repulſe; and that there was no Way of Safety but to fall down before theſe *Baals*, he yields. After he was come to the Church, and a ſhort Salutation paſt; *Wallingford* reaches out to him the Kings Letter or Writ (as *Walſingham* calls it) in theſe Words, as I have rendred them out of the barbarous *French* of that Age.

B*Eloved in God, At the Petition of our loved Lieges of the Town of* St. Albans *we will and command you, That certain Charters being in your Cuſtody made by our Progenitor King Henry to the Burgeſſes and good People of the ſaid Town, of Commune of Paſture and Fiſhing, and of certain other Commodities expreſſed in the ſaid Charters, in what they ſay, you doe as Law and Reaſon requires; So that they may not have have any Matter to complain to us for that Cauſe. Given under our Signet at* London *the 15th. Day of* June, *the fourth Year of our Reign.*

Here certainly again is a Miſtake of the Day, for till Friday the 16th. of *June*, the *Clowns* of Saint *Albans* (as is obſerved) ſtirred not. Thus is the King forced to be the Author of other Mens Injuſtice, to conſent to thoſe Inſolences (and Wrongs) which muſt undoe all thoſe who are Faithful to him, to pleaſe a baſe Rabble, engaged to turn in the end their deſtroying Hands upon himſelf and his Royal Family; the Abbot receives the Letter with due Reverence, and reads it: Then thinking to work upon the Conſciences of theſe Hell-hounds, he begins a Diſcourſe of Law, Reaſon, Equity, and Juſtice; Law and Reaſon were the Princely Bounds betwixt which the *Kings* Commands ran. He tells them, whatſoever was demanded by them, had been long agoe determined in the Courts of Juſtice, by the publick Judges, Perſons knowing and honourable, ſworn to do equal Right.

That the Records were kept amongſt the *Kings* Rolls at *Weſtminſter*, whence he inferred, That according to the Laws anciently in Uſe, they had neither Right nor Claim left: He adds, the Uſurpation upon anothers Propriety is Tyranny in the Abſtract; it is the greateſt Injuſtice: The very *Heathens* will have it unnatural to enrich our ſelves to make our Advantage from Spoil and Robbery, but Force is odious to God and Man, that aggravates the Sin; Violence is a more heinous Crime than Theft. This was ridiculous Wiſdom, conſidering who they were the good Abbot ſpake to; he had forgot perhaps how *Antigonus* armed to invade and ſeize the Cities, and Countries of other

Princes, laughed at the ſerious grave Folly of one who preſented him with a Tractate of Juſtice. *Wallingford* with his Hand upon his Sword takes him off pertinently, as reflecting upon the Manners of Men, whoſe Treaſons proſper, and Practiſe of the times; in which now Men did not advance themſelves by Vertue, by Learning, by Juſtice, or Valour, but by Murder and Robbery.

My Lord (ſays he) every Story is not true, becauſe it is eloquently told; you endeavour here to inveigle and deceive us in a long Diſcourſe of Equity, of Law, and Juſtice; we come not hither for Words but Things; we pretend not to refute your Reaſons, (which are but unjuſt Defences of your Oppreſſion), but cunning Subtilties, but Colours to paint o'er the Wrongs you do us, nor can we; the Rudeneſs of our Education muſt diſable us for this part, we have been born and bred under your Dominion, Slaves, and Villains to you under a Dominion ſo unmanly cruel; you have always kept us deprived, not only of all Means of Learning or Knowledge, but would willingly have taken away our very Reaſon and common Underſtanding, that we might groan under our Miſeries with the feeling of Beaſts, but be Maſters neither of Senſe nor Language for a Complaint.

It is time now that we of the *Commonalty*, as you call and range us, ſhould take our Turn of Command, however of *Liberty.* Nor is this to be wondered, at if you conſider our Strength, and the Happineſs of the new *Model*; the Eminency of the Commons is viſible to every Eye, theirs is the preſent, theirs is the *Supreme Power*. We are armed, and we will not think of the Laws, nor regard them, they only ſubmit to Laws who want Power to help themſelves. Beſides theſe Laws you tell us of, are but the Will of our Enemies in Form and Rule, they were made by them, they favour them; and our Captain General *Tyler*, who has conquered (a ſad unhappy Word, where it is uſed of one part of a Nation againſt another, and of *Benjamin* againſt *Iſrael*, by the worſt and leaſt againſt the better and greater) the Makers of them, the Law-givers, was ſo become above the Laws themſelves; your Reaſons, when theſe Laws were backed with Force, when *your King* could protect you, before our Succeſs might have ſerved well enough; now we expect them not, nor will we accept them.

Perq; uterum ſonipes hic matris agendus.

He concludes in Perſwaſion not to exaſperate the *Godly Party*, the Righteous *Commons*, who, ſays he, will not be appeaſed, will not give over, nor lay down Arms, till they be Maſters of their Deſires.

The Abbot, entring into a new Speech, is again ſtopped and told, the Thouſand before the Doors of his Monaſtery ſent for him not to parly, but conſent, which they look he ſhould be ſudden in; if not, we (ſays *Wallingford*) the Lieutenants, choſen by the *Captain Repreſentatives of the People, will deliver up and reſign the Powers to him, which we received of him.* We have *voted*, if you comply not, to ſend for the Captain General *Tyler*, and Twenty thouſand of his *Militia*, to the Danger of this Place, and of the Monks Heads.

The Abbot here recites his good Deeds, how often in their Neceſſities he had relieved them, he had been (he ſays) their ſpiritual Father thirty two Years; in all which time, no Man had been grieved, or oppreſſed by him: this giving implyedly the Lye to *Wallingford*, they grant but will not be denyed. The Obligations and Charters which they require, are delivered them, which they burn in the Market-place, near the Croſs. This did not content them, they ask for an ancient Charter concerning the Town Liberties, the Capital Letters of which (ſay they) were one of Gold, another of * Azure: The Abbot prays them to be ſatisfied for that time, he proteſts, they have all he has to give them, he knew of no more, yet he would make a ſearch, and if any ſuch Deed could be found, it ſhould faithfully be delivered to them. This too was the anſwer of the *Covent*, it was agreed that the Abbot ſhould after Dinner diſclaim under his Hand and Seal in all Things prejudicial to their Liberty. In Memory of an old Suit betwixt Abbot *Richard* the Firſt, and the Townſmen in the Reigns of *William* the Second, and *Henry* the Firſt, wherein the Townſmen were overthrown, were laid Millſtones before the Door of the Parlor. These *John* the Barber with others took away, as a Token of Victory over the Law; theſe they break into ſmall pieces, and diſtribute amongſt the Worthies, as the Sacred Bread is given in the *Euchariſt*.

* *De azorio.*

* *Locutorii.*

Walſ. Who could forbear Tears (ſays *Walſingham*) heavily bewailing theſe Changes, to ſee Servants command their

Lords, who know not how to rule, nor how to pity. To ſee *London* (once the noble Head of our Cities) become a Stye for unclean Swine. Who would not tremble to hear that the Archbiſhop and the Lord Treaſurer ſhould be offered Victims to wicked Spirits, to the Kentiſh Idol the Kentiſh *Saturn* or *Moloch*, and his Hob-goblins in the midſt of the Kingdom. Nay (ſays he) whoſe Heart would it not have wounded through, to have ſeen the King of *England*, who of Right for Majeſty and Dignity ought to precede all Kings in the World, out of Fear of his Head, obſerve the Nods and Becks of theſe Varlets, and the Nobility and Gentry, mortified Beaſts, trampled on by theſe Scullions, enſlaved at their own Charge, lick up their Duſt.

After Dinner, a ſad Dinner to the Monks, this Merdaille, theſe Stinkards, throng before the Gates, and demand the Charter of Liberties, which the Abbot had promiſed them to ſeal, which was ſent, and read to them in the thickeſt of the Rout: If they pleaſe to accept it, (this was the Abbots Complement) he is ready to ſeal. They (reſolved never to be pleaſed) with much Scorn and Pride anſwer by an Eſquire of the Abbot, That the Abbot muſt appoint ſome Clerk of his to attend them with Ink and Parchment, themſelves would dictate, and after the Abbot and Covent ſhould confirm what was done; when this Humour, was ſatisfied, the Safety and Peace of the Monaſtery and Monks were as deſperate as ever. The old Charter, which they will everlaſtingly believe concealed, muſt be produced, elſe they will bury the Covent in the Ruins of the Cloyſters.

This Charter did certainly (as they will have it) contain all their ancient *Liberties* and Priviledges; and if this was true, there was no great Reaſon it ſhould be in the Abbots keeping.

Here the Abbot imploys the moſt Honourable Eſquires of the Country, as Mediators to ſoften them, and offers (if they deſire it) to ſay Maſs before them next Morning, and to ſwear upon the Sacrament he ſhould be about to take, with what Monks they would name, that he kept from them no ſuch Charter with his Knowledge.

Super Sacramentum.

Make Choice (ſays he) of what *Liberties* you can, you ſhall have my Charters drawn, they ſhall be granted you by it; I will ſeal you a real Charter inſtead of a fantaſtical one, never ſeen by you, no where to be had. The Abbot ſtruggles in vain againſt theſe Waves, this Charter of their Fancies they will have: Nor ſhall any other Price redeem the Monaſtery, they intended the Subverſion of the Houſe, and wrangle thus croſsly, that they might ſeem to have ſome Pretences to do it; but becauſe they had much Buſineſs to go about, and could not be here and there too, a Truce was taken for that Day, and many of theſe *pure Brethren* betake themſelves to other parts; ſome of them would not be prevailed with, the Bread and Ale of the Monaſtery brought forth to them in huge Fats, would not work upon them to lay their Fury, they ſtaid only for a leading Hand. Here an honeſt Burgeſs interpoſes, *Ribaulds* (ſays he) what is it you purpoſe;

Ribaldi.

purpoſe; moſt of you here are Forreigners of the Villages about, this is the moſt famous Miſchief which can be acted in this Country, this Beacon muſt ſet all on Fire, and it is fit we, who are Burgeſſes and Freemen of this Town, ſhould give the On-ſet: By this Fineneſs they are gained to quit the Gates, and Joyn to the Aſſiſtance of their Fellow-Labourers. The reſt of the Day is ſpent by their united Forces, in overthrowing of Houſes, claſhing of Veſſels, and ſpoiling of Goods according to the Rule of *Walter* the falſe Founder of the Order. At Night the Lieutenants make Proclamation under the Kings Banner, commanding ſtrong Guards to be ſet about the Town, that they may be aſſured againſt Surprizes, and about the River *Werlam*, and Saint *Germains*; making it Loſs of the Head to any Monk, who ſhould be found iſſuing from, or entring the Monaſtery that Way; this was done to ſet a Trap for the Prior, and thoſe who fled with him. They proclaimed alſo, that whoſoever could challenge any Debts due to him from the Monaſtery, might put in his Claim (and little Proof ſhould be needed) the next Day, and the Burgeſſes of the Town, would diſcharge as far as the Goods of the Monaſtery would reach. Much more was Magiſterially thrown in, to ſhew a Caſt of the *preſent Power*: Which was no ſooner done, but there appears a Farmer of the Mannor of *Kingsbury* belonging to this Abby, armed with his Sword and Buckler; this Man was much in Arrears for his Farm, and durſt not peep abroad from his lurking Holes before theſe Broils; which hiding of himſelf he imputes now to the Injuſtice, and Cruelty of the Prior: This Chuff de-

Quod didicerant à Waltero.

mands

mands one hundred Marks Damages for the Loſſes he had ſuſtained in his Abſence, and threatens to burn the Grange of Saint *Peter*, and Mannor-houſe of *Kingsbury* near the Abby, if he be not repaired; Twenty pounds he receives upon this Demand, and goes away, ſwearing, he would freely give it back again for the Priors Head.

Saturday Night paſſed with much Perplexity to the Monks, who were at their Wits Ends, and Lives too (they could not hope better things) about the Charter, which was no where extant but in the Noddles of theſe Cluſter-fiſts. But Day and Comfort broke out together upon them; ſuddenly this Overflow of Pride, and Arrogancy abated, their Loftineſs fell, and their Briſtles were ſomewhat laid, very unpleaſing Rumours concerning the Army were ſpread, and the Death of the Idol *Tyrant Wat*, of ſtinking Memory, was certainly known and divulged; and what was as ſtabbing, that the Citizens of *London* grown wiſe, and reſolute, either out of Loyalty (or which is the rather to be ſuppoſed, Experience of their new Maſter) began now to own their Prince, their natural Lord unanimouſly, and to ſide with him againſt all Seditious Oppoſers of his Majeſty, and the *juſt Rights and Liberties* of his People, which they ſaw like to periſh together. Farther a Knight of the Court, ſeconds the Report, and by Proclamation in the Kings Name (now legal again) commands this Herd to keep the Kings Peace under forfeiture of Life, and Members from that Hour.

Walſ. fœdæ memoriæ.

Walſingh.

The King now grown a *Protector* again of his Subjects,

jects, ſends his Letters Protectory to the Abbot in theſe Words:

RIchard, &c. *To all our Lieges, and Commons of* Hartford, &c. *We pray, charge, command, ſtraightly as we may,* &c. *by the Faith and Liegances which to us ye owe, that to our Beloved in God, the Abbot of St.* Albans, *nor to our Houſe and Monaſtery of the ſaid Place, of our Patronage, nor to none of the People, Monks, nor others, nor to none of the Goods of the ſaid Monaſtery,* &c. *Ye ſuffer to be done, as much as in you lies, any Grievance, Dammage,* &c. *Given under our Great Seal at our City of* London, &c.

Though now theſe Carles were well cooled, yet e'er the Zeal was quite ſlackened, and the Clouds diſpelled, which hovered weakly, and were likely to ſcatter with the next Breath of Wind, they conclude to perfect their Building, which to the great Nuiſance of this Monaſtery they had raiſed. Beſides, the Lieutenants, or Major Generals of *Tyler*, thought it a much unworthineſs to droop too ſoon, before thoſe whom they had ſummoned in to piece up their deformed Inſurrection with ſo much Bravery, and Inſolence. They continue and purſue their Requeſts to the Abbot, but with leſs Noiſe than formerly; the Abbot was adviſed by Letters from Sir *Hugh Segrave*, Lord Steward of the Houſhold, and Sir *Thomas Percy* created after Earl of *Worceſter*, to grant all things, aſſuring him theſe Grants being thus forced from him would be void in Law, and could not hurt his Monaſtery. The Abbots Chamber, the Chappel, all Places are full of them, they give Directions to the Abbot's Clerk for their Charter of Liberties, which now they were contented to accept, but will have a Bond of One thouſand pounds Sterling for the delivering up the Charter unknown, before the Annunciation of the Bleſſed Virgin next, if it can be found; if not, that the Abbot with his twelfth Hand, (an ancient Saxon manner of purging or clearing the Offender, where the Offence was ſecret) with twelve of his chief Monks ſhould ſwear, that he neither has nor detains any ſuch Charter with his Knowledge.

Walſ. Sterlingorum.

The Abbot agrees, he and the Covent Seal; but oh! the Miracle (not to be believed, nor underſtood without another upon our Faith, and Underſtanding) the ſeal, in which the Glorious *Protomartyr* was figured, three times together could not be pulled from the Wax, no ſleight, no Strength could doe it; to paſs by the pious Frauds, and Dreams of Monks. From thence the Black-bands depart to the Market-place, there at the Croſs they publiſh their new Acquiſitions, the Charters of the King, and Abbot, with the Kings Protection of the Monaſtery, which was but a Counterfeit of their Love. On Munday and Tueſday following, the Villains of the Patrimony of our *Protomartyr* (as the others did in all places elſe imbroiled) exact of the Abbot Deeds of Manumiſſion and *Liberty*, according to the Effect of the Royal Charter before, which

Walſ.

Charter the Abbot recites, and confirms.

From Villains theſe now conceive themſelves Gentlemen of Welſh Pedegree, deſcended of Princes, nay, as our Monk, noble beyond the Line and Race of Kings; they are meer Free-holders, hold only of God and the Son, rather of the Sun, and Club, and will neither perform their Cuſtoms, and Services, nor pay Rent. The common People, who are neither ſwayed by Religion or Honeſty, ſtop and check themſelves, not that they were contented, but becauſe they could not, nay they durſt not go on to more.

Walſ.

The Plague of this Diſtemper was not only epidemical, but kept its Days; on the fatal Saturday, fifty thouſand Clowns, out of *Suffolk*, *Eſſex*, *Cambridgeſhire*, the Iſle of *Ely* (places miſerably harraſſed according to the former Preſidents) were incorporated by the jugling Tricks of the Eſſexian Impoſtors, ſent out by the Fathers of Diſobedience, in the firſt Conception of the Ruffle, to inveigle Proſelites to the *Holy League*. This was but an indigeſted Maſs, without Shape or Form, *Wraw* not *Straw* (as ſometimes he is called) a moſt lewd *Presbyter*, as *Walſingham*, or Prieſt, who came from *London*, the Day before with Orders from *Tyler* (who according to *his own Eſtabliſhment had the executive Power*) was imployed into thoſe parts to lick and faſhion the Monſter. He with *Robert Weſtbrome* King of this Congregation, lead the tatter'd Reformers from *Mildenhall* to St. *Edmunds-bury*, where then ſtood a moſt Glorious Monaſtery, and where their Fellow Scoundrels

Sceleratiſſ. Presbyter.

expected them. *Wraw* finds theſe Choperloches good Diſciples, willing to learn, and quick of Apprehenſion, ſo capable they underſtood his leaſt Signs. The ſame Frenzies are again acted by other Lunaticks, the Lawyers or Apprentices of the Law (as the Monk) and their Houſes are the firſt Objects of their ſpight, they do not only cut off them, but fire their Neſts. Sir *John Cavendiſh* Chief Juſtice of the Kings Bench, who had been one of the moſt able Serjeants of this Kings Grandfathers Reign, and was made Chief Juſtice by him, they intercept, and behead. *Orphous Tracie*, *Nero* the *Roman*, *Belgabred* the *Brittain*, excellent in the Sweetneſs of a Voice and Skill of Song, with *John* of *Cambridge*. Prior of Saint *Edmunds*, loſe their Lives in the ſame manner, as they unluckily fell into their Hands.

The Cauſe of the Priors Death is made this: He was diſcreet and managed the Affairs of his Monaſtery faithfully, and diligently; he was taken near *Mildenhall*, a Town then belonging to Saint *Edmund* of the Demain of the Abby, the Vaſſals, Hinds, Villains, and Bond-men of the Houſe, ſentenced him, murthered him by Vote; His Body lay five Days Naked in the Field unburied. In Saint *Edmunds-bury*, theſe Cut-throats compaſs the Priors Head round as in a Proceſſion, after they carry it upon a Lance to the Pillory, where that and the Chief Juſtices Head are advanced. The next Work was the levelling a new Houſe of the Priors. After they enter the Monaſtery, which they threaten to fire, unleſs *John Lakinbethe* Guardian of the Temporalities of the Barony in the Vacancy then were delivered to them, which the Townſ-men mingled in the Throng, put them upon: The Guardian ſtood amidſt the Crowd unknown. This Man out of Piety to preſerve the Monaſtery (it was Piety then, though it may be thought Impiety now) diſcovers himſelf, he tells them he is the Man they ſeek, and asks what it is the *Commons* would have with him. They call him Traitor (it was Capital to be called ſo, not to be ſo) drag him to the Market-place, and cut off his Head, which is ſet upon the Pillory to keep Company with the Priors and Chief Juſtices.

Walter of *Todington* a Monk was ſought for, they wanted his Head, but he hid himſelf, and eſcaped. Our Hackſters Errant, of the Round Table, Knights of Induſtry, would be thought General Redeemers, to take Care of all men in Diſtreſs; for the Burgeſſes Sake, they command the Monks, (threatning them and their Walls, if they obey not) to deliver up the Obligations of the Townſmen for their good Behaviour, all the ancient Charters from the time of King *Knute* the Founder any way concerning the Liberties of the Town; beſides they muſt grant and confirm by Charter the *Liberties* of the Town, which could not be done in the Vacancy (for ſo it was) *Edmund* of *Brumfield* Abbot in Name, by Proviſion of the *Pope* was a Priſoner at *Nottingham*, nor had any Election been ſince the Death of Abbot *John Brivole*, and therefore the Jewels of the Houſe are pawned to the Townſmen, as a Gage that *Edmund* of *Brumfield* (whom they would ſuppoſe Abbot, and whom they intended to ſet free) ſhould ſeal; which Jewels were a Croſs and Chalice of Gold, with other things, exceeding in value One thouſand Pounds, theſe were reſtored again in time of Peace, but with much Unwillingneſs. Upon the Bruit of the Idols Miſhap, and the Suppreſſion of his Legions at *London*, theſe Caterpillers diſſolve of themſelves. *Wraw* the Prieſt, *Weſtbrome*, and the reſt of the Capital Villains in the General Audit, or Doomeſday for theſe Hurliburlies, ſhall be called to a Reckoning for their Outrages. *Cambridge* ſuffered not a little in theſe Uproars, the Townſ-men with the Country Peaſants about confederated together, break up the Treaſury of the Univerſity, tear and burns its Charters; they compel the Chancellor and Scholars under their common Seals, to releaſe to the Mayor and Townſmen all Rights and Liberties, all Actions, and to be bound in 3000l. not to moleſt the Burgeſſes by Suits of Law concerning theſe things for the time to come. The Mayor and Bayliffs were fetched up by Writ to the next Parliament, where the Deeds were delivered up and cancelled, the Liberties of the Town ſeized into the Kings Hand as forfeited; new ones granted by him to the Univerſity, all which they owe yet to the Piety of this King, and his Parliament, a Court which the Idol never names: Had he ſet up one of his own begetting, it muſt have had nothing elſe but the Name; it would have been as deſtroying as the Field.

Norfolk the Mother of the *Kets* would not loyter this while, nor ſit lazily, and ſluggiſhly looking on. *John Luſter* a Dyer of *Norwich*, King of the *Commons* there, infuſes Zeal, and Daring into his Country-men; he had compoſed out of his own Empire, and the Borders, an Army of fifty thouſand Men. This Upſtart Kingling would not wholly move by Example, he makes Preſidents of his own, and tramples not like a dull Beaſt the Road beaten by others. He had heard what was done by the *London* Congregations; he had a Stock of Traditions from the Elders there, which he was able to improve: and although I know not how he could exceed the Idol with his Council, yet (ſo the Monk) exceed them he did, he preſumed greater things.

Tyler loſt his Life before things were ripe, was watched and undermined by the King and Nobility, he could not ſpread his full Sails, elſe for his Preſumption he far out-goes *Litſter*. *Litſter* the *Norfolk* Devil begins with Plunder and Rapine (the only Way to fleſh a young Rebellion) The *Malignants* of the Kings Party (the rich and peaceable go under that Notion) are made a Prey, no place was ſafe, or priviledged. Plots were laid to get the Lord *William* of *Ufford* Earl of *Suffolk*, at his Mannor of *Ufford* near *Debenham* in *Suffolk*, into the Company, out of Policy; that if the Cauſe ſucceeded not, then the Rebels might cover themſelves under the Shadow of that Peer. The Earl warned of their Intention, riſes from Supper, and diſguiſed as a Groom * of Sir *Roger* of *Bois*, with a Portmantue behind him, riding By-ways, and about, ever avoiding the Routs, comes to St. *Albanes*, and from thence to the King.

* *Garcion.*

The *Commons* failing here, poſſeſs themſelves of the places, and Houſes of the Knights near, and compell the Owners to ſwear what they liſt, and for greater Warineſs to ride the Country over with them, which they durſt not deny: Among thoſe enthralled by this Compulſion were the Lords *Scales*, and *Morley*, Sir *John Brews*, Sir *Stephen* of *Hales*, and Sir *Robert* of *Salle*, which laſt was no Gentleman born, but as full of Honour and Loyalty as any Man, Knighted by the *Kings* Grand-father for his Valour; he was (ſays *Froiſſart*) one of the biggeſt Knights in *England*, a Man not ſupple enough, who could not bend before the new Lords; he had not the Solidity of Judgment (as ſome more ſubtle than honeſt call it) to accomodate himſelf to the times. Like *Meſſala* he would be of the juſteſt ſide, let the Fortune be what it would; he would not forſake Juſtice under Colour of following Prudence; he thought it not in vain to prop up the falling Government: perhaps his Judgment may be blamed he ſtayed not for a fit time, had he not failed here, he had not fought againſt Heaven, againſt Providence, whoſe Councils and Decrees are hid from us, are in the Clouds, not to be pierced; our Underſtanding is as weak as fooliſh, as Providence is certain and wiſe. Our Hopes and Fears deceive us alike, we cannot reſolve our ſelves upon any Aſſurance, to forſake our Duty for the time to come, Gods Deſigns are known only to himſelf; it is Deſpair, not Piety (Deſpair too far from that) to leave our Country in her dangerous Diſeaſes, in her publick Calamities; the Inſolency of injuſt Men is a Prodigy of their Ruin, and the Incertainty of things Humane may teach us, That thoſe we eſteem moſt *eſtabliſhed*, moſt aſſured, are not ſeldom ſooneſt overthrown. *Plato* would not have them refer all things to Fate, there is ſomewhat in our ſelves (ſays he) not a little in Fortune. Ours are but Cockfights, the leaſt Remainder of Force and Life may ſtrike a necking Blow, and by an unlooked for Victory raiſe what is fallen; if Death cannot be kept off, if our Country cannot be ſaved by our Attempts, there is a Comlineſs in dying handſomly, nor can any Man be unhappy but he who out-lives it. We have heard of Women who caſt themſelves into the fiery Pits, where their dead Husbands are conſumed; of Vaſſals who ſtab themſelves to follow their Prince into the next World; of *Otho*'s Prætorians, of the Saguntines burning in their Cities Flames. What can be ſo honourable as to dye for or with our Country or Faith, our Religion or Honeſty, to dye with that which gave us Life, and Liberty, and Senſe of theſe?

Liſters Hog-herds vow to burn *Norwich*, unleſs this Knight will come out to them, which he does well mounted, and forſakes his Horſe to pleaſe them. They ſeem to honour him highly, and offer him a fair Canton of the new *Common-wealth*, if he will command their Forces.

The faithful *Cavalier* abhorred the propoſition, and could not diſſemble his Diſlike: He tells them, he will not to his eternal diſhonour renounce his Soveraign, whom all good Men obeyed, to engage with the veryeſt perfidious Traitors living, in their Villanies. He attempts to horſe himſelf again, but fails; it was Treaſon to ſpeak againſt the Government.

The *Commons* grow furious, they cry out Treaſon, againſt Treaſon and Rebellion: Thouſands of Hands are lifted up againſt him, as if they all over with them, which they durſt not deny: Among thoſe enthralled by this Compulſion were the Lords *Scales*, and *Morley*, Sir *John Brews*, Sir *Stephen* of *Hales*, and Sir *Robert* of *Salle*, which laſt was no Gentleman born, but as full of Honour and Loyalty as any Man, Knighted by the *Kings* Grand-father for his Valour; he was (ſays *Froiſſart*) one of the biggeſt Knights in *England*, a Man not ſupple enough, who could not bend before the new Lords; he had not the Solidity of Judgment (as ſome more ſubtle than honeſt call it) to accomodate himſelf to the times. Like *Meſſala* he would be of the juſteſt ſide, let the Fortune be what it would; he would not forſake Juſtice under Colour of following Prudence; he thought it not in vain to prop up the falling Government: perhaps his Judgment may be blamed he ſtayed not for a fit time, had he not failed here, he had not fought againſt Heaven, againſt Providence, whoſe Councils and Decrees are hid from us, are in the Clouds, not to be pierced; our Underſtanding is as weak as fooliſh, as Providence is certain and wiſe. Our Hopes and Fears deceive us alike, we cannot reſolve our ſelves upon any Aſſurance, to forſake our Duty for the time to come, Gods Deſigns are known only to himſelf; it is Deſpair, not Piety (Deſpair too far from that) to leave our Country in her dangerous Diſeaſes, in her publick Calamities; the Inſolency of injuſt Men is a Prodigy of their Ruin, and the Incertainty of things Humane may teach us, That thoſe we eſteem moſt *eſtabliſhed*, moſt aſſured, are not ſeldom ſooneſt overthrown. *Plato* would not have them refer all things to Fate, there is ſomewhat in our ſelves (ſays he) not a little in Fortune. Ours are but Cockfights, the leaſt Remainder of Force and Life may ſtrike a necking Blow, and by an unlooked for Victory raiſe what is fallen; if Death cannot be kept off, if our Country cannot be ſaved by our Attempts, there is a Comlineſs in dying handſomly, nor can any Man be unhappy but he who out-lives it. We have heard of Women who caſt themſelves into the fiery Pits, where their dead Husbands are conſumed; of Vaſſals who ſtab themſelves to follow their Prince into the next World; of *Otho*'s Prætorians, of the Saguntines burning in their Cities Flames. What can be ſo honourable as to dye for or with our Country or Faith, our Religion or Honeſty, to dye with that which gave us Life, and Liberty, and Senſe of theſe?

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Theſe Meſſengers are met at *Ichlingham* near *New-Market* by *Henry le Spencer* Lord Biſhop of *Norwich*, of a noble Family, ſtout and well-armed;

He had been at his Mannor of *Burleigh* near *Okeham*, and there heard of the Tumults in *Norfolk*, and was now haſting thither to ſee how things were carryed, with eight Lances only in his Company, and a few Archers. He charged the Lord *Morley*, and Sir *John* upon their Allegiance to tell him, whether any of the *Commons* (the Kings *Traitors*) were with them. They look upon the Biſhop as a young raſh Man, and the Awe of their Maſters was ſo prevalent, he could hardly wreſt the Secret from them. After many Words they diſcover it; and the Biſhop cauſes the Heads of the Clowns to be ſtruck off, and fixed on a publick place at *New-Market*. Then taking with him that Lord and Knight, he poſts for *North-walſham*. The Gentry hearing of the Biſhops Arrival in his Coat of Male, with his Helmet upon his Head, his Sword by his ſide, and his Lance upon his Thigh croud in to him; the Biſhop quickly found himſelf in a Gallant Equipage, and as quickly reaches *North-walſham*, the ſink of the Rebellion.

Litſter was intrenched, he had fortified his Ditch with Pales, Stakes, and Doors, and ſhut himſelf in behind with his Carts, and Carriages. The Heroick Biſhop, like another *Maccabeus*, charges bravely through the Ditch, into the midſt of the Rebels (when all the Barons of *England* hid themſelves,) ſo ſuddenly, that the Archers could not let an Arrow fly at him, and came to handy Blows. As the *French* Hiſtorian *de Serres* obſerves; in Affairs of the World oftentimes he that is moſt ſtrong carrys it; a good Fortune, and a good Mind ſeldom go together.

Raro ſimul bonam fortunam cum bona mente. Liv.

Otho tells his Souldiers, often times where the Cauſes of things are good, yet if Judgment be wanting (I may put in) where the Counſels are unſound, the Agents faithleſs, where Money, Arms, and Men are wanting, the Iſſue muſt be pernicious. The Goods and Honours of this World which follow the Triumphers Chariots are common to the good and bad; Grace, Charity and Love, are the Marks of a pious Man, not Succeſs, to brag of which becomes rather a *Spartacus* or *Mahomet*, (who carry Faith and Law upon the Swords point) than a Chriſtian: The God of the Chriſtians is not the God of Robbery, and Blood. But things here fell out as could be wiſhed, the Innocency of the ſide prevailed, and the righteous weak ſide overcame the ſtrong unjuſt. *Liſter* touched with the Conſcience of his Miſchiefs, ſtruggles to the utmoſt to avert his Danger, at length gives Ground, and attempts to ſhift for himſelf by leaping over his Carriages in the Rere. The Biſhop preſſed forward ſo fiercely, that this Courſe proved in vain; moſt of the nnhappy Clowns are laid along upon the place. *Liſter* and the Captains of the Conſpiracy are taken and condemned to be drawn, hanged and beheaded, which was done. Others of the chief Conſpirators diſperſed over the Country, are ſearched out and executed.

Niſi enim dæmonis pleni fuiſſent, nequaquam in deſtruct. ſacr. Eccleſ. Chr. fidei & regni exterminium conſpiraſſ.

The Monk here tells us, It was apparent by the Works of theſe Demoniacks, by their Fruits, that they had conſpired (he ſpeaks of the whole) not only the Deſtruction of the Church and

Monarchy, but of the Chriſtian Faith too. School-Maſters were ſworn by them never to teach Grammar more, and whoſoever was taken with an Ink-horn about him, never ſaved his Head.

Our Monk attributes theſe Calamities to the remiſneſs of the Biſhops, to the Conceits and Fangles of Presbyter *Wycliff*, which if they be truly regiſtred by the Monks, his mortal Enemies, were peſtilential and damnable. Indeed Presbyter *Wycliff* was then living, but is not named in theſe Commotions, as one buſie in them, by the Monk, (though buſie he might be, we ſhall find Sir *John Old-Caſtle*, Lord *Cobham* and others of *Wycliffs Diſciples*, Rebels, and Traitors too too buſie in *Henry* the Fifths Beginning) *Baal*, and *Straw*, and *Wraw* were Prieſts of the Idol, and his Lieutenants, and might ſerve the turn to imbroil without fetching more Aid in: He attributes too theſe Miſchiefs to the licentious Invectives of the Clowns againſt their Lords, generally to the Sins of the Nation, incluſively taking in the Orders of Mendicants, or Begging Fryers, (like factious Lecturers) who had nothing of their own, and were obliged flatter the People, and make themſelves popular; who, ſays he, forgetful of their Profeſſion and Vows, greedy and covetous of Mony, foſter the People in their Errors, call good Evil, and Evil good, ſeducing the Great Men with Fawning, and the Rabble with Lyes. So that in thoſe Days (thus he proceeds) the Argument held in every Mans Mouth, *This is a Fryer, therefore a Lyer*, as ſtrong as this, *This is white, therefore coloured.*

Here again is *Walſingham* at a Stand; he complains, that it is impoſſible to relate the Villanies of the Ruſtick Devils, done in all parts.

We will now return to ſee what the King does next, who was not aſleep this while. After he had cleared the City (lately *Tylers* good Town) of the Kentiſh Fry, he commands the Nobility and Gentry (who durſt now peep abroad) all the Kingdom over to repair to him at *London* well armed, and well horſed, as they loved him, and his Royal Honour. Their own Danger, and late Fears, add Wings to their Haſte. Within a few Days, forty thouſand Horſe meet at a Rendevouz upon *Blackheath*, whither the young King who had taken his Sequeſtration off, and reſtored himſelf to his Blood and Majeſty, rides daily upon a Royal Courſer, to view their Order, with his Imperial Banner born before him. He delighted to be ſeen and acknowledged for what he was amongſt his own Homagers. Here he is informed, that the Kentiſhmen (a ſtirring People, but with what generous Reſolution will ſoon be found) are again in Mutiny, (a Mutiny however elſe contemptible) not to be ſleighted at that time. The King commands his Cavalry (on Fire, as much as himſelf) to march, and root out this perfidious Race of Miſcreants. Here the Nobility and Gentry of the County interpoſe, and become Pledges for the Commons, which appeaſes the King; who now disbands his Army, and reſolves to take no other Courſe of Juſtice, but ſuch as was ordinary and uſual, by Judgments upon the known Laws of the Land, and by Juries of twelve Men, the Ancient Birth-right of the Engliſhmen. Laws which could not have fitted *Tylers* Courts, nor Tryals, but which have been ever the Rule in all juſt and legal Tryals, in all calm and pious Ages. The Law Martial being proper to an Army marching, to be exerciſed in it. If otherwiſe, all Sentences by Colour of it, are againſt the *Magna Charta*, &c. and to the manifeſt Subverſion of the Priviledges of Subjects.

Earl of *Strafford* Caſe.

Upon this fair, and Kingly Concluſion of *Richard*, Commiſſions were given, and Juſtices of *Oyer* and *Terminer*, to hear and determine the Treaſons and Fellonies committed in the late Inſurrections; and principally to enquire, who were the chief Authors, Fomenters, and Incendiaries of the Broils, are ſent into *Kent*, *Eſſex*, and the reſt of the Provinces in Rebellion.

The moſt Honourable Mayor of *London*, with others in Commiſſion with him, ſate upon thoſe of *Kent*, *Eſſex*, *Norfolk*, and *Suffolk*, &c. who were apprehended in *London*. *Straw* taken in an old rotten Houſe about *London*, *Kirkby*, *Treder*, *Sterling* are condemned, and beheaded, *Straws* Head being ſet upon *London-bridge* with *Tylers*; but *Jack Straw*, who was privy to all the Contrivances, and Plots of the Confederacy, could give Light into the Mid-night Darkneſs of *Tylers* Steps, through all the cloſe Windings of his Labyrinths of Treaſons; is urged (the Mayor promiſing with ſome honeſt Citizens to be at the Charge of Maſſes for his Soul, the Good of which they deſire him to conſider) to declare his full Knowledge of the Counſels, and Votes paſſed, and to what end they had conjured up the wicked Spirits of thoſe Garboyles. *John* was obſtinate at the firſt, and would confeſs nothing, but gained by theſe Promiſes, and a little penitent (which was much to be believed of one poſſeſſed with Legions) he tells them, *Becauſe I have hopes of Help from your Suffrages after my Death, and becauſe this Diſcovery may be advantageous to the* Common wealth, *I will confeſs truly to you what we intended: When we met at* Black-heath, *and ſent for the King by our Captain-Generals Order, we purpoſed to have maſſacred all the Nobility and Gentry with him, then to have lead the King with us reſpected, and treated Kingly from place to place, to bait the vulgar by the Authority of his Preſence into our League, whom they might ſo have taken for the Head of our Commotion, he being by theſe Means likely to have been ſuppoſed by his own Party too to have truſted us, when by the Confluence of all the Counties our Companies had been full, and the Supreme* Executive Power *wholly ours, we meant to have* purged *the Nation, to have deſtroyed the Gentry, and firſt the Knights of* Saint John of Jeruſalem, *with all the Rags of Royalty, which by this time had been but a Rag it ſelf. Afterwards to have killed the* King, *whoſe Name could then have been of no Uſe to us.*

Their Oath to preſerve him could not laſt longer than their Conveniency and Opinions, which had then changed. We meant ſo once, but we mean otherwiſe now, had been a ſatisfactory Excuſe. They had often ſworn and covenanted, that *they neither meant nor had Power to harm the Kings Prerogative; that they intended to maintain the Kings Authority in his Royal Dignity, the free Courſe of Juſtice, and the Laws of the Land*; with infinite Expreſſions and Proteſtations of this kind. They might anſwer, the Time was when all this was real, when they would not have ſubverted the

Government, nor have deſtroyed the ancient Family; *to which*, ſays a Statute (which we hope it can be no Treaſon to *Tylers* Ghoſt to recite) the *Dominions*, and *Rights of the Realm of* England, &c. Ought *by inherent Birth-right, and lawful and undoubted Succeſſion, deſcend and come.* This *we being bounden* (thus ſpeak the Members heretofore) *thereunto by the Laws of God and Man do recogniſe*, &c. The Anſwer we ſay might have been eaſie, they would not have done it ſome time agone; they *ſwore* and *covenanted*, and *covenanted* again *they would, not now they will*; *Tyler* is ſtill *Tyler*; but *his Liberty* (falſe cheating Liberty) *is every where free, both to Will and Diſlike, as the Safety of the* Common-wealth *ſhall require and carry him on.* This was the Faith and Honeſty of that Age, by which we may gueſs at the Cauſe and Men who acted for it. Who were the Undertakers, what *Truſt is to be given* to ſuch perfidious Knaves, whoſe Proteſtations, *and Covenants of one Day, are wiped out by an Inſpiration of the next*: We may ſay by an *Inſpiration*, it was wondrous fit for theſe Changes. Our *Proteus* ſhould bring *Inſpiration* in. *All thoſe of Eſtates and Poſſeſſions, Biſhops, Canons, Perſons of Churches, Monks, we would have rooted out of the Earth! Only the begging Fryars ſhould have been preſerved, who would have ſerved* (ſuch Sheep ſuch Shepherds) *well enough for Church-duties*; which we may wonder after all theſe Pranks that they ſhould think of; here would have been a very plain Church. Queſtionleſs after all theſe Actions, the Devotion of theſe Reformers could not have been much; by that time our publick Thieves had

See Mag. Chart. &c. *See* 25 H. 8.
1 Eliz.
1 Jac.

caſt Lots for the Kings, Churches, Nobilities, and Gentrys Revenues, what Boars of other Countrys could have compared with the Riches of our Peaſants and their Captain *Tyler*. *When there ſhould have been* (ſo *Straw* goes on,) *none left more great, more ſtrong, or more wiſe than our ſelves, then we had ſet up a Law of our own forging, at our Pleaſure, by which our Subjects ſhould have been regulated.* Neceſſary it was the old Law ſhould be voted down; it condemned them in every Line. *Then had we created us Kings, Tyler* for *Kent* (a part too ſmall for the Arch-tyrant) *and others for other Shires*; Here was to be Monarchy ſtill, not Evil in it ſelf, but where it ought to be of Right; only the Family was to be changed, the ancient *Saxon Norman* Stemm, for an upſtart Dunghil Brood of Vipers; *Tyler* to be advanced upon the Ruins of *Richard*, the Cedar to be torn up, to make the Bramble Room enough, while any of the Royal Off-ſpring had been in being to claim the Right, to have involved the Miſerable, Perjured, Fooliſh People in an Everlaſting Civil War; never to have ceaſed, while there had been a Vein of Blood to run. The Maintenance of *Tylers* Wrong, his Uſurpation (not to look farther then the preſent World) would have been more fatal than ten Plagues. *John* adds, *no Man thwarted theſe Ends of ours more than the Arch-biſhop, therefore we hated him to Death, and made all the Haſte poſſible to bring him to it.*

Quib. ſubjecti regulati, &c.

In the Evening of that Saturday in which Wat *periſhed, becauſe the poorer ſort of the* Londoners *favoured us, we intended to have fired the City in four*

Places, and to have divided the Spoils (So the faithful Citizens, as forward as they were, had at laſt paid for their Love) he calls God to witneſs theſe Truths. The Confeſſions of many others of the *Ingagement* agreed with this of *Straw*.

The Lawyers, and thoſe (as one) who fled from the *Tyranny* of the Time, durſt now ſhew their Faces. Here is *Tyranny* of the Rout, *Tyranny* of a Savage Clown their Boutefeu; whoſe few Days of cruel Uſurpation, were more bloody, more deſtroying than the Years of any *Caligula*, any *Nero*, any *Domitian* whatſoever. A Civil War (ſays a Noble *Frenchman*) makes more Breaches, as to a Country, as to Manners, Laws, and Men in ſix Months, then can be repaired in ſix Years.

Stow.

Sieur de la Noue.

What then can be thought or ſaid of thoſe Monſters, who, againſt all ties of Nature and Piety, ſhall raiſe a deſperate Civil War, meerly with the Intent to overthrow Religion, the Church, the Government, Laws, and Humanity, out of a curſed diveliſh Ambition to advance themſelves (*Tylers* and Sons of the Earth before) to an Height which God (as ſome love to ſpeak) never called them to. For though Power is of God, it is only ſo when the coming to it is by lawful Means. He that ordains the Power, allows not the Uſurpation of it. *Tyler* had the Power to do Miſchief, the Power of Rebellion; the Power which muſt have ruined the Church and Common-wealth; but whether this be the Power which Chriſtians are to ſubmit to, let the next Caſuiſts judge.

The *Septuagint* Tranſlation of the Bible ſays of

Abimelech, who ſlew his Seventy *Brethren* (Murder uſhers Uſurpation in) *He made himſelf King by Tyranny.* The Monk, who writes the Lives of the *Offa's*, ſpeaking of *Beornred* the *Mercian* Uſurper has theſe Words: *In the ſame Region of the* Mercians, *a certain Tyranny rather deſtroying and diſſipating the Nobility of the Realm, then ruling &c. perſecuting, baniſhing, &c. Leſt any one, eſpecially of the Royal Blood, ſhould be advanced in his Place, he vehemently feared.* The thirty *Uſurpers* in the time of *Gallienus* are every where called *Tyrants. Paulus Diaconus*, writing of *Valentine* in the time of *Valentinian*, ſays, *He was cruſhed in* Brittany, *before he could invade the Tyranny*; and of *Maximus*, that he was Stout and Valiant, and worthy of the Empire, *had he not againſt the Faith of his Oath, raiſed himſelf*, per tyrannidem, *by Tyranny.* In other places *Eugenius*, *Gratian*, *Conſtantine*, *Sebaſtian*, *are called Tyrants.* The Words *Tyranny*, and *Tyrant*, and *Tyrannical Party*, being uſed often by him, are ever oppoſed to juſt and Regal Power, never uſed in any other Senſe. *Widdrington*, to the Example of *Athalia* urged by *Bellarmine* against Kings, ſays ſhe was no lawful Queen, ſhe had ſeized the Kingdom as an Uſurpreſs by *Tyranny*, the Kingdom belonged to *Joaſh*, in whoſe Right, and by whoſe Power ſhe was juſtly ſlain. —— Our moſt learned Prelate Biſhop *Abbot* of *Salisbury* tells the Cubs of *Loyola*, *Athalia had ſnatched, had graſped, and held the Kingdom with no Right, no Title, but by Butchery, Robbery, Rapine, and forcible Entry* —— *and that ſhe was thrown down and killed by the common bounden Duty and Faith of Subjects*

Apolog. ſ 34.

Antilog. c. 3.

Subjects to their Prince. *Baronius* a Cardinal, that the Maccabees of *Levi* or Houſe of the *Aſſamoneans*, may not be made Uſurpers, matches them with the Royal Line of *David*, elſe ſays he, *abſque labe Tyrannidis*, without *the Stain of* *Apparat.* *Tyranny*, they could not meddle with the Kingdom. *Rodolph*, Duke of *Suevia* or *Suabeland*, ſet up for a falſe Emperor by that deviliſh Pope *Hildebrand*, againſt the Emperor *Henry* the IV. is called by the *Germans* a *Tyranne* upon this Score. A full Tyranny (ſays one of our Chief Juſtices, ſpeaking of the Papal Power in Church-cauſes here) has two Parts without Right to uſurp, and inordinately to rule, and the Statute 28 of *King Henry* the 8th. againſt the *Papal Authority*, calls it an uſurped *Tyranny*, and the Exerciſe of it a Robbery, and ſpoyling of the King, and his People.

The Statute 31 *Henry* the 6th. adjudging *John Cade*, another Imp of Hell, and Succeſſor of *Wat*, to be a Traitor, which are the Words of the Title, and all his Indictments and Acts to be void, ſpeaks thus; The moſt abominable *Tyranny*, horrible, odious, and arrant falſe Traitor, *John Cade*, naming himſelf ſometime *Mortimer* (he and *Tyler* had two Names) taking upon him Royal Power, *&c.* by falſe, ſubtile and imagined Language, *&c.* Robbing, ſtealing, and ſpoiling, *&c.* And that all his *Tyranny*, Acts, Feats, and falſe Opinions, ſhall be voided, and that all things depending thereof, *&c.* under the Power of *Tyranny*, ſhall be likewiſe void, *&c.* And that all Indictments in times coming in like Caſe under Power of *Tyranny*, Rebellion, *&c.* ſhall be void in Law; and that all Petitions delivered to the *King* in his laſt *Parliament*

ment, &c. againſt his Mind, by him not agreed, ſhall be put in Oblivion &c. as againſt God, and Conſcience, &c.

To proceed; The King, becauſe all theſe Riſings were by the Ringleaders proteſted to be made for him and his Rights, and that the Forces then raiſed, were raiſed by his Authority, and all their Actions owned by him, iſſues out a Proclamation from *London*, to this Effect.

Richard &c. *To all and ſingular Sheriffs, Mayors, Bayliffs,* &c. *of our County of N.* &c. *Becauſe we are given to underſtand; that divers of our Subjects, who againſt our Peace,* &c. *have raiſed and made divers Conventicles and Aſſemblys,* &c. *Do affirm, that they the ſaid Aſſemblys and Levies have made and do make by Our Will and Authority,* &c. *We make known to all Men, That ſuch Levies, Aſſemblys, and Miſchiefs, from Our Will and Authority have not proceeded.* (He adds) *They were begun, and continued much to his Diſpleaſure and Diſgrace, to the Prejudice of His Crown, and Damage of the Realm. Wherefore he injoyns and commands,* &c. *To take the beſt Care for the keeping of his Peace, and oppoſing of all ſuch Levies with a ſtrong Hand: Further, he commands every Man to leave ſuch Aſſemblys, and return Home to his own Houſe under Penalty* *of Forfeiture of Life, and Member, and all things forfeitable to the King, &c.*

These *Clowns* charge not the King to be tranſſported furiouſly, and hoſtily, to the Deſtruction of the whole People, which can never happen, where the King is in his Wits; but what is fully as mad, they will ſuppoſe him to arm againſt his own Life and Power, againſt his own Peace, and the Peace of all that love him. This *Proclamation* put Life into the Royaliſts, into all honeſt Hearts, and diſmays as much the Rebels; yet after this the *Eſſex* Traitors, gather again at *Byllericay* near *Hatfield* Peverel, and ſend to the King, now at *Waltham*, to know whether he intends to make good his Grants of Liberties, and require to be made equal with their Lords, without being bound to any Suits of Court, View of *Frank-pledge* only excepted twice the Year.

The *King* and his Council are ſtartled at this Impudence. The *King* anſwers the Agents, *That if he did not look upon them as Meſſengers, he would hang them up: Return* (ſays he) *to your Fellow Rebels, and tell them, Clowns they were, and are, and ſhall continue in their Bondage, not as hitherto but far more baſely trampled on. While we live, and rule this Kingdom, by Gods Will we will imploy all our Means and Power to keep you under: So that your Miſery ſhall frighten all Villains hereafter: And your Poſterity ſhall curſe your Memory.* At the Heels of the Meſſenger, the *King* ſends his Unkle *Thomas* of *Woodſtock* Earl of *Buckingham*, and Sir *Thomas Piercy* with a Body of Horſe to

Walſ.

quell them. The Rebels were intrenched according to the manner of *Litſters* Camp, in the midſt of Woods; ten Lances of the Avant Currors rout them; the Lords, when they were come up, incloſe the Woods round, five hundred are killed, eight hundred Horſes for Carriage taken, the broken Remainders of the Defeat eſcape to
Walſ. *Colcheſter*, a Town ever honeſt, and faithful to the Prince, where the Loyal Townſmen would not be gotten to ſtir; they ſolicite the Townſmen (ſays the *Monk*) with much Intreaty, great Threats, and many Arguments; neither intreaties, nor Threats, nor Arguments would move them. From thence they get to *Sudbury*, making every where ſuch *Proclamations* as of old they had uſed; where the Lord *Fitzwalter* (whoſe Seat was at *Woodham-Walters* in *Eſſex*) and Sir *John Harleſtone* ruſh ſuddenly upon them, kill and take them: the *King* meaning to viſit *Eſſex* in his own Perſon, comes to *Havering* at the Boure, a Mannor of his own Demain, of the Sacred Patrimony, and from thence to *Chelmsford*, where he appoints Sir *Robert Treſilian*, Chief Juſtice of his Bench of *Pleas* of the Crown, to ſit and inquire of the Malefactors, and Troublers of the Country, and to puniſh the Offendors according to the Cuſtoms of the Realm, known, and viſible.

Five Hundred of theſe wretch-
Walſ. ed Peaſants, who had no Mercy for others heretofore, caſt themſelves down before the *King* bare-footed, and with Heads uncovered, implore his Pardon, which he grants them, on Condition they diſcover the great Conſpirators, the Captain Rogues. The Jurors are char-

ged by the chief Juſtices to carry themſelves indifferently, and juſtly in their Verdicts, neither ſwayed by Love, or Hatred, to favour, or proſecute any Man. Many upon the Evidence given in, and the finding of the Jury, were condemned to be drawn and hanged; nineteen of them were truſſed upon one Gallows. Heading had formerly been the Execution of others in *Eſſex*, *Kent*, and *London*, becauſe of the Numbers of the Guilty, which was now thought a Death ſhort of the Demerits of the moſt foul and heinous Offenders; wherefore according to the Cuſtom of the Realm, it was decreed (ſays the Monk) that the Captains ſhould be hanged.

The like was done in other Countrys by the Juſtices in Commiſſion, where the *King* was in Perſon. Here the *King* with the Advice of his Council, revokes his *Letters Patents*, the Charters granted to the Clowns: *Although* (ſo he ſpeaks) *we have in the late deteſtable Troubles*, &c. *manumiſed all the Commons, our Liege Subjects of our Shires, and them*, &c. *have freed from all Bondage and Service*, &c. *And alſo have pardoned the ſame our Liege Men and Subjects all Inſurrections by riding, going*, &c. *And alſo all manner of Treaſons, Felonies, Treſpaſſes, and Extortions*, &c. *Notwithſtanding for that the ſaid Charters, were without mature Deliberation, and unduly procured*, &c. *To the prejudice of us, and our Crown, of the Prelates, and great Men of our Realm; as alſo to the diſheriſon of Holy Engliſh Church, and to the Hurt and Damage of the Common-wealth, the ſaid Letters we revoke, make void, and annul*, &c. *Yet our Intention is ſuch Grace upon every of our ſaid Subjects to confer, though* *enormouſly their Allegiance they have forfeited*, &c. *As ſhall be uſeful to us, and our Realm.*

The Cloſe commands *to bring in to the King and his Council all Charters of Manumiſſion and Pardon, to be cancelled upon their Faith and Allegiance, and under Forfeiture of all things forfeitable*, &c. *Witneſs our ſelf at* Chelmsford *the* 2. *of* July, *and* 5th. *Year of our Reign.* Falſe for the 4th.

In the Caſe of a Subject (and no reaſon Kings ſhall be more bound) every Act extorted by Violence, and Awe upon the Agent, is void. In the Time of *Edward* the Third, two Thieves (which was the Caſe here) force a Traveller to ſwear that he will at a day appointed bring them a thouſand Pound; and threaten to kill him if he refuſe their Oath; he ſwears and performs what he had ſworn: By Advice of all the Juſtices theſe two were indicted of Robbery, and the Court maintains that the Party was not bound by this Oath. Yet if this be denyed as unſafe, Violence, or Force, which ſtrikes a juſt Fear into any Man, makes any Contract void, ſay the Caſuiſts.

44 E. 3. 14.

Reſp. ad Apolog.

Biſhop *Andrews*, that moſt learned Prelate, anſwers to the pretended Reſignation of King *John* urged by *Bellarmine*, that what this King did, (if any ſuch Act was done) was done by Force, and out of Fear.

Admonit. diſp. de jur. fid. l. 1.

Widdrington, the moſt Loyal of all Roman-Catholick Prieſts, who writ much againſt the Gunpowder Jeſuits in Defence of the Right of Kings, againſt thoſe Jeſuits who would have cut off the

King, the Royal Family, the Biſhops of the Engliſh Catholick Church, the Nobility and Gentry, as their Letter ſpeaks, with one Blow, ſays of this Reſignation, or Donation, if we may (ſo he) call it ſo, that it was not freely given. The Jeſuits Challenge the perpetual Dictature, or Regency of the Univerſity of *Pontamouſſon* by Bull of *Sixtus* the Fifth, contrary to the Statutes of the Foundation by *Gregory* the Thirteenth. Were the Bull true (ſays *Berclay*) yet it ought not to be of Force, becauſe it was obtain'd preſently after his Creation, when things are preſumed to be rather extorted than obtained. *Bodin* denys that a *King* deceived or forced can be bound by his Grants. The Juſtice of Contracts is that alone which binds. The Diſtinction of Royal and private Acts is of more Sound than Strength, and anſwers not the Injuſtice of the impulſive Violence, which muſt be naturally vicious every where, and corrupt and weaken the Effects, and cannot be good and bad by Changes, or as to this, or that. *Grotius*, who loves this Diſtinction, in another place is poſitive, There muſt be Equality in all Contracts. He condemns all Fear, or Awe upon the Perſon purpoſely moved for the Contracts Sake, and tells us out of *Xenophon* of thoſe of *Lacedamon* who annulled a Sale of Lands, which the *Eleans* had forced the Owners to paſs out of Fear.

A Charter of King *Henry* the Third impriſoned and forced, is ſaid by *Aldenham* to be void upon this Reaſon, and I judge the Juſtice of this Revocation by the Law of *England*, by which, as our old Parliaments, ſuch Force is Treaſon. The Fruits of which were here more juſtly plucked up than they were planted. He who gives up his Money to Thieves, according to his Oath, may lawfully take it away from them: However they are bound to make Reſtitution. Nor can any Preſcription of time eſtabliſh a Right of Poſſeſſion in him, who makes his Seizure upon no other Title but Plunder and Robbery. The 5th. of this King, the Parliament declares theſe Grants to be forced and void. Enough to clear the Honour of King *Richard*, as to this part.

Exil. Hugh. de le Spencer pat. & fil.

Rei furtivæ æterna authoritas eſto.

At *Chelmsford* the King is informed of the whole Hiſtory of Miſchiefs done at St. *Albanes*, and reſolved in Perſon with all his Guards and Cavalry to ride thither, and ſentence the Malefactors with his own Mouth; but Sir *Walter Ley* of *Hartfordſhire*, fearing the much impoveriſhing the Country, if the *King* ſhould make any long Stay there, with ſuch Numbers as then attended him, beſeeches him to make a Tryal, whether things might not be compoſed without him, and offers to reconcile the *Abbot* and Townſmen, if the *King* would; which was conſented to: The *King* grants him a *Commiſſion*, and joyns with him *Edward Benſtude*, *Geofry Stukely*, and others of the Gentry of that County.

The coming of theſe *Commiſſioners* was noiſed at St. *Albans*: The fierceſt of the Clowns knowing what they had done was condemned by the Law, and not to be defended, but by Force, which now they had not, began to ſhake and take Fright, are plotting to get out of the Way. *Greyndcob*, Lieutenant of the late Idol, comforts them, he perſwades to go to Horſe; let us meet the Knight (ſays he) and ſee whether his Looks promiſe Peace or not; if not, the Towns about us have engaged, they have aſſociated, and are of our *League*; we are rich, and cannot want good Fellows, who will aſſiſt us while our Monys laſt. On St. *Peters* Day this ill-adviſed Crue meets the Knight upon the Road, who was ignorant of their Reſolutions, and conduct him Honourably, according to their Faſhion, to the Town: Sir *Walter* had with him fifty Lances, and ſome Companies of Archers, liſted at random, many of them being of the Churls, and Confederates with them: The Knight cites the Townſmen and their Neighbours to appear before him in *Derfold*, to hear the Pleaſure and Commands of the King; they fail not, *There he tells them what Forces the King had aſſembled; how rigorouſly thoſe of* Eſſex *were ſentenced: That the King was highly incenſed at the Troubles and Seditions of this place, of which he was the Patron and Defender: That with Great Difficulty he had procured of the King a Commiſſion, by which himſelf, and others, not Strangers, or Enemies, but their Friends and Neighbours were authorized to do Juſtice in the Kings Stead; he concludes if they will appeaſe the King, they muſt find out, and deliver up the Beginners of theſe Broils, and make Satiſfaction to the Lord Abbot, an holy and a juſt Man, for the Wrong they had done him.*

This many of the Hearers approve, and promiſe to obey. The Knight charges a Jury to be made ready the next Morning, and make what Diſcovery they can, and gives the People Leave to depart. Towards Night he ſends for the Jury to his Chamber, intending to have apprehended the Lieutenants, by the Aſſiſtance of the Jury, without any Noiſe. Theſe good Men and true know nothing; it was the Caſe of their Fellows in Miſchief, and might be their own. They anſwer in a plain *Ignoramus*, they can indict no Man, accuſe no Man. Amongſt all the ſounder of theſe Swine, there was not one who had been Faithleſs and Diſloyal to his Natural Liege Lord, not one Breaker of his Peace, not one who could appear ſo to them.

The Knight ſeems not to underſtand the Falſneſs and Cunning of theſe Hob-nail perjured Juglers: He takes another Way, and next requires them within a peremptory time, to bring him the Charters which they had forced from the Monaſtery; they return after a ſhort Conſultation, and in the *Abbots* Chamber, where the Knight then was, tell him, *They dare not obey out of Fear of the Commons; what was more, they knew not in whoſe Cuſtody the Charters were.* The Knight grows angry, and ſwears, they ſhall not go out of the Chamber till he have them, which they call impriſoning their Perſons. Here the *Abbot* intercedes, and though he knew them as very Knaves and Lyers as any *Tyler* had ſet on work, yet he will not (he ſays) diſtruſt their Honeſty; he will leave things to their Conſciences, upon which they are freed.

Another Aſſembly is appointed at *Barnet* Wood, whither the Villagers about throng in Multitudes.

Three hundred Bow-men of *Barnet* and *Berkhamſted*, make here ſo terrible a Show, nothing is done.

The Commiſſioners privately charge the Gentry, Conſtables, and Bayliffs to ſeize in the Night *Greyndcob*, *Cadindon*, *John* the Barber, with ſome others, and to bring them to *Hartford*, whither themſelves went in all Haſte; which was performed: The Eſquires and Servants of the Abby, were ſent with them to ſtrengthen the Company. This enrages the Townſmen afreſh, they gather into Conventicles in the Woods and Fields, ſo much frightful to the Monaſtery, that the *Abbot*, recalls his Eſquires, lets the Proſecution fall, and fearfully ſummons in his Friends to guard him. *Greyndcobs* Friends take Advantage of this Change, and bail him for three Days, within which time they were either tyed to agree with the *Abby*, or render up *Greyndcob* to the Juſtices again. The Townſmen fierce enough ſtill, yet earneſt to preſerve their Worthy, are content to part with the Charters; but this *Greyndcob* (more Fool-hardy than wiſe) would not conſent to. Nor does he, as knowing the Stifneſs of his Clowns whine in a Religious Tone, never uſed by him.

He prays them to conſider how Beautiful *Liberty* is, how ſweet, how Honourable: Dangerous *Liberty*, (ſays he) is more valuable than ſafe and quiet Slavery; let us live, or dye with *Liberty*, in ſo generous, ſo honeſt a Contention, it will be Glorious to be overcome; whatſoever our Fears are, worſe we cannot be, then now we are about to make our Selves. Succeſs too doth not ſo often fail Men, as their own Induſtry and Boldneſs: Fear not for me, nor trouble your ſelves at my Dangers, I ſhall think my ſelf more happy than our Lords, if they proſper, or their *King*, to dye a Martyr of the *Cauſe*, with the Reputation of ſuch a Gallantry. Let ſuch Courage as would have hurryed you forward to all brave and ſignal Miſchiefs, had I loſt my Head at *Hartford*, inflame your heavy Sprights. Methinks I ſee the Hero *Tylers* Ghoſt chiding our ſluggiſh Cowardice, and by the Blazes of his Fire-brands kindled in Hell, and waved by Fiends about his Head, lead on to noble Villanies.

Per tale Martyrium vitam finire.

Si Hertfordiæ, heſterno decollatus, &c.

Let dreaming Monks and Prieſts tremble at the airy Sounds of God, and Saints; he who fears Thunder-bolts, is a Religious heartleſs Coxcomb, and ſhall never climb a Molehill. Thus our buskin'd Martyr ſwaggers, after the Raptures put upon him by *Walſingham*; *Greyndcob's* Stubbornneſs hardens on the Clowns, they now accuſe themſelves of Baſeneſs, that they did not cut off the Knights Head, and nail it on the Pillory, to the Terror (ſay they) of all Judges, and falſe Juſtices. *Greyndcob* had raiſed Spirits, which he could not lay when he would.

Three days being expired, he is again ſent to *Hartford* Goal, where he hears News from his Brother, who mediated for him in the Court, not very pleaſing, which he communicates to his Townſmen. His Intelligence was to this Effect; That *Richard* of *Beauchamp* Earl of *Warwick*, and Sir *Thomas Piercie* with a thouſand armed Men were appointed to visit S. *Albans*.

At this Report the Rebels ſtartle, they fall to new Treaties, offer the Charters and Book, in which the old *Pleas* betwixt the *Abby* and the Town were recorded, with 200 l. for amends. The Book is received; the reſt put off till the next Day. The Earl of *Warwick* ſends only Excuſes, he heard his own Houſe was on Fire, that the Clowns of his own Lordſhips were up, and he leaves all things elſe to quell them. This raiſes the fallen Courages of thoſe of Saint *Albans*, they now laugh at their late Fears, *If the Commons*, ſay they, *muſt quit their Right of Conqueſt, and ſurrender their Charters, yet will not we the (Renowned Mechanicks) of St.* Albans *be their Preſident.* And as in all Tumults (which can never be obſerved too often) Lying is neceſſary, and muſt not be uſeleſs, whatſoever elſe is; they lay the Blame of their Obſtinacy upon the Inhabitants of *Barnet* and *Watford*, who threaten (ſo they would have it believed) to burn their Town if they deliver up their *Liberties.*

Which Inhabitants of *Barnet* and *Watford* had humbly ſurrendred theirs before, and ſubmitted to the *Kings* Mercy: Thus we find theſe Rebels of St. *Albans* again ſwaggering in their old *Rhodomontadoes.* An Eſquire of the *Abbots* acquaints the *King* with theſe Turnings, who vows to ſit perſonally in Judgment upon theſe Everlaſting Malecontents.

The *Abbot* full of Pity and Charity, who had ſaved ſome of theſe Enemies of his Houſe from the Axe by Interceſſion at *London*, continues his Goodneſs ſtill. He ſollicites Sir *Hugh Segrave*, Steward of the Houſhold, and others of his Friends, to mitigate the King's Diſpleaſure, and hinder his Journey thither, which was not in their Power. Now again are the Townſmen dejected, and ſeek by all means to keep off the Tempeſt, which threatned them: They fee Sir *William Croyſer* a Lawyer to make their Defence, and mediate with the *Abbot*, where there was no Danger: An Agreement is concluded the Day of the *Kings* Entry, by which they would bind the *Abbot*, not to diſcloſe them, or inform againſt them.

He promiſes (if they fail not in Performance on their Part) not to make any Complaints to the *King* of them; that he would be a Suiter for their Peace, if his Prayers may be heard, but that here he cannot aſſure them: Pardons were Acts flowing meerly from the *Kings* Grace. *No Man had any Power or Authority to pardon or remit Treaſons*, &c. *but the King*; and whether he could prevail for them, he knew not. This Doubtfulneſs troubles them, it ſeems to call their Innocency too much into Queſtion; They tell him, his good Will was ſufficient, and that as to what belonged to the Royal Dignity they ſhould ſatisfie the *King*.

See 27 A.1.c.24.

After Veſpers the *King* made his Entry into the Town, being met by the *Abbot* and *Covent*; the Bells rang aloud, and the Monks ſang merrily his Welcome: He was followed by ſome thouſands of Bowmen and Cavaliers. In this Train was Sir *Robert Treſilian*, Chief Juſtice of the *Kings Bench*, who the next Day, being *Saturday* the 13. of *July*, and firſt of the Dog-days, ſat in Judgment at the Moot-hall (ſays *Walſingham*) at the Town-houſe.

Greyndcob, *Cadindon*, and *John* the Barber, are fetched from *Hartford*, and laid faſt till Munday, againſt which time new Jury-men are choſen, and charged to be ready with their Verdicts: Prophet *Baal*, the *Sergius* of the new *Alcoran*, the Prieſt of the Idol and his Calves, the *Martin of the Toak*, *of pure Diſcipline*, *of the Elderſhip*, was taken by the Townſmen of *Coventry*, brought to St. *Albans* the Day before, and this Saturday condemned by the Chief Juſtice to be Drawn, Hanged, Beheaded, Imbowelled, and Quartered, which was done on the Munday following.

He confeſſed to the Biſhop of *London* (to whoſe Chriſtian Piety he ought the two laſt Days of his Life, which were begged for his Repentance) that certain hot and *powerful Paſtors of the Separation*, *Brethren of ſimple Hearts*, *called by the Spirit* (he named ſix or ſeven) *had covenanted and engaged to compaſs* England *and* Wales *round*, *as Itinerant Apoſtles to propagate the Goſpel*, *beat down all Abomination of the outward Man*, *Antichriſtian Hierarchy*, *and Tyranny of the Nimrods of the Earth*, *to cry up the great and Holy Cauſe*, *and to ſpread the Law*, *Principles*, *and Hereſies of* Baal; *which Diſciples* (ſays this *Rabbi*) *unleſs they be prevented*, *and taken off will deſtroy the Realm in two Years*: He might have ſaid *two Months*, and been believed, as to the Civility, Humanity, Order and Honour (never intermitted but in the Confuſion of a barbarous, impious Age) which made *England* Glorious, they had been deſtroyed, and torn up in a leſs time. A few licentious ill Acts eaſily beget a Cuſtom, and an hundred ill Cuſtoms quicklier grow and prevail than one ſingle good one. There is a Proneneſs in unruly Man to run into Debauchments, and no wonder that the arrogant, miſled, ſilly Multitude, capable of any ill Impreſſions, ſhould deprave and diſorder things, where all Ties of Reſtraint are looſened; nay, where Diſorders are not only defended by the corrupt Wits of Hirelings, but bidden, ſtrengthened by a Law, and Villanies made legal Acts.

Had the Idol King *Tyler*, with his Council, not gone on too far in the Way of Extermination, but endeavoured to repair the Breaches of his Entrance; it would have been no ſmall Labour to have reſtored things to any mean and tolerable Condition; if *Presbyter Wickliff*, and his *Claſſes*, by their pernicious Doctrines (as they are charged to this Day) did firſt pervert and corrupt the People, and broach that Veſſel with which Father *Baal* and *Straw* poyſoned them, they muſt have ruined themſelves by the Change; ſure enough they had been no more comprehended in any of *Tylers Toleration*, than the *Prelatical or Papiſtical Party*.

In the Turmoils and Outrages of this *Tyranny*, had it taken, Innocence, Virtue, Ingenuity, Honeſty, Faith, Learning, and Goodneſs had been odious, and dangerous. The Profit, and Advantage of the new Uſurpers, had been the Meaſure of Juſtice and Right: The Noble and Ignoble had died Streets and Scaffolds with their Blood, not by Laws and Judgment, but out of *Malice* to their Height and Worth, out of Fury and Covetouſneſs to enrich publick Thieves and Murtherers. The Jealouſies too and Fears of *Tyler*, had made all Men unſafe. Yet the Repute, the Renown of the Founders could not have been much. The Glory of Succeſs cannot be greater than the Honeſty of the Enterpriſe; there muſt be Juſtice in the Quarrel, elſe there can be no true Honour in the Proſperity. *Cato* will love the conquered Commonwealth; *Jugurtha*'s Fame, who is ſaid to be illuſtrious for his Parricides and Rapines, will not make all Men fall down and worſhip.

On *Munday* the Fifteenth of *July* (not of *October*, as *Walſingham* is miſ-printed) the Chief Juſtice *Treſilian* calls before him the Jury for Inquiry, who faulter and ſhameleſly proteſt they cannot make any ſuch Diſcovery as is deſired. The Chief Juſtice puts them in Mind of the *Kings* Words to them upon the Way, promiſing Pardon if they will find out the Offenders; elſe threatning them with the Puniſhment they ſhould have ſuffered, who through ſuch Silence cannot be apprehended.

Out they go again, and the Chief Juſtice follows them: He ſhews them a Roll of the principal Offenders Names, tells them they muſt not think to delude and blind the Court with this Impudence, and adviſes them out of a Care to preſerve wicked Mens Lives, not to hazard their own.

Hereupon they indict many of the Town and Country, which Indictments are allowed by a ſecond Inqueſt, appointed to bring in the Verdict, and again affirmed by a third Jury of Twelve, charged only for the Fairneſs of the Tryal: So no Man was pronounced guilty, but upon the finding of thirty ſix Jurors. Then were the Lieutenants *Greyndcob*, *Cadindon*, and *Barber*, and twelve more condemned, Drawn, and Hanged. *Wallingford*, *John Garlock*, *William Berewill*, *Thomas Putor*, and many more; with Eighty of the Country, were Indicted by their Neighbours, and Impriſoned, but forgiven by the King's Mercy, and diſcharged. They were forgiven moſt by the Kings Mercy; for he had forbidden by Proclamation, all Men to ſue or beg for them, a Command which the good *Abbot* ſometimes diſobeyed, and he ſhall be well thanked for it.

No Benefits can oblige ſome Men: A true rugged Churl can never be made faſt, never be tyed by any Merit whatſoever: Nothing can ſoften him: See an unheard of Shameleſneſs till then. Theſe lazie, tender-hearted Clowns, who could hardly be got to diſcover the Guilty, now run with full Speed to betray the Innocent: They indict the *Abbot* as the principal Raiſer, and Contriver of theſe Tumults, which ſtruck at his own Life, and the Being and Safety of his Monaſtery. The Abbot, as it is ſaid, ſent to *Tyler*, upon his *Ordinances*, ſome of the Town and Monaſtery, but to temporize, and ſecure himſelf. This is now ſuppoſed by the very Traitors indeed, *Treaſon by Common Law and Statute againſt the King his Natural Liege Lord.* This *having not the Fear of God in his Heart*, &c. *but being ſeduced by the Inſtigation of the Devil, is compaſſing the Death*, &c. *the Deprivation and depoſing of his Soveraign Lord from his Royal State*, &c. (as ſuch Indictments uſe to run) This muſt goe for *levying War againſt the Lord the King, adhering to, comforting, and aiding his Enemies by open Fact*; Which are the Words of the Statute of Treaſon, declarative of the Common Law. 25 *Edw.* 3.

The Chief Juſtice, abominating and curſing the treacherous Malice, and Perfidiouſneſs of theſe Brutes, makes them tear the Indictment which themſelves, though urged, are not wicked enough to ſwear to; nay, which publickly they confeſs to be falſe in the Face of the Court.

Villeinage was not now aboliſhed, though ſome think otherwiſe, but by Degrees extinguiſhed ſince this Reign. Beſides, the Letters of Revocation before, reſtoring all things to their old Courſe, a Commiſſion, which the Abbot procured from the King out of the Chancery, then kept in the Chapter-houſe of this Monaſtery, makes this manifeſt; which ſpeaks to this Effect.

RIchard, *by the Grace of God, King of* England, *and of* France, *and Lord of* Ireland, *&c. To his Beloved* John Lodowick, John Weſtwycomb, *&c. We command you, and every of you, upon Sight of theſe Preſents, &c. That on our Part, forthwith ye cauſe to be proclaimed, That all and ſingular the Tenants of our Beloved in Chriſt, the Abbot of S.* Albans, *as well free as bond; the Works, Cuſtoms and Services, which they to the foreſaid Abbot ought to do, and of ancient Time have been accuſtomed to perform; without any Contradiction, murmur, &c. Do as before they have been accuſtomed.*

The Diſobedient are commanded to be taken, and Impriſoned as Rebels

11 *H.* 7. 13. In the Time of *King Henry* the Seventh there were Villains. This I obſerve to make it appear, how little it is which the miſerable Common People, without whom no famous Miſchief can be attained, are Gainers by any of their Riots or Seditions; whatſoever the Changes are, their Condition is ſtill the ſame or worſe. If ſome few of them advance themſelves by the Spoils of the publick Shipwrack, the reſt are no happier for it; the inſolent *Sight* offends their Eyes, they ſee the Dirt of their own Ditches lord it over them, and the Body of them (perhaps) more deſpiſed than ever. *Tyler* (who could not but have known, that nothing can be ſo Deſtructive to Government, as the Licentiouſneſs of the baſe Commons) would doubtleſs (when his own Work had been done) quickly have chained up the Monſter; he would have perched in the Kings ſacred Oak; all the Forreſt ſhould have been his, Biſhopricks, Earldoms, nay the Kingdoms had been ſwallowed by him. Inſtead of a *juſt legal Power* by which the Kings acted, an *Arbitrary, boundleſs, unlimited Power* muſt have been ſet up; inſtead of a Fatherly Royal Monarchy, a *Tyranny* after the Turkiſh Mode, a Monarchy Seigniorial; and had he brought in upon the Fall of the Chriſtian Faith and Worſhip, which muſt have followed his *Eſtabliſhment*, Circumciſion, and the Creed of *Mahomet*, as the Spirits of Men were than debaſed, he muſt have been obeyed. All the Kings Right (and more) muſt have been his; *Sultan*

Tyler's Prerogative would have been found more grievous, more heavy, more killing than all the Yokes and Scorpions of our Kings; no Man when he went to Sleep, could aſſure himſelf that one Law would be left next Morning; the *Ordinances* of *Tyler* and his Council flew about in Swarms, killing and rooting up the Laws: One Proclamation of this Tyrant's was of Force to blow up the ancient Foundation; enough to have made Men mad, if ever they could wake, and underſtand. When the *French* had conquered *Naples*, the People looked for a golden World, they thought their new Maſter would (as the King of *Mexico*'s Oath uſed to ſay) do Juſtice to all Men, make the Sun to ſhine, the Clouds to rain, the Earth to be fruitful: They promiſe themſelves *Liberty*, and that the accuſtomed Impoſts of their former *Kings* of the Houſe of *Arragon*, ſhould not only be taken off, but the very Word *Gabelle* driven out of the Kingdom, there ſhould be no ſuch thing in Nature left; but fooliſh Dolts as they were, they found an Alteration quickly, inſtead of a Court Cavalry before (the new Maſters ill *eſtabliſhed* and aſſured, not daring to truſt any thing) ſtanding Armies were continually to be kept on Foot; inſtead of one Tax, intolerable of late, they are oppreſſed with ten, their Backs and Shoulders crack under the Load.

Upon this Fancy of theſe abuſed *Italians*, ſays the Hiſtorian, *This is the Cuſtom, for the moſt part of all People, weary ever of the preſent Condition, and inconſiderately gaping after a Change, but they receive ſuch Wages of their fond and diſorderly Lightneſs.*

The War undertaken againſt *Lewis* the 11th. of

France, by the Houſe of *Burgundy*, Dukes of *Berry*, *Brittain*, and *Bourbon*, called the *Weal Publick*, was not made againſt the King (ſays the Allies) but againſt evil Order, Injuſtice in the Government, and for the *Publick Good* of the Realm. In the Treaty for Peace theſe fine things are forgotten, the wretched Peaſants torn, and ground with Taxes, left to ſhift for themſelves.

The Prince of the *Burgundies* demands the Towns upon the *Some* for himſelf: *Normandy* for the Duke of *Berry*, and other places; Offices, and Penſions for the reſt; ſome Overtures were made for the *Weal Publick* (ſays the History) that is all, the *Weal Publick* was the leaſt of the Queſtion, the *Weal Publick* was turned to *Weal Particular*; *Self-ſeeking* was the Sum of the Buſineſs. This has been the Faſhion of all Rebels hitherto, and will be to the Worlds End. After theſe Proceedings the *Hartfordſhire* Men betwixt the Ages of 15 and 60 preſent themſelves according to Command, and take the Oath of Allegiance; they are ſworn too to unkennel and apprehend the late Incendiaries.

Commen.

The *King* having now quieted the Commotions removes to *Berkhamſted*, eight Miles from St. *Albans*; a Royal Caſtle then, and at *Eaſthamſted* where he hunts, is informed, that the Bodies of the Traytors executed were taken down from the Gallows; hereupon he directs his Writ or Letter to the Bayliffs of St. *Albans*, commanding them under Penalty of forfeiting all things forfeitable, to hang up again the ſaid Bodies now rotten, and ſtinking in Iron Chains, which the Townſmen are forced to do with their own Hands.

A *Parliament* ſitting in *May* the Fifth Year of this *Kings Reign*, *John Wraw* Prieſt of the Reformation at *Mildenhall*, and St. *Edmunds-bury* was taken, and upon the Petition of the Houſe of *Commons* to the *King*, judged to be drawn, and hanged. In the ſame *Parliament* too it was enacted, *That whereſoever any Clowns by ſix or ſeven in a Company kept ſuſpicious Conventicles, the Kings good and faithful Subjects ſhould lay hold of them, and commit them to the next Gaol without ſtaying for the Kings Writ.* In the ſame Parliament of the King it was made Treaſon to begin a Riot, Rout, or Rumour; by this Parliament, and that of the 6. Proviſions are made for thoſe whoſe Deeds were burnt or deſtroyed in the late Inſurrection, and in the 6. of *Richard*, the King pardons the Multitudes for their Miſdemeanours in the Tumults. The Clowns now every where return'd to their old Obedience, and the Winds were laid in all their Quarter. *Richard*, a Prince born for Troubles, ſhall be turmoyled with the Rebellions of his *Peers* and *Parliaments*, depoſed and murthered by them, yet his Memory ſhall be Sacred, his *Peers* and *Clowns* ſhall dig for him in his Grave; Poſterity too ſhall owe all things to his Perſon. After the Death of *Maximinius* a wicked bloody Thief, a cruel Tyrant, who invaded the *Roman* Empire, *Capitolinus* recites a gratulatory Letter written by *Claudius Julianus* a Conſul to the Emperors *Maximus* and *Balbinus*, whom he calls *Preſervers and Redeemers of the Common-Wealth*, there the Council tells

Walſ. Hypod.

Jul. Capitol. nefarii improbi latronis.

them they had reſtored to the Senate (the Houſe of Lords) their ancient Dignity, to the *Roman* their Laws, Equity, and Clemency eſtabliſhed, their Lives, their Manners, their Liberty, the Hopes of Succeſſion to their Heirs. He adds, they had freed the Provinces from the inſatiable Covetouſneſs of Tyrannies; no Voice, Language, nor Wit can expreſs (ſays he) the publick Happineſs.

King *Richard* reſtored to the Church and Univerſities their Rights and Poſſeſſions, to the Nobility their Honour, to the Gentry their Reſpect, to the Cities their free Trade; the Plenty of his Harveſt to the induſtrious Countryman, Security, Peace, and Liberty to all Orders; what Prince could beſtow greater Benefits upon a People? He was the Stator, the Saviour of the Nation, a Nation not worthy of him, whoſe Ingratefulneſs to his Sacred Head, whoſe Perfidiouſneſs and Impiety in advancing an Uſurper upon his Ruins, were puniſhed with a fatal Civil War, which laſted Ages, with an Iſſue of Blood, which could not be ſtopped till the true and lawful Heir of this Prince was ſeated in the Imperial Throne, according to the Faith and Oaths of this People (which whatſoever may be pretended, no Power on Earth can diſpence with) and according to the fundamental Laws of *England*.

FINIS.

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